

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1990

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



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GOLD COAST METER
MAIDS BARE ALL!

BUMPER PET OF THE YEAR ISSUE

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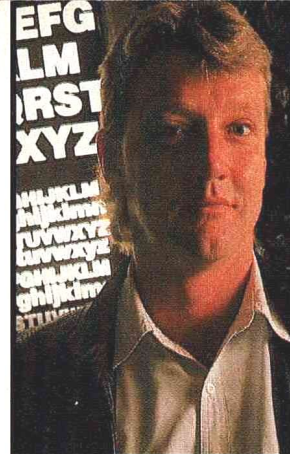


Australian PENTHOUSE

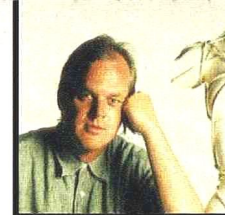
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GREG HUNTER



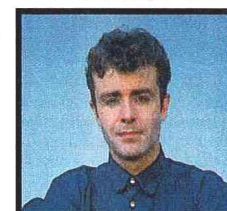
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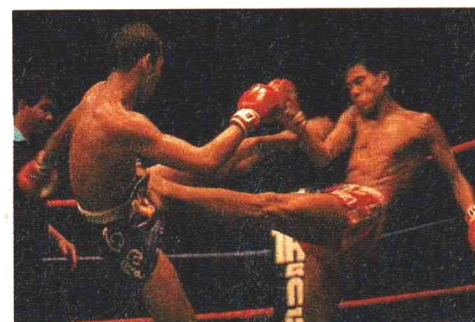
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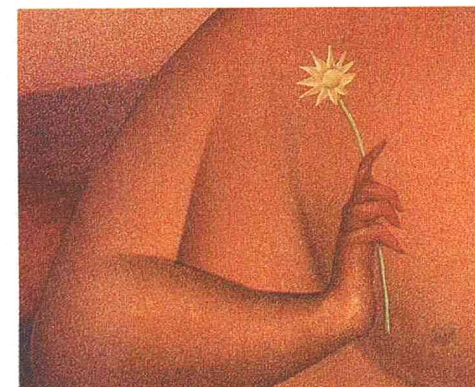
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Deadly Dancing



Meter Maids



The Reluctant Giant



Rude Awakening

HOUSECALL

GOLD COAST METER MAIDS

Twenty-six years after they were introduced to protect tourists from parking fines, these angels of mercy have become a Gold Coast institution. Now, with Wayne Goss' Labor Government blowing away the clouds of conservatism and repression in the Sunshine State, it seems an appropriate time for *Penthouse*, through the lens of Nick Brokensha, to present an explicit pictorial of the Gold Coast's latest and greatest Meter Maid recruits. Turn to page 61.

THE RELUCTANT GIANT

Green is the color of our times, but the world's foremost industrial giant isn't wearing it. Japan's record on worldwide environmental issues is appalling — and if you think the Japanese themselves could care less, forget it. Charles Maddison presents a comprehensive and damning critique of the planet's environmental renegade on page 34. The superb illustration was contributed by Nigel Buchanan.

RICHARD PONTIFICATING

The Australian fashion industry is basically a cowboy industry, and Richard Ponting, boss of Frantik Leather, is the downright orneriest cowboy of them all. Senior Editor Greg Hunter's hilarious profile of the man who's kicking the crap out of the rag trade begins on page 54, with a photo by Philip Le Masurier.

RUDE AWAKENING

When *Penthouse* received an exclusive invitation to witness the filming of Australia's first-ever X-rated videos, Senior Editor Greg Hunter jumped at the chance. This is a story that has everything: drama, excitement, intrigue, pathos, and above all, humor. On page 78 you'll enter a world populated by "flesh puppets", "woodsmen", "stuntcocks" and "fresh meat" — and you'll never view an X-rated flick in the same light again.

DEADLY DANCING

Muay Thai, or kickboxing, is Thailand's national sport and considered by many martial artists to be the most effective of all forms of hand-to-hand fighting. It's a knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out shitfight, a brutal no-holds-barred affair, and although many have tried, no foreigner has made much of an impact on Thai supremacy in the sport. Patrick Miles explains why on page 92. Murray White shot the photos.

STRIKE FORCE

The magnificent Celica GT-4 is Toyota's world rally championship weapon for 1990. Motoring Editor Peter McKay spent one minute and 56 seconds in the passenger seat as former world champ Bjorn Waldegard demonstrated his own and the car's superb capabilities. McKay's report begins on page 58.

PET OF THE YEAR

The envelope, please. Introducing the 1990 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. *Drum roll. Bated breath...* On second thought, why spoil the surprise? Turn to page 41 and see the newly-crowned queen languishing in the spotlight as the winner of the richest glamor prize in the Southern Hemisphere.



EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Mark Thacker; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; Staff writer: Amanda Nash; Assistant Art Directors: Mark Renton, Nikki Brady; Production Controller: Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Photographic Director: Susan Daub; Typesetting: Excel Imaging Pty Ltd.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; National Sales Manager: Sarah Bowring; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Bob Gaff, Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 Fax: (07) 202 7133; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ).

PUBLISHERS

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PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

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Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions).

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Robert Sabat; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Falling for you

Congratulations on a fine publication, worth every dollar and cent I spend on it. The articles are of a highly informative nature, which I appreciate. Particularly well done was your article about Antarctica (November '89). The paper you print on is of excellent quality, unlike that used by some of your competitors, and it certainly did a picture of blue pack ice fine justice. Well done.

I've been a reader of the Limited Edition for just over a year now, and it keeps getting better! One question, though. Why do you only print *Penthouse* Practitioner in certain editions? Surely the better edition, the more expensive edition, should contain at least what the other editions contain.

My next comment isn't strictly feedback on editorial matters, but it does concern your publication. It seems your quality control officer at the printers sneezed or fell over as my copy of the December issue went by. Looking forward to a great read over December, I was annoyed to find that the centrespread — nice gal — was not connected to the rest of the edition and was very soon on the floor at my feet. I tried to stick it back in, but soon more pages began falling out. On close inspection of the staples I saw that they were cutting into the paper, causing the pages to fall out under the slightest pressure. What a bummer! I'd only had the magazine for ten minutes.

This little hiccup will not, however, deter me from begging, borrowing, stealing or buying your next Limited Edition *Penthouse*. Keep up the excellent articles and pictorials. — M. Schulz, Mt Waverly, Vic

We hear you, friend. Your constructive comments are under immediate review. — Ed

Gun lobbyist

I was pleased to see that you printed the critical letter from Mark Everitt re your article Head Hunters (Feedback, October '89). Gun ownership is under threat in Australia and articles such as this do not help our cause.

If you ran a survey on Australian gun owners you may be surprised at the findings. The public perception of us as "Neanderthals" and "Rambo clones"



Loree Lopez . . . coming into money

would undoubtedly be proven erroneous, as you would find that we comprise active conservationists, skilled workers, professionals, family men and conservative voters. I contend also that most of us are lovers of grace, beauty and form — whether human, animal or mechanical.

Whether you hang up a picture of a pretty girl at work, collect firearms, hunt with firearms, target shoot at a rifle range or even go for a ride on your motorbike, somebody wants to stop you. If you want to experiment, write a pro-gun, bike or girlie magazine letter to a newspaper. Bet you it won't get printed. — Terry Fritz, Forest Hill, Qld

Give it the flick

Just a quick note to say that I object to your Bodyguard cartoon strip. I've made the effort to read all that have been published so far and I've got to say that they just aren't funny. How about giving this crap the flick and using the space to run more girls? Other than that, I really enjoy your mag. — B. Green, Elwood, Vic

Fair enough. Does anyone else want to put in their two bob's worth on Bodyguard? — Ed

He's got to have her

Listen, I've just come into a major inheritance. Can't say too much, but I'm talking about a figure with more noughts than a packet of Froot Loops. The point is, I've got to spend all this cash and the person I want to spend it on is no other than your Spanish-born Pet Loree Lopez (January '90). You've got my address and phone number. Could you please forward it to her smartish? This dough, among other things, is burning a hole in my pocket.

(And if that doesn't work, can you tell her that I'm a fabulously handsome rock star with a 12-inch hunk-a hunk-a burning love? Shit, tell her anything. I've just got to meet that girl.) — L. Fitzgerald, Leichhardt, NSW

Nice try, you desperate bastard. — Ed

On a mission from God

Having read *Australian Penthouse* over the past few years, I have come to the conclusion that you demonstrate a distinct anti-Christian bias. This is demonstrated in some of your tasteless religious cartoons, your articles concerning avarice, your debunking of prominent ecclesiastical authorities, and your photographic depictions of women.

Christianity is a moral code of living which distinguishes a human being from an animal. It has endured for two millennia and it advocates compassion and the ultimate victory of good over evil. Your Avarice articles advocate a self-centred, exploitative and parasitical philosophy and are the antithesis of Christianity. Also, sexual relationships, if presented in the right context of mutual caring and compassionate companionship, can be the ultimate plateau of concerted heavenly bliss.

This ultimate should not be debased in any way by any of your articles or pictures. As it is propounded: God is love. Sex is not necessarily love.

I therefore anticipate an elevation in the plateau of sexual and humanistic spirituality in your future publications. Print this letter if you dare! — J. Birgers, Sorrento, WA

Publish and be damned, we've always said. The diversity of our readership is a constant wonder to us. — Ed



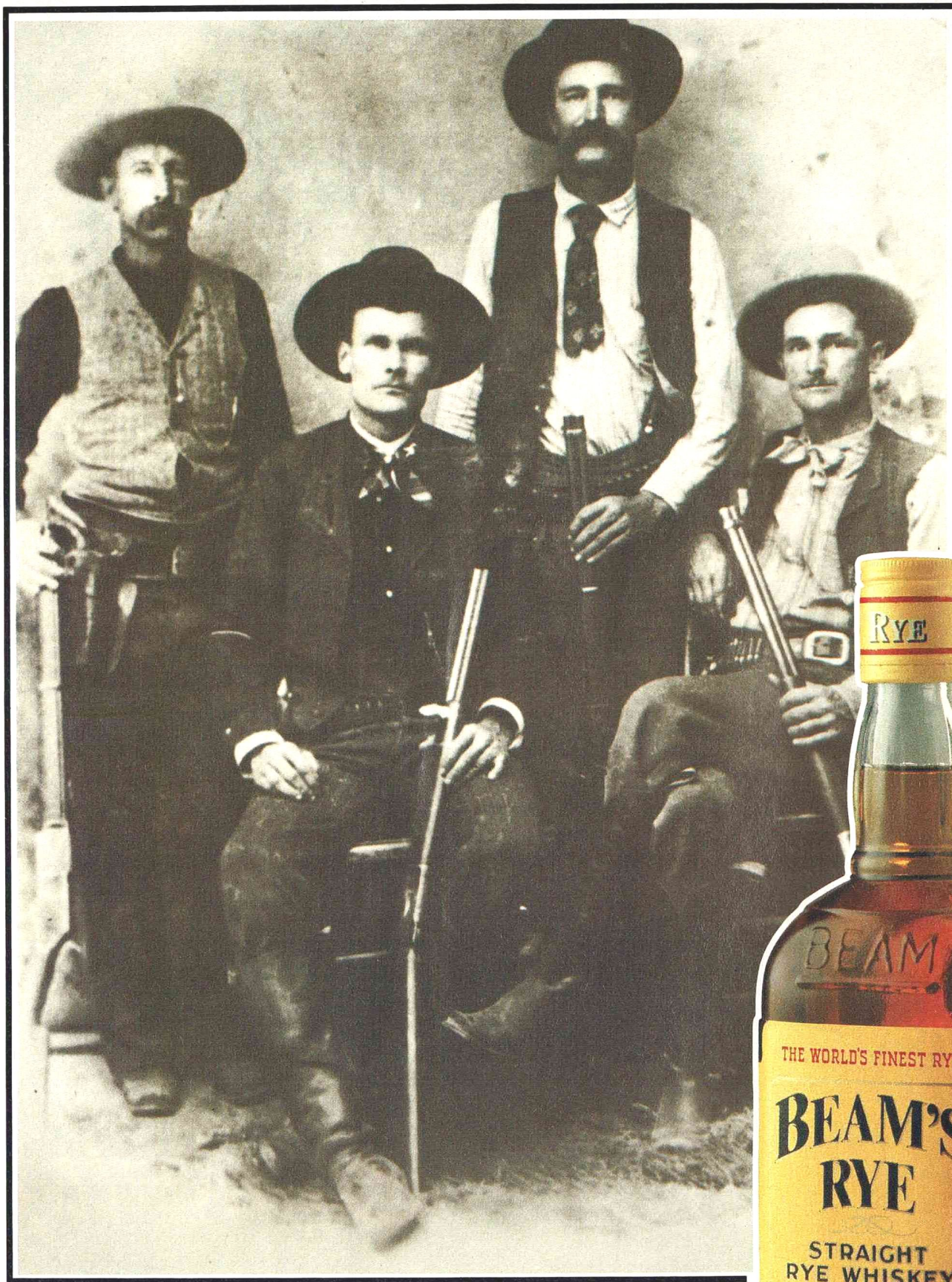
"And only three months ago
I was saying, me fall in love? Now,
I can't remember life before her."

Chantilly

IMPORTED FROM
FRANCE



Parfums Houbigant Paris



**WHEN ALL A MAN NEEDED
WAS A GUN, A HORSE,
AND A SHOT OF RYE.**



**GIVE YOUR NEXT COLA
A SHOT OF RYE**

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The learning process

My name is Shelley and I'm in Year 12 this year, doing my HSC. My family is very strict, except when it comes to my older brother Tom. He's allowed to go out late on dates and he collects each month's edition of *Penthouse*.

Whenever everyone's out of the house I sneak into his room and read the Forum section. I often dream of having some of the experiences that I read about. I get very horny reading some of these stories, and when I'm finished I go into my own room and finger myself until I come.

I often find myself thinking about sex during the day, especially in classes. For some time I've had this fantasy about sucking someone's hard cock and swallowing the come, or to have him spurt out all over my face. However, due to the strictness of my parents, I had never even touched a man until very recently.

My marks in maths were never that good, so my parents hired a tutor to help me out on weekends. When I first met him I fell for him. He is 35 years old and very distinguished looking, but from the moment I saw him I could tell from his eyes that he was a little depraved. Just call it women's intuition.

During the lessons I always felt a strong sensual attraction to him, although I tried not to let it show because I was very shy and didn't want to embarrass myself. I could feel myself drawing closer and closer to him with each tutorial.

One Saturday when my parents were out and my brother was over visiting one of his girlfriends, Ted (that's what I'll call him) told me that he was going to try a different twist in the method of our lessons. My heart started to beat faster in anticipation when I saw the look in his eyes and I started to get wet.

The lesson began with him grabbing my hair at the back of my head and pulling me towards him until our lips met in a passionate kiss. Overwhelmed, I just surrendered to my passions. When he stopped kissing me he told me that every time I got one of his mathematical problems correct I could suck his cock for a short time. At the end, if my progress was good, he would reward me

with a mouthful of juicy come.

I nearly fainted on the spot. I was so hot and I must have been very red, but I just smiled shyly, looked down and nodded my head in agreement. With my head down I noticed the shape of his erection outlined in his pants.

He presented me with the first problem and I got it completely correct. Ted put his hands on either side of my head and guided me off my chair and on to the floor on my knees and between his legs. I didn't know what to do exactly, so Ted took control. He undid his zipper and his belt, then pushed his trousers down slightly. He used his left hand to pull his undies down and with his right hand he took out his throbbing erection.

I was in shock — here at last was a dick just ten centimetres from my face. He started to wank his cock and asked me if I liked it. I just nodded dumbly. He told me to hold his penis and to stroke it. I grabbed it with my right hand and with my left I held his balls. I squeezed my hand around his cock and started to move it up and down. Its head was so pink and the shaft so hard. Ted told me to put it in my mouth and to suck. I just let myself go and followed his instructions.

I started sucking as if I had done this before. I wrapped my lips around his cock and used my tongue to push against my palate as I sucked the full length. I could feel his cock head touching the back of my

throat. As I bobbed up and down, I could feel my ponytail hitting the top of my back with each motion.

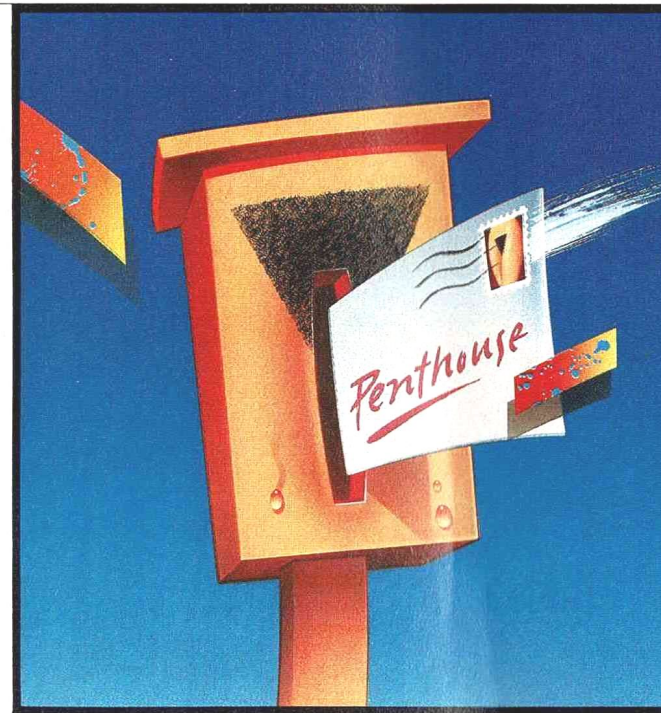
I sucked away for about a minute, then, to my disappointment, Ted pulled me away and made me sit back on my chair to continue with the next problem. I tried to get back down to his cock but he wouldn't let me. I finally gave in and started doing the next problem.

I was so lost in fantasy and confusion that I got it wrong, so Ted wouldn't let me do anything more with him. I got the next problem wrong, too, and this got me so frustrated that my hand started shaking and tears welled up in my eyes. Ted licked away the tears and told me sternly that what he was doing was for my own good, and this was the best way for me to learn.

I got stuck into the next problem and when Ted said I had gotten it correct I was back on my knees, avidly sucking him off. Each time I was allowed to suck him I spent the time enjoying myself to the full before I was told to go on to the next problem. After about 15 such problems (getting 11 correct) Ted told me that he was going to give me a very difficult problem. If I got it right I could suck him until he came.

Well, I got it correct. This time Ted stood up as I fell to my knees. He grabbed my ponytail and guided my head in tempo with his desire. When he was ready to come he held my head with one hand and his cock with the other. He pulled it out of my mouth and aimed it at my face. He told me to open my mouth wide and to stick my tongue out. I willingly did as he asked. Seconds later he shot hot and fast streams of come on to my face and into my mouth, some actually hitting the back of my throat — good aiming. When he finished he rubbed the liquid all over my face with his penis, pushing as much of it as he could back into my open mouth. I lapped it up, surprised at its salty taste. Finally, I sucked the last drops from his cock, squeezing its end to make sure I got it all.

Ted is a great teacher. We've spent many subsequent lessons in similar indulgences. And my maths marks at school have dramatically improved! — Name and address withheld



FORUM

In the pink

It was a beautiful day outside, and I was in an especially horny mood. I opened up one of my husband's old *Penthouse* magazines, and my cunt started to buzz as I beheld a model with a bald twat. The V of her pink slit was naked and juicy, and my pussy watered as I realised how much I wanted to shave my own quim. The tingling in my box was so bad that I decided to take the plunge.

I ran my long fingers through the thick, furry foliage one last time, twirling my curly blonde hairs into long braids. I guessed that the hair was about four or five inches long. The mere thought of what I was about to do next gave me an orgasm. My hands trembled as I reached for a bar of soap and a razor.

I really didn't need to lather up because I was already so wet down there, but I rubbed the soap over every inch of my blonde cunt until it was nice and frothy, then took the razor in hand and started shaving on the right side of my cunt lips. I stroked downward, toward my anus, being careful not to miss a single hair. The sensation of the stainless steel blade scraping away at my dense nest sent shivers through me. The more I shaved, the more excited I got. Curly blonde hair was melting off my hot cunt, falling to the floor. I couldn't believe how good this felt.

When I was finished shaving the right side, I began on the left. I shaved it from all different angles, and when my fingers brushed against my clit, I jumped in the air. I shaved faster, and my clit throbbed as the last strands from my bush fell away. I was now shiny and smooth, and as I looked into the mirror, the sight of my bare labia and visible clit drove me crazy. I furiously plunged my fingers into my rare pink box, masturbating with a passion I had never felt before. Afterward, it was all I could do to gain my composure and think of something besides my cunt and having sex with my husband that evening. I could not. I felt as if my bald cunt was electric.

That evening my husband and I went about our normal routine. It was Friday, and we usually organise an X-rated video and drink some champagne to get in the mood for the weekend. Ironically, the video my husband had borrowed was *The Devil In Miss Jones III*, which features among other things, a steamy-hot shaving scene. I watched his face with great interest as the actress was getting her twat shaved. He seemed to enjoy it a great deal and even commented on how unusually sexy it was to see a bald cunt. I said that I liked it, too, and we went back to watching the movie. Finally, I casually undid his robe (he wasn't wearing anything underneath) and began to fondle his balls and cock. He had a semi-hard-on, so I began to softly kiss and nibble on his shaft. I guess the horniness of my

afternoon shave hadn't left me completely because I really began to go at it, taking his cock into my mouth as far as I could. His pubic hair tickled my nose and reminded me once again of the surprise that I had for him.

He reached up under my robe and headed straight for my pussy. That's when he discovered that what was only yesterday a dense mop of blonde fur was now smooth as glass. I can't describe the look on his face, but his actions were immediate. He pulled open my robe and hungrily shoved his face into my cunt. My husband has never really shown a fondness for oral sex, but you would never have known it as he lapped and sucked at my cunt. I even lost count of my orgasms. When he plunged his thick, hairy dick into my bald quim, we both exploded. He pulled out and came all over my shaved cunt, rubbing the warm jism into me.

In the shower, he asked me all kinds of questions about why and how I had shaved my pubes. As I talked about it, I felt myself getting hotter. My husband's dick was starting to rise again, too. Impulsively, I grabbed the razor and began to shave his pubic hair. He offered no resistance, so I kept on shaving his crotch until he was as bald as I was. His dick was enormous! We began to fuck again right in the shower, our smooth, soapy genitals entwined in passion as never before. We spent that entire weekend fucking and sucking like a couple of newlyweds. Our pubic hair has grown back to about an inch and a half in length, and as I write this, I can feel myself getting moist. I realise once again that I want to shave my cunt. — Name and address withheld

Passion in paradise

It was to escape the harsh winter in Hobart that my wife, Lynn, and I decided to holiday in the Pacific. But it was more than warmth and balmy breezes that we sought; we wanted tranquility, the opportunity to rejuvenate ourselves in peace and quiet. Happily, we found the ideal spot — a small, out-of-the-way island in the Pacific as yet unspoiled by tourists.

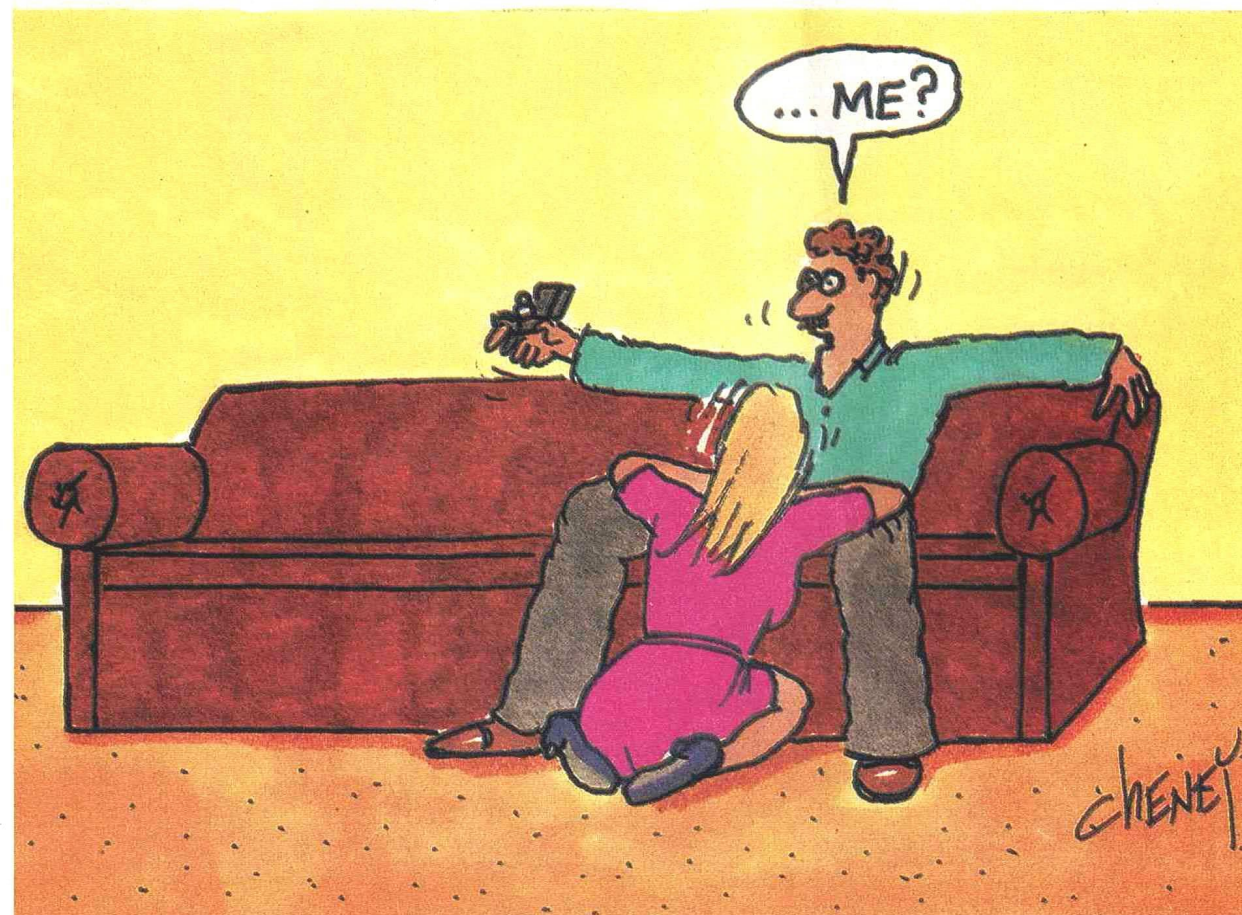
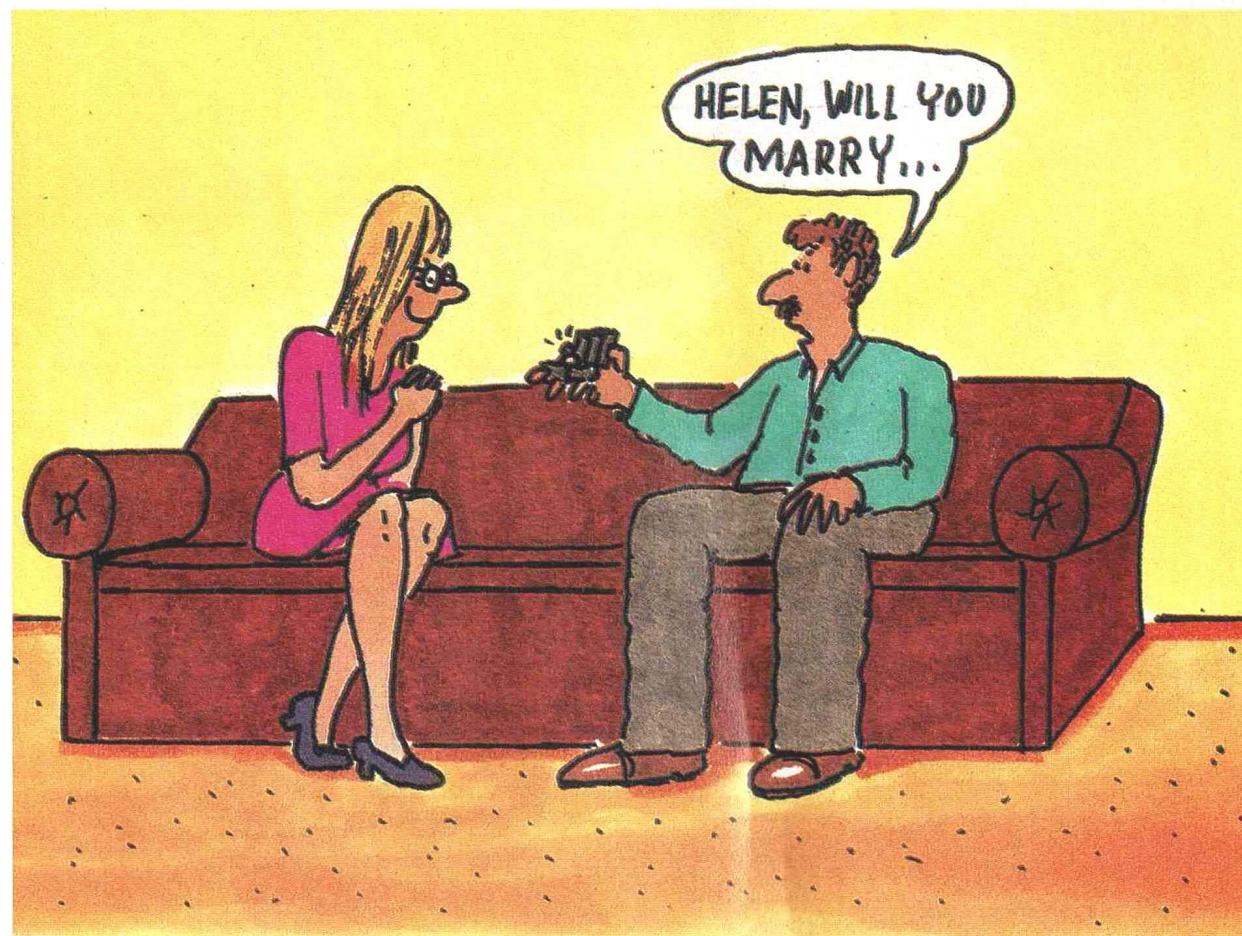
In fact, the only other guests at the one small but well-maintained hotel on our island paradise were a pair of newlyweds named Tim and Teri. So engrossed were they in each other that I don't think they even knew Lynn and I were also on the island, at least not for the first few days.

One evening, after a light dinner, we returned to our room and prepared for bed. Cuddling under the covers, we watched the ceiling fan spin slowly overhead and realised that we were both restless. Without a word, we got out of bed and, on impulse, walked naked to the French doors opening on to the verandah. Under a full moon, palm trees rustled in the trade winds blowing from the direction of the lagoon. The night air was moist with the fragrance of flowers.

Suddenly, we heard a noise which we both realised was a woman's cry of passion. Looking to our left, we dimly made out the



"Let's see, how shall I put it? You can go home but your testicles will be staying here."



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"You're going to have to do better than that, Mr Ronsen!"

FORUM

naked shapes of Tim and Teri emerging from their room at the other end of the verandah. As we watched, Teri turned away from Tim and bent over the rail so that he could make love to her from behind. Along with the sound of the surf on the beach below, we listened to the sound of Tim's body slapping rhythmically against his wife's buttocks. I felt my wife's fingers touch my cock and turned to her. She smiled and rose upon tiptoe to kiss me on the cheek while she continued to toy with my blossoming erection.

Putting her finger to her lips, Lynn motioned me back inside. She fell back on to the bed and spread her legs wide. I lowered myself on top of her, kissing her neck, as my cock slid into her wet cunt. I pulled out, leaving only the head of my cock between her lips, waited until I could stand it no longer, and then pushed all the way back inside her.

Lynn's blue eyes gleamed in the night as she moaned and thrust up against me. I moved smoothly in and out of her, her pussy clasp my cock. She hooked her legs over the backs of mine and wrapped her arms around me, crooning softly into my ear as I pumped her pussy with steady, even strokes.

After a few moments I turned her over. Lifting her by the waist, I positioned her with her knees on the edge of the bed. She

turned her head and looked over her shoulder as I rubbed the head of my cock up and down between the cheeks of her arse.

As my cock slipped into her cunt, I saw her hands bunch up into fists. Holding her by the hips, I started driving into her with strong thrusts. She whimpered with pleasure, shook her arse and pushed back against me. I ran my hands down her bare back and up again. I waited until she was on the verge of orgasm and then roughly grabbed her breasts, rubbing her nipples with my palms. Hearing her cries of fulfillment, I fucked her harder and faster. Lynn came explosively a moment after I did. We lay on top of the sheets, breathing heavily and listening to a gentle rainfall on the island.

The days were calm and the weather beautiful. We strolled along the beaches, went scuba diving nearly every day and dined exquisitely each evening from a menu prepared by the French cook at the hotel. Every morning we awoke to a symphony of bird songs coming from everywhere on our island.

One afternoon we drove all the way to the other side of island. On a bluff above the beach, we stopped and stood arm in arm, watching the incredible display of colors as the sun sank toward the horizon. The underside of a vast armada of clouds turned blood red, and we felt a gentle wind rise off the sea. Lynn turned to me and whispered, "Undress me, darling."

One by one I undid the buttons of her blouse. My hands caressed her bare back and found their way to the clasp of her bra. I pulled the blouse away from her shoulders and kissed her lovely skin. With a sigh she released the band holding her ponytail in place, and her long blonde hair cascaded around her shoulders.

Kissing her gently on the lips, I unfastened her jeans and pulled the zipper down. My fingers explored the soft skin around her navel and then reached up to cup one of her breasts. With my other hand I tugged her jeans off. As they fell to her ankles, her white panties stood out brightly in the dying rays of the sun. I held her arm as she stepped out of her jeans, reached down and tossed them to one side.

Lynn's body had turned to gold in the fading sunlight. A sudden gust of wind blew her hair as she closed her eyes and threw her head back. She looked at me as she hooked her thumbs into the sides of her snug panties and slid them down. When they were at her knees, she turned away, as if to hide the pretty blonde patch of hair between her legs. The marvellous shape of her arse made me moan softly as she bent over to pull her panties off her feet. Straightening up, Lynn said, "Hand me my jeans."

I did so and then watched as she neatly folded them, put the bundle at my feet and carefully knelt down.

Reaching up, she slowly pulled down the zipper of my slacks. As the cloth parted, she reached inside my boxer shorts and gently caressed my stiffened cock.

My hands caressed her hair and neck as she knelt before me. I watched as she kissed the head of my erection. Then, putting her hands on my hips, my wife sucked my cock into her soft mouth and began to slowly pump her head up and down. I threw my head back, and when I opened my eyes, I could see the first stars twinkling in the darkening sky overhead.

I quickly unbuttoned my shirt and pulled my undershirt over my head. Reaching down, I grabbed Lynn's arms and pulled her to her feet. Our kiss was deep and fierce as she worked to pull my pants and shorts down. My shoes slipped from my heels, and I felt cool earth against my feet.

I lifted her legs up around my waist as she threw her arms around my neck. My cock plunged into her waiting pussy, and I moved in and out of her as the surf pounded the beach below the bluff. Lynn cried into my neck as my hands squeezed her buttocks in time with my thrusts. The western sky exploded into a gorgeous array of reds and angry blues that bathed us in a strange flickering light. Far away a bird cried out and was answered by another. We looked into each other's eyes, our approaching orgasms causing tremors in our sweating bodies. Our tempo increased, and then I heard myself groan.

Legs shaking, I grasped Lynn's buttocks tighter. She sobbed in my ear, I lifted her higher, driving powerfully into her cunt with



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each thrust. A moment later my cock erupted, shooting semen deep into her. As my body shuddered with pleasure, I felt Lynn's muscles go tense and then get even tighter. Our gasping mouths came together in a kiss that seemed to go on forever.

At long last I lowered her to the ground. Smiling, we walked hand in hand to where our clothes lay. Wordlessly, in the twilight, we dressed. Back in the jeep, she kissed me lovingly. She whispered, "I'll never forget this night."

The next evening, our last on the island, we again visited the other side of the island, this time on horseback. We simply sat on our horse and watched another magnificent Pacific sunset. I brought along my tape recorder and recorded the sound of the surf on the beach below, the occasional cry of a distant bird and the murmurs of the breeze.

We're back at home now, more in love than ever. Sometimes, when the weather turns really cold, we'll close the curtains, darken our bedroom and listen to the sound of the surf. Lynn will look at me and I'll see her with her hair blowing around her shoulders in the trade winds, a sunset sky behind her. In her eyes I can see the stars of the Southern Cross. If that sounds corny, too bad. That trip will forever live in our memories and our fantasies. — *Name and address withheld*

Delivery boy

While going to work one evening, I caught a ride with a pizza delivery boy. I have always wanted to seduce a man whilst he was making deliveries of some kind — just to be wicked — and this boy was one luscious lad to act out my passionate thoughts with. His full sensuous lips and piercing green eyes grabbed my attention first, but his muscular contours and masculine look really got the juices flowing.

Feeling very mischievous and a bit nervous, I asked, "Can you keep the car on the road?" He looked at me quizzically and replied, "Yes." Then I reached across to rub the front of his grey uniform trousers. The response of his cock to my fingers was instantaneous, and I didn't overlook the invitation to continue. Loving every moment of my touch, his beautiful member sprang into my palm at its first unconfined opportunity. I couldn't wait to taste him — so smooth and already glistening for me. Knowing that he had to manoeuvre the car excited me more, along with the fact that the pizza still had to be delivered! He moaned, "There's not much time..." but I wasn't worried. What wasn't finished before the delivery was made could be completed afterward.

I sucked and licked until his legs trembled on the accelerator pedal, his cock throbbed and jerked along with each long pull from my tongue and mouth. I knew I could tantalise him to the hilt, and I was interested in seeing how he would keep his composure

whilst making his delivery. My tongue curled around his hot, sweet thing and I paused to dip my tongue in a pearl of pre-come that greeted my waiting tastebuds. This man tasted like honey!

We drove through town — under street lights and alongside buses — oblivious to who may have been looking. It excited me all the more and my pussy began dripping its love juices. The car windows began to steam, so he rolled down the driver's side window a fraction, in a futile attempt to clear the windows, all the while driving his delivery car. His moans became deeper and our breathing faster — my pussy was soaked by this time. His cock was as hard as concrete, the delicate blue veins engorged with the energy that sustained his pulsing hard-on. I reached to cup his fist-sized balls, while still bobbing my head and sucking for all I was worth.

Just when I thought I would have to straddle this man's hot and begging rod, he said, "The house... its here!" I straightened up in the passenger seat while he adjusted his money bag, zipper and belt. Then, after a deep breath, and a grin at me, he grabbed the pizza and got out. I watched him stride to the door — hand in pocket — while I fingered my heated, wet pussy. I wondered if I would leave a wet spot on the seat of the car, where my juices had been dripping on to it. I also wondered if the girl who answered the door for her pizza knew what the delivery boy had been up to.

Upon returning to the car, he wasted no time in tossing the money belt on to the back seat while I undid his zipper. His gorgeous, thick cock winked and dripped at me. I bent to kiss the smooth head and swollen glans. He started up the car and asked, "Where to?" I told him I had to go to work on a research project at the lab I worked at, and asked if he could take me there. I couldn't help noticing that the journey to the lab was a bit faster than the one to deliver the pizza! Even the security guard didn't notice the steamed-up windows. Little did he know.

By the time we arrived his fingers were well into my greedy pussy, as mine stroked his pulsing organ. I was enjoying living my fantasy immensely. In the parking lot I sat up and kissing his warm soft lips said, "Come with me." I led him behind the building on to a grassy hill that was hidden from view by thick trees. He held me close and kissed my open, waiting lips with a passion and urgency that took me by surprise. We eagerly removed each other's clothes — my pussy was so hot, I thought it would burn a hole in my black lace panties before he got them off!

As he entered I felt as though I was filled to the brim, and he began a rhythm of slow, teasing strokes that drove me wild. I pulled closer and pushed myself up as high as I could to engulf his hard maleness. When he sensed that I was close, he began thrusting harder and deeper as the waves spread from my swollen clitoris, through and up my spine. Then I heard him moan; that was all I



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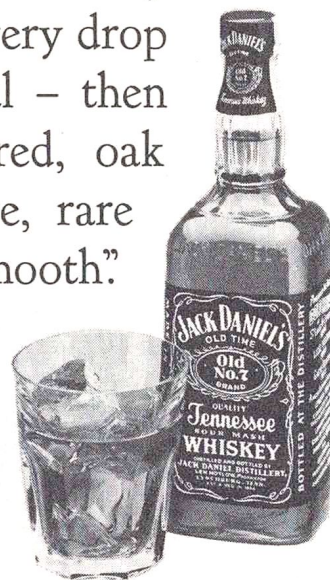
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needed to make me come again with him, his orgasm shaking his body, his eyes glazed with ecstasy.

We lay there a moment, catching our breath. He looked at me then and very seriously said, "I hope I didn't get grass stains on my uniform pants." He may well have got more than grass stains, I thought to myself. A few seconds later, as we dressed, a security car pulled into the car park, but didn't see us. My delivery boy then left to continue his deliveries for the night, whilst I went to the lab and — rather distracted — began my work. — *Name and address withheld*

Blind date

As a long time reader of Black Label, I have always turned to the pages of *Penthouse* Forum first. To be honest, I've always thought *Penthouse* had some journalists with vivid imaginations penning the Forum stories — that is, until I met Kelly.

I went on a blind date, as a favor for a friend, and ended up with a most unexpected, but pleasant, surprise. Kelly stood about 5 feet 8 inches, with long slim legs, an attractive face, and a body that should grace the pages of *Penthouse*. She wore a black leather coat, a leather mini-skirt that barely covered her arse, and a top that highlighted her gorgeous tits.

Every guy in the place watched her as she came over to me. We had spoken a few times on the phone, but I never expected this. Instantly my cock began to stiffen as I took in this vision of sex.

The night progressed well and soon we arrived at Kelly's beach house. I was wondering what move to make when Kelly invited me in for a relaxing "night cap." By now I had a raging hard-on and could scarcely contain myself.

We kissed as she opened the door and quickly moved to the couch. Slowly, I unbuttoned her top, releasing two well-rounded breasts with large erect nipples. As I tongued those beautiful nipples I could feel Kelly grinding her mound against my cock.

"Fuck me please," Kelly asked, with a pleading look in her large blue eyes. I raised her skirt and slid two fingers into her dripping wet cunt and quickly began to bring her to a climax.

Suddenly, she arched her back and sent a stream of climactic juices over my hand. I had to eat this beautiful cunt so I placed my head between those luscious legs. With her legs rested over my shoulders, I sucked and licked Kelly to climax after climax.

Kelly raised my juice-soaked face and repeated her earlier request. It was obviously a long time since this angel had had a good hard fuck. I was determined to screw her good and properly.

With Kelly reclining on the couch, I slid my cock into her hot wet cunt with one deft stroke. She clawed my back, licking her juices off my face, as I pounded her pussy

with my prick. I could feel my balls slapping against her rounded arse. It was pure heaven as we fucked. The couch was soaked with her juices as Kelly rolled over into the doggie position. I was in for another surprise, for as I went to slide my cock into her cunt she pushed me back.

"No," she gasped. "Not in my cunt — in my arse." I paused, having never partaken of this anal pleasure. However, I didn't pause for long, just long enough to fumble for a rubber, and pushed my cock into her tight rear passage in three strokes.

As I fucked her arse Kelly fingered her pussy, her tits swaying with the rhythm. I am definitely a convert to arse fucking — it was fantastic as I gripped her arse cheeks, slipping my cock between them.

After fucking for hours, Kelly pushed me down on to the couch "to get my reward" as she put it. Slowly, she lowered her head and licked the shaft of my cock. With expertise such as I've never experienced, Kelly proceeded to give me the best head job ever.

The sight of my cock sliding in and out of that beautiful mouth, and the memories of our great fuck, proved too much for me. Ramming my cock in and out of her mouth, I blew my load. Kelly didn't miss a beat or a drop, swallowing every last bit of my come.

We've now moved in together and have had many more wild scenes. All I can say is, "Thank heavens for blind dates!" — *Name and address withheld*

Service with a smile

I'm a 26-year-old single guy who works as a room-service waiter for a large hotel. While the hours and the pay, other than the tips, may not be great, the fringe benefits so far have kept me from seeking more lucrative employment. Having been in this job for about seven years, I've seen it all. Or I thought I had — then came Lucy.

I was working the day shift on a Monday about two months ago. A large professional organisation was in town for a five-day convention. The call came in at about 2.00pm, after most of the guests had arrived. Along with a light lunch, the order called for three bottles of expensive champagne. The size of the tip had me anxious to deliver.

When I knocked on the door, my familiar call of "Room service!" was answered by a female voice. "Just a minute while I get something on." I'd heard this one before, many times, and had managed on many occasions to help them take something off. Only the week before, I'd screwed some doctor's wife while he was downstairs being lulled to sleep by some quack speaker. About 30 seconds later the door opened, and there she stood — in living color — wrapped in a bath towel. The only other thing she seemed to be wearing was a pair of high-heeled slippers, the kind with no back and a furry ball on the front. Lucy later called them her "come fuck me" heels. If she was 18, I was a monkey's uncle. Since I had booze to deliver, I was thankfully re-

quired to see some proof of identification. I asked for her driver's licence and told her that one had to be 18 to drink in this hotel.

She closed and bolted the door behind us, turned toward me, and dropped the towel. Hefting her tits in her hands, she breathed, "These are 18. In fact — they're 36." Her left hand started tweaking her nipple as her right travelled down to the most lush, voluptuous fanny I'd ever seen. As she deftly inserted her middle finger in her cunt, a wanton smile spread across her lips.

"This hot pussy has been fucked by lots of men over 18," she panted. "Doesn't that count?"

"You bet, sweetie," I said. "'Cause I'm over 18, too."

As she glided over to the couch (the room was a very expensive suite), her finger never left her cunt — only slipped in and out in a wanton display of masturbation. In very short order, I could hear the squishy sounds that her finger made in her wet cunt.

Instead of lying down on the couch, she straddled the armrest, draping one leg over each side. She was most delectable and beckoning. Her wet finger left her moist cleft of passion long enough to gesture for me to join her.

"Oh, baby," she moaned, "dip your sweet cock into my cunt." Ask no more, my little princess. In record time I had my dick sliding into her pussy like it was a heat-seeking missile homing in on a hot engine.

Four or five strokes, and I was in danger of spewing a load. I slowed down and decided to fuck her from behind.

"Turn over, baby," I growled. As I pumped her from behind, I noticed that her fingers were playing with her clit. She was bucking and pushing against me, and I thrust into her with all I had.

"Fuck me, fuck me, you bastard," she screamed. "Fuck me deep and hard!" And I did, until finally I could take no more. I spewed like a geyser into her tunnel until I had no more to give.

When I finally pulled out and fell on the couch, Lucy was on top of me like a vulture. She literally sucked my tumescent cock into her mouth and down her throat in one motion. Releasing it, she smiled up at me and said, "How 'bout one more time, lover?"

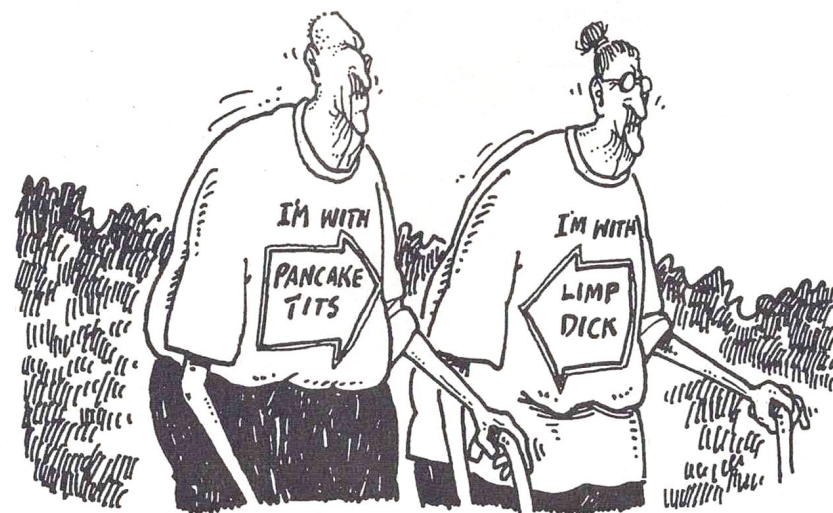
I didn't let the lady down. In fact, I didn't let her down for the rest of the week. Lucy was a nympho and loved every bit of it. I fucked the little bimbo every chance I got. She ran up some enormous room charges, but I suppose she was just a rich, bored girl. — *Name and address withheld*

Flesh and fantasy

My wife Sandra and I take it in turns to read Forum to each other. While we're making love, we also tell each other fantasies. Both activities get us really turned on.

Continued on page 131

W. Repton.



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THE END OF THE WORLD SHOW

Pattaya is partying toward its own apocalypse

Pattaya, Thailand — Asia's queen city of raunch — has gone over the top. It's awesome. People who last visited the place two years ago, or even one, may hardly recognise it now.

Seaside resorts tend to have

and Blackpool in the UK and Coney Island and Atlantic City in the US are perfect examples of this clockwork pattern.

Pattaya, on the other hand, has condensed this span into only a quarter century. It is at its brightest now. But, like a supernova, it is consuming itself in the heat of its own unprecedented success. Chaos point has been reached, and the crash is not far off.

Superficially, the figures are staggering. The ex-fishing village attracted 1.4 million visitors last year — not counting day trippers from Bangkok — an annual rise of 51 percent. There is talk of the local Utapao airport being upgraded to full international status, and already

clock on a dozen new hotels. Twice that number are being expanded, and at least 50 more condominiums are in the planning stage.

Pattaya Bay makes polluted Sydney Harbor look a bit like Perrier water. Pattaya's two treatment plants, at full capacity, can handle 6000 cubic metres of waste a day; the city's daily output is more than 8000. The Thai National Environment Board reports that faecal contamination is ten times higher than the international safety level.

According to the Thailand Tourism Authority itself, the number of "working girls" in Pattaya during the high season currently exceeds 10,000. This is up at least 100 percent on two years ago. Interior Secretary Anek Sitthiprasart visited his home province of Chiang Rai in the far north last October and publicly announced that there were practically no young

they had all gone to Pattaya.

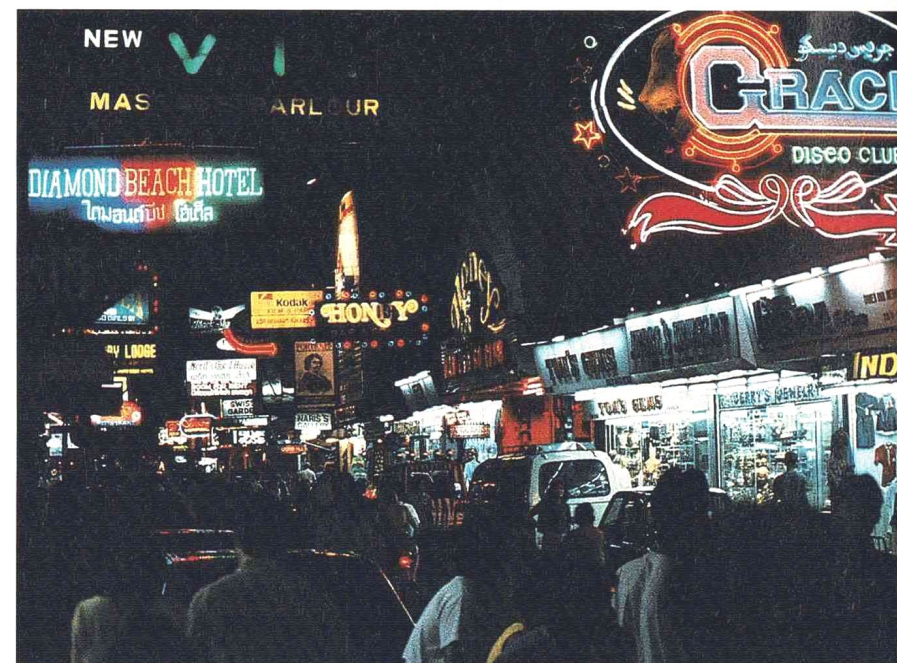
Although AIDS didn't officially exist in Thailand until recently, a nationwide survey a few months ago concluded that there are 3000 prostitutes who are HIV-positive. This extrapolates as perhaps one in four of the bar girls in Pattaya; one Hong Kong estimate puts it at 31 percent. And there are about 280 Pattaya bars to choose from.

(The Thai Army discontinued an AIDS testing program after six weeks because the unexpectedly high number of HIV-positives it revealed was having a "bad psychological impact on [army] morale.")

"Queen City" is becoming an appropriate sobriquet. For all of a sudden, gay bars and homo night clubs have sprung up in the South Pattaya "village" and other districts. Names like Boss, Golden Town, Boys Boys Boys and the Why Not Gay Club now share equal billing in some tourist brochures with the gigantic Sabai Room Massage Parlor and the Disco Duck on Pattaya II Road. So far, however, the Palladium — Asia's largest discotheque, capacity 6000 — remains reasonably hetero.

More ominous is that the once-quiet *gatois* (transvestites) are getting aggressive. They now accost tourists around the clock, not just at night, and are noted for drugging and robbing single males... and if you think you can tell the difference between a man and a woman, well, think twice, and look long and hard before you leap.

Two transvestite revues are doing a roaring trade, with four nightly stage shows at the colossal Tiffany's and Alcazar. The long queues outside each one every night defy comprehension. And they're not cheap, either. Multilingual signs in some Pattaya hotels warn: "We



The bright lights of Pattaya, sin city super-nova.

programmed lifespans, in which they rise to fame, glow in the warmth of their own *belle époque*, then fade into mere reflections of a past era. Brighton

Dragonair and Tradewinds have direct scheduled flights from Hong Kong and Singapore respectively. At time of writing work is continuing around the

women left. Chiang Rai, like its sister province Chiang Mai, is renowned for its attractive women. He surmised — correctly, it would seem — that

Sins

do not object bringing girlfriends to sleep but the transvestites are not recommended for your safety."

Crime, it must be said, is almost out of control. When a minibus driver took off with my suitcase from the Palm Lodge Hotel, I rang the Tourist Police — who didn't want to know. It was reported in the *Bangkok Post* that the credit cards of Pakistani visitor Dr Ghulam Murtaza Sidiqi, who was murdered in his Pattaya hotel room, were still being used in the town a month after his death.

Even more sensational was the account of English tourist Ann Hewitt, 30, who was abducted by a "baht bus" driver (Pattaya's equivalent of Manila's jeepneys) when her husband got out to pay the fare. She was robbed and raped and later found by her husband with the help of hotel staff. The police ignored the incident and, in fact, asked her not to tell anyone about it because it would harm Pattaya's image.

Even Pattaya's mayor, Succhai Ruayrin, has complained of police indifference when some of his female staff were assaulted by the notorious "baht bus" drivers.

Deputy Police Director-General Sawat Amornviwat has sent a special team to investigate the recent rise in "unusual deaths" of foreign tourists, but the rot obviously goes much deeper.

Highly organised gangs are said to be at work in Pattaya, and even the Local Administrative Department's Director-General Chalong Kallayanamit admits that the beach resort is plagued by administrative problems and simply unable to cope.

So go to Pattaya by all means. Experience a microcosm of how the world will end. Take one last nostalgic look at the Thai bar girls; they're all in town for the final celebration. Get laid. Get AIDS. And enjoy it if you still can. — *Mark Sutherland*

AVARICE

CAPITALIST PLOTS

A punter's primer on market charts

Man's fascination with the various incarnations of the philosopher's stone is, I suppose, simply the result of man's perennial fascination with easy money. Oh, to be rich without having to work or do nasty things to others.

In America, this fascination is manifested in a whole array of

theories and scams: super salesmanship; the better mousetrap; Dale Carnegie; the Harvard MBA.

The purest form of the philosopher's stone is, to my mind anyway, the most fascinating. This is the chart.

Chartists — they call themselves technical analysts — plot the prices of shares and commodities on graph paper and, locked away from the world of cocoa bean blights and Russian wheat crop failures, use these charts to predict price movements. You don't need to know what is going on in the world, they say, for all that is going on appears in their charts. In this, they are right: their charts are the world, the

total of every player's ideas and knowledge.

The Russian wheat crop fails again. You can read it on the chart — there, where the price of wheat suddenly spikes. But



Illustration by Kerrie Leishman

more: see there, where the price ran up and down to make that "double-u" pattern? That's where those in the know started buying. Then, say, they ran out of money, so the price dropped back; then some others got wind of the crop failure, bought and then dropped out, letting the price once more fall back. And here, where the price takes off again, that's when the Russians themselves entered the market.

All those traders who were into wheat early can make killings. It's a rare trader who has access to the Russian wheat crop figures before the rest of the market. But the technical analyst claims to have that secret access, even though they don't know the exact reasons for anything happening.

Their charts give them access to the pre-announcement buying of an oil company that has struck a gusher; of insider buying of companies marked for takeover; of the buying of good companies re-discovered by the market. The charts don't tell them why people are buying but they do highlight the buying pressure — or selling pressure.

The inventor of technical analysis, Charles Dow (he of

the Dow-Jones Average), used the charts as basic indicators of the health of the economy. The health of the economy is, in itself, able to influence your buy or sell decision.

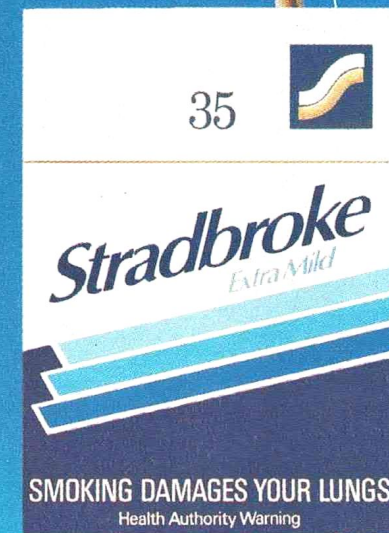
Dow had some elementary rules. One is that a trend continues until it is over. Fair enough. But think about it: while an uptrend is happening, share prices will rise. So you have a fairly good chance that the share you buy today will have risen in price by next week. An uptrend is confirmed if the share continues to make new highs and succeeding lows are higher than previous lows.

Another of Dow's axioms — which date from the turn of the century, by the way — is that, in the market at least, history does repeat itself. This is the key to pattern identification. Such a pattern is the previously mentioned "double-u bottom" or, at the other end, the "m top."

I like the flag. A good one looks just that: a rhomboid on a stick. Theory says they appear as breathers during a run-up or run-down phase. Experience tells the analyst to expect a return to the underlying trend when the pattern has been delineated. Patterns like flags and pennants are what suck the punters in.

If, simply by drawing little scratches on a chart and then ruling lines about these scratches, you can end up with little flags waving in the breeze, and these little flags tell you to

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buy or sell because there's a big change coming, well then, that's my kind of geometry. If the flag points downwards, the price is going up. If it points upwards, the price is set for a southerly drift. Simple?

Well, yes. *But*. Such patterns are always clearest after the event. The chart tracking the rise of any commodity is often dotted with flags, pennants, and all manner of break-outs. But they are most clearly identified after the event.

This is the major problem with Dow Theory charting. By the time the price movement has fulfilled the conditions of a trend reversal, the price has, typically, already retraced a quarter to a third of its price.

The other major problem is this: if the flag is so bleedin' obvious, why then doesn't everyone jump in and buy or sell or whatever? It's not as if Dow Theory is some great secret — there's a new book explaining it published every year, and every broker has an in-house chartist. There's a flag that says buy. You buy. So do half a hundred other punters. The result: the price goes up, as the flag said it would. Self-fulfilling, actually. If you were lucky you got a good price. More likely you paid more than you expected.

So here we have the reason for all the fancy variations: the Elliot Wave indicators, the stochastics, the relative strength indicators, and so on. These are sophistications of Dow Theory using other market facts or fancier treatments of price movements. This is where the alchemists come in. The aim is to get your own foolproof method — and not tell anyone about it until you've made a million dollars and then you go round the traps preaching and selling it and showing how smart you are. Some of them work. Then again, some of them don't work. Which ones?

Fair dinkum technical analysts will tell you that while patterns can be seen in hindsight it is very difficult proving them while they are forming. Is this a flag I see before me, or just

another higgledy-piggledy mess?

The big punters, like Westpac, use computers for technical analysis and hope they're right more than half of

the time. They've got the money to support such methods. The smaller punters have to rely on something else to help interpret their charts. They call it intuition. — *David Quicksilver*

GLUTTONY

HIGH AND DRY

Just how good are these new dry beers?

Australians are still coming to grips with the concept of dry beer. The hackneyed comment: "I like mine wet" has become a marketer's groan. Not too much of one,

though — Tooheys Long Neck Dry, Castlemaine Dry and Swan Dry have become keen sellers for Bond Brewing. And although Carlton United are still maintaining a faint-hearted public attitude, word is out that they are thinking very seriously about joining the dry beer phenomenon that has grasped world sales figures by the throat. Beer industry wags are speculating that there could soon be a dry version of Victoria Bitter known as VD. Catch it if you can, presumably.

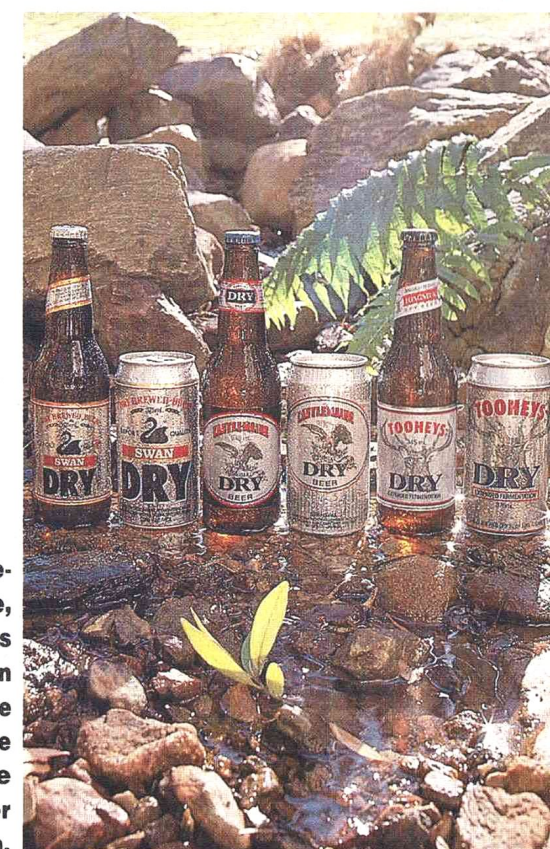
The saga began three years

ago when Japan's Asahi Breweries tried to bolster flagging sales with the introduction of the first so-called dry beer. The initial aim was to restrict sales to the Tokyo area in the mad hope that the company could move one million cases a year. Within a few months orders were received from all over Japan and by the end of 1987 sales reached 14 million cases. The stage was set for export and the prime target was the US.

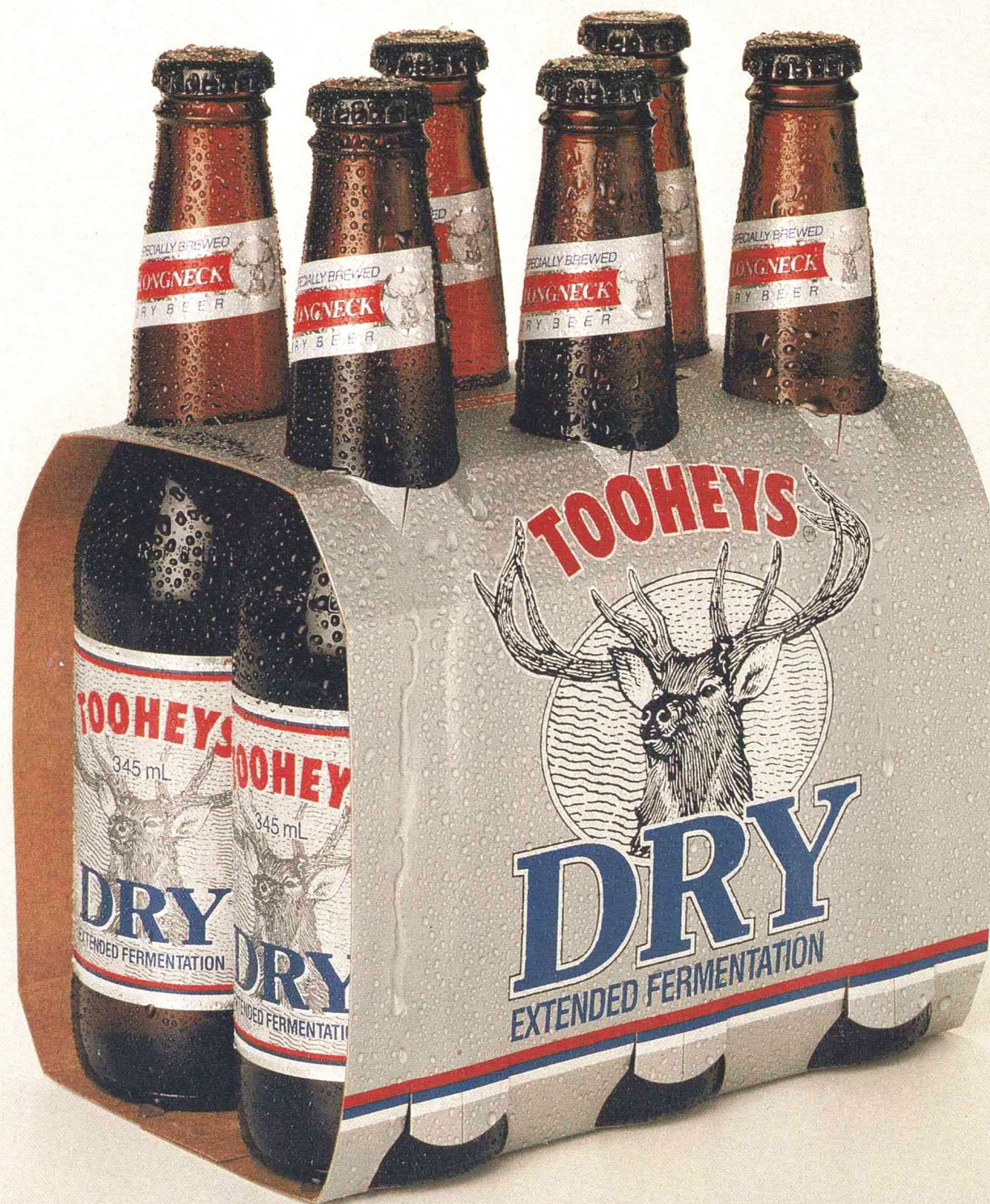
Dry beers contain more alcohol and are more highly carbonated than regular beers. In the simplest of terms, both beer and wine get their basic pizzazz when selected yeasts convert natural sugars into alcohol and carbon dioxide. The more sugar there is in the base materials, the higher the alcohol content can get (but only up to a point). By the same token, when fermentation is stopped sooner, more sugar remains. The average alcohol content of the world's beers is 3.5 to 5 percent, leaving behind a slightly sweet aftertaste. To make dry beer, Asahi simply fermented the beer a shade longer to produce a drier effect (that is, a lower sugar content), simultaneously lifting the alcohol and carbonation level a shade higher. Such was the birth of dry beer.

Asahi's major competitors — Kirin, Sapporo and Suntory — quickly jumped on to the dry beer bandwagon. Kirin was the first to export to the US in 1988 and the company was quickly joined by its leading competitors. The American giant Anheuser-Busch rapidly swung into action with Michelob Dry. Six months ago the Dutch Brewer Grolsch introduced a premium dry to Australia, its first new product in 274 years.

Just how good are these beers? It depends on your taste. These are not light beers. Though they may be slightly lower in calories than their conventional counterparts, they are by definition somewhat stronger and can be very filling, although company propaganda



Castlemaine, Tooheys and Swan Dry... the big three in the dry beer push.



SIX APPEAL

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dictates otherwise. The ease with which a dry beer goes down does not marry well with its five percent alcohol content. Watch out.

Of the Japanese beers, Sapporo has found the largest share of favor. It's full-bodied and quite well-rounded in



flavor. The Kirin has a good flavor but with less body. The Asahi is the lightest and most "Australian" tasting of the Japanese entries in the field and pleasant enough. Dry beer has now captured 40 percent of the Japanese beer market.

On a recent visit to the US I tasted Michelob Dry, a very

light brew with a correspondingly light beer character. About all you could say about it is that it would quench your thirst on a hot day. Hot tip: stick to the regular Michelob on American visits. Others obviously don't share my opinion; American dry sales now total the same volume as total Australian beer sales. That's \$5 billion to you.

Many experts are dismissing dry beer as a fad; others think that it's a viable moneymaker well into the future. Kirin has recently announced the development of new "bioreactor" technology for brewing beer. The details of the process have yet to be revealed but it apparently allows lager style beer to be brewed in small regional plants in about three days — instead of the month or more this kind of beer can take with conventional technology.

Back on home turf, Toohey's Long Neck Dry was launched in February 1989 and Bond Brewing believe that it will be the spearhead to create a new beer market segment. On its release, Toohey's Chief Executive, John Ryan, told the press that extensive technical research had been carried out to develop the Drybrew method to make a beer suitable for the Australian palate. Their standard ad talk said, "Australia's first dry beer has a full-bodied strength not found in many American and Japanese dry beers." The long hot summer of 1990 was the trial season to see whether dry beer can move in to partially fill the vacuum of falling light beer sales.

Although nationally distributed, Castlemaine Dry is racking up huge sales in its native Queensland. The popularity is twofold. The company is capturing its traditional drinkers with a new style that evokes all the taste Castlemaine is famous for, at the same time gathering in a whole new breed of drinkers who had previously steered clear of beer. After the failure of Swan Gold to gain a significant hold on the Eastern Seaboard female market,

Castlemaine executives claim that the new dry beer is doing the job without the flash Renee Geyer-backed ads.

According to Trevor Wright of Swan Brewing, all Swan beers have a cold, crisp taste and Swan Dry is no exception. In Western Australia, aficionados have taken to drinking Swan Dry straight out of the bottle in Perth's bars and clubs because they love the long-neck bottles. The WA rural market has also proved an unexpected bonanza — according to research the country boys view it as their fancy night out beer. "It makes them burp less," speculates Wright.

Boutique brewers like Sydney's Chuck Hahn are watching

developments closely. Hahn has been perfecting a dry beer at his state of the art brewery in Camperdown and will release a dry version of his now-famous Hahn beer if market demand continues to expand.

New Zealand's first dry beer — DB Export Dry — was launched late in 1989 by Dominion Breweries. DB describe their beer as clean, dry, refreshing and very drinkable. DB Export is currently restricted to the Auckland and Wellington markets until stocks build up. The Kiwis claim that consumers of premium beer will lead the way for the great unwashed to propel dry beer into a significant player in the NZ beer market. — Elisabeth King

ENVY

CHATTERBOXES

Do you really want to know what women talk about?

Women speak because they wish to speak, whereas a man speaks only when driven to speech by something outside himself — like, for instance, he can't find any clean socks. — Jean Kerr, American writer

Girl A: He is such a perv. I'm supposed to be financially independent and a career girly half the time, and then this total virgin/whore in bed.

Girl B: Yeah, but it's impossible

to find a sane boyfriend these days. Still, I don't see how a bloke with hardly any money and a mediocre cock can be so demanding. Are you still not coming with him?

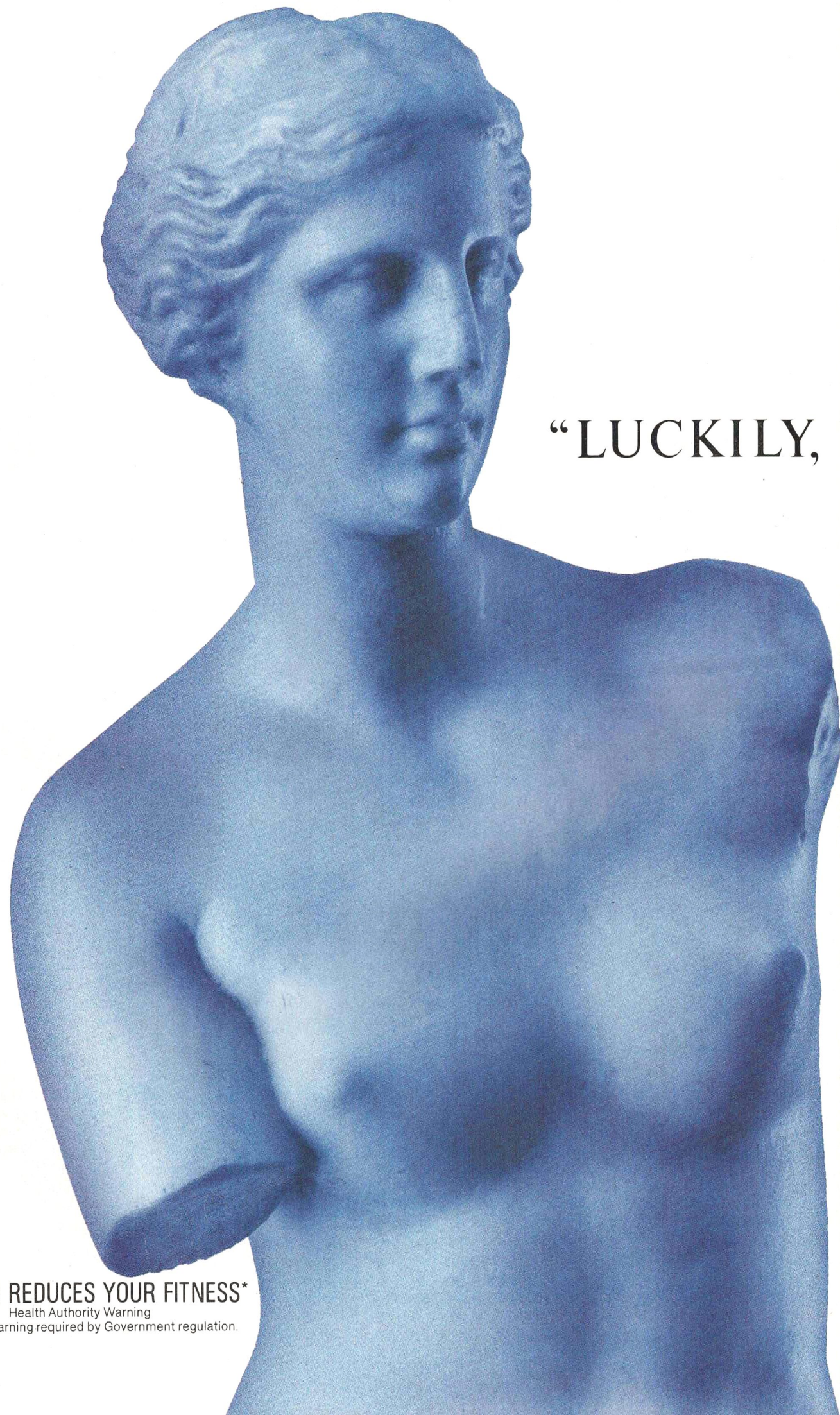
Girl A: No. I think it's because I don't respect him anymore. I've been faking them and then sulking afterwards and he hasn't even noticed!

Girl B: Bastard. I went out with that guy I was telling you about last night. He is so pathetic. I mean, I know his entire life story — everything — and he doesn't know a single thing about me.

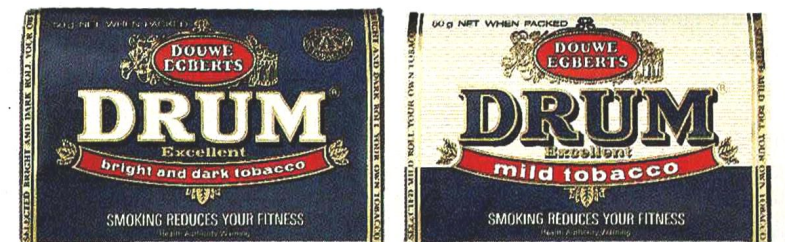
Girl A: They just have no bloody idea, do they? Any dirt?

Girl B: God yeah. This is all totally confidential, of course, but he had this affair with his sister-in-law . . . And he used to have a habit . . . He owes all this money to Telecom . . . Tee hee . . .

Girlstalk is conversation — but not as men know it. While the blokes are away taking over corporations, discussing



“LUCKILY, I’VE GOT ALL WEEKEND TO ROLL MYSELF A DRUM.”



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still made by hand.*

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cricket or whatever the hell it is they do when they're not with us, women congregate to air their views. We know that guys don't do this very often and that this is probably why their views

people, women simply talk about *men*, who are basically "all the same."

These men are right.

A guy wishing to comprehend girlstalk should obtain a copy of

towards mankind? Sorry. Nobody knows. It's just there. Eve probably bitched about Adam to the snake. A woman who's totally cockstruck or even terribly in love with a bloke will still betray him behind his back because it's feminine etiquette.

Women these days can do pretty much as they like. We can be fitters and welders, run companies, screw round, fight in wars — all the things that only men used to do — but nobody's ever said that females have to be "good blokes."

We can be as devious and double-crossing as the women who used to be "oppressed" had to be. It's called having your cake and scoffing it too.

Some men do escape unscathed from girlstalk:

- Any handsome male movie star/rock muso etc.
- Any unattainable man who is the object of our unrequited love.

But generally the basic tenet of girlstalk is that we're always too good for the man we've got, that he's nowhere near as good as the big one that got away, but that, as Mae West put it, "A man in the house is worth two in the street."

New Idea — "The best-selling women's magazine in the world" — and read the "Mere Male" page. The weekly column, one of the rag's most popular and enduring features, is devoted to readers' slag-offs of their menfolk. Typical letters begin: "You'd never guess what MM, aged 37, did the other day. I didn't marry him for his brains, but..."

Girlstalk in real life is an incisive pornographic version of the MM page. Men stupid enough to eavesdrop on girlstalk would soon have their worst fears realised: That it *does* matter how big it is — although width is often more important than length — and that is *does* matter whether we have an orgasm. The bigger the orgasms, the bigger the love affair. (Although naturally if her friends think you're a dork, pathetic or a perv, it'll be off regardless.)

Why? Why do women display this cheerful, random malice

You, too, can look like Paul Keating

Fashion doyen Ashley Dormeuil says in a rapid-fire delivery of his fashion views, "Today, there are two streams of men's style: one is

It's true that women talk with one another about their emotions more than guys, but men who try to be groovy and communicate "with feeling", as we do, always get it wrong. Women don't sit round wimpishly clutching lace hankies and discussing romance — unless, as I said, it's someone they haven't got yet. We *analyse* things. We dissect the eccentric demeanor of MIG (Men In General) and of the particular ones we've been cursed with.

Next time you're creating a jealous scene, getting excitable about something or raving maniacally on, look at your woman. She'll be desperately trying to memorise your funnier phrases and facial expressions to relate to her girlfriends later. It'll be exaggerated but you'll still provide some good incredulous laughter:

"Oh, he didn't!"

"He *did*. It was so funny. He ripped the phone out of my hands and said: 'I'm not putting up with this in *my* home.' And then he tried to take off, but his car wouldn't start so he was kicking it..."

Collapse into giggles. "God, he is *such* a psychopath." — Jean Norman

VANITY

THE DESIGNER SUIT CLUB

the traditional, superior quality British look, the other is based on the modern, trendy styles from Italy. Now, however, Dormeuil is on the threshold of yet another functional form of dressing, rooted in the best qualities of both camps." More accurately, of licensing quality manufacturers to produce Dormeuil ready-made suits. A marketing concept that cleverly coincides with the company's launch of Laser, the "cloth of the century" from this world-famous textile manufacturer.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

JONATHAN CHESTER

HOME: Sydney.

AGE: 37.

PROFESSION: Photo Journalist, Antarctic expert, mountaineer.

HOBBY: Scuba diving. "It's called going to extremes."

LAST BOOK READ: "Up Mount Everest Without A Paddle", Derek Nimmo.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Climbing 4,163m Mt. Minto in Antarctica. "Wind chill — 60°C. It's moments like these you're glad you've packed your thermal underwear."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When you're on top of the world your bank manager is a long way away."

QUOTE: "By risking a little you live a lot."

PROFILE: Courageous, self-reliant with a simultaneous respect and fascination with danger.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's. "It's the only form in which I really enjoy ice."



on important things like shopping and fucking are so naive. We think it could also be why they're so useless at conducting relationships. They can't get on with a woman, so they try to get off with every woman.

Females need males and there's every reason to suspect that they need us. Still, adult male behavior is so bizarre we have to analyse it — blow by dirty blow.

Some men get totally paranoid about girlstalk. They loathe walking into a room and watching an animated conversation flicker down into nervous titters or baleful glares. They suspect that she furnishes her friends with lurid, exaggerated details of their every failure. These blokes have a nasty feeling that everything they told her in confidence has been sniggered over. They become convinced that her friends know every single unsavory detail about them. They think that rather than discussing them as

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Sins

"Our new Gold Club marketing strategy offers Australians ready-made Dormeul suits for the first time with all the benefits of both mainstream options — imported cloths, European styling and the back-up of a luxury brand name. Manufactured in Australia by Berkeley Apparel of Melbourne, Dormeul Gold Club suits will offer designer label cachet at value for money prices. A pricing structure close to the more inexpensive Italian imports, to be more precise. When Consumers buy a Gold Club suit they are paying the 'true cost' — not one hyper-inflated by import duties."

The speaker is Marketing Director for Australasia for the Dormeul Group, one of the largest quality textile manufacturers in the world, and major competitor of Zegna and Cerruti. The company has head offices in Paris and London, with major subsidiaries on every continent. Dormeul's annual cloth production amounts to more than three million metres, producing a collection of 10,000 cloth samples. Over 80 percent of Dormeul sales are ear-marked for export, with the Far East market, particularly Japan, representing nearly 40 percent of Dormeul Group sales.

For 147 years, the Dormeul name has been synonymous with innovation. In 1921, the company launched Sportex, the first cloth to have its name woven into the selvedge as a trademark. One of the most famous and successful cloths of the post World War I era, more than fifty million metres of Sportex cloth have been sold up to the present day.

Late 1989 saw the launch of Laser, a new French revolution from Dormeul that was definitely not born in the streets. Bolts of this super-lightweight fabric, weighing only 300 grams per metre, made an Australian debut via a "spaceship" at North Sydney Oval. A model was "beamed down" to be wrapped in swathes of this silky and supple cloth.

Dormeul are understandably reticent about giving away too much information about their latest breakthrough. The only "hard fact" in their PR handout informs buyers that the fabric is produced from Merino Super 90s wool, specially selected for its properties of crease resistance.

The secrets that make Laser unique are put down to "various spinning and finishing processes" devised after the standard long and intensive research by Dormeul.

According to Ashley Dormeul, Laser is the answer to the modern demand for lightweight fabrics that have maximum durability. "People put suits through harder trials

why Laser is such a breathtaking development; you can sleep in it, scrunch it, whatever, and it still bounces back. Its unique silkiness makes it the complete unisex product, a quality that allowed us to produce a range of colors that suit both men and women and even jewel-brights like fuchsia and bright yellow solely for women."

Flushed with the success of Laser, Dormeul has even more hopes riding on the performance of the Gold Club concept. "Before Gold Club we were only selling cloth to tailors and manufacturers who could use the fabric as they wished. We didn't hold the marketing power. By carefully selecting quality manufacturers in each



An ace from the Gold Club range... a new deal in designer suits.

these days — they want to emerge from 20-hour flights crease-free. Mohair has gone out of style because it shines, so we had to come up with a pure wool fabric.

"Lightweight cloth is usually less crease-resistant and that's

country of operation, Gold Club keeps Dormeul in control of pricing structures, packaging and the protection of our brand name.

"Currently, there are only ten Gold Club members in the world, operating in the German,

Finnish, Dutch and Mexican markets. Following the Australian launch, we moved into the Japanese market. The Japanese were very put out when they heard Australia was getting a Gold Club operation before them — they want everything first in the Pacific region. But this is a small hiccup compared with our next target — Italy. It's the best market for men's suits in Europe but, quite rightly, the Italians think they are well serviced as it is. It'll be a matter of overcoming their prejudice of 'What can the French teach us?' The British market? It would be kinder not to mention it.

"Gold Club styling leans heavily toward Continental lines, and in Australia we will be competing directly with Italian imports. Over the past few years, many Italian suit manufacturers have downgraded quality to maintain market share as the Australian dollar devalued. The national market in Australia for imported suits is about 30,000 units. Dormeul Gold Club suits hope to create a market niche at the top end of the locally made suits and close to the cheaper end of imports — say \$700 to \$800. But the trump card Dormeul suits has over the Italian imports is a vastly superior quality of cloth.

"All over the world we are now chasing volume and that's why the Gold Club concept is so important to us for company expansion. We have had an annual growth of 20 to 25 percent for the past five years and the Gold Club is designed to help us maintain this ratio. The target market for Gold Club suits is the 25 to 45 age group — men who are very brand aware and have noticed the quality downgrade in Italian suits. We believe they will be a ready market for a locally produced product with the international cachet of Dormeul at cheaper prices."

Gold Club suits and Laser cloth are available from selected retail outlets and tailors throughout Australia. — Elisabeth King

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

MANKILLER

Ravishing 22-year-old Ravin Lee admits she is something of a man killer. She's left a trail of broken hearts behind her, and no wonder. Though she concedes she switches boyfriends as casually as changing clothes, Ravin maintains she's a one-man woman. "I just haven't found the right man yet," she says.



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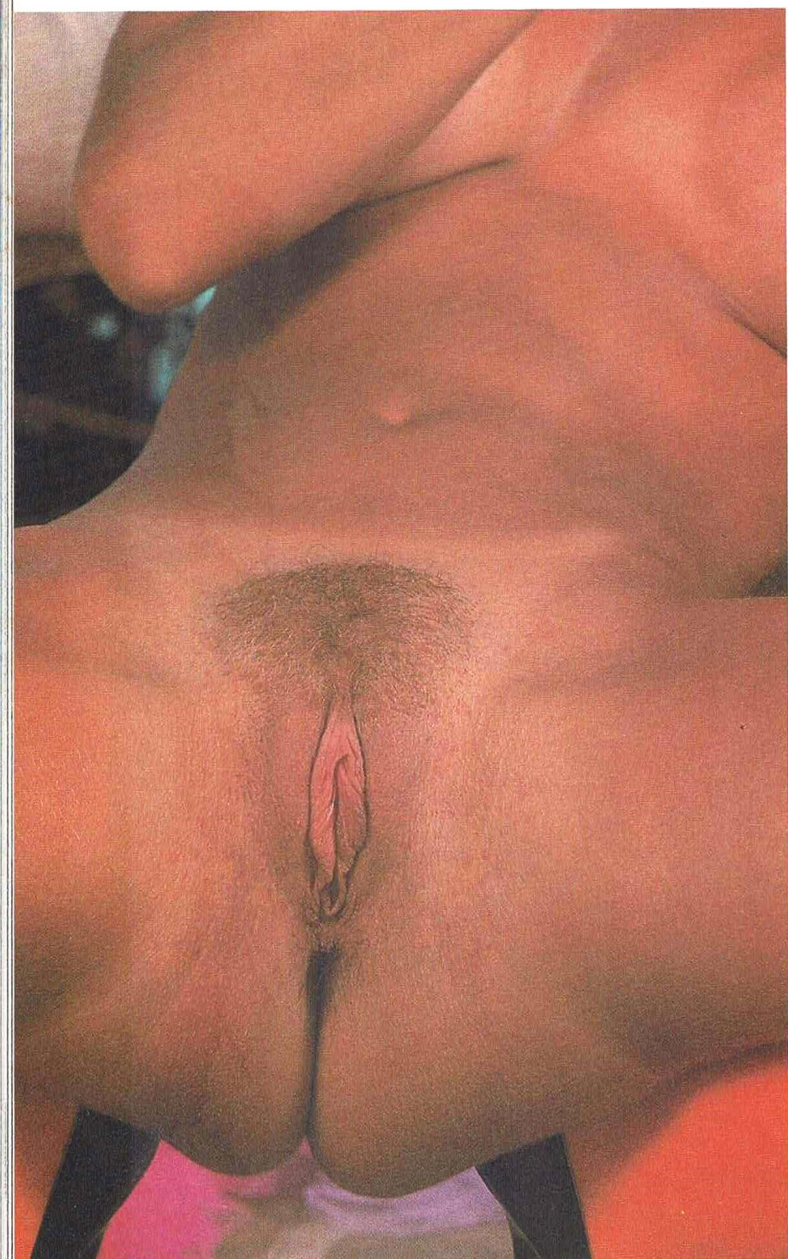


Ravin was a mild-mannered legal secretary when one of her menfriends persuaded her to turn her back on the typewriter and try modelling. "I've never looked back since. Modelling's my element. It's given me confidence."





When Ravin's not before the camera, she keeps up a whirlwind social schedule. Midnight's often a mere memory as she dances at trendy nightspots, chic-to-chic with the social set. "I'm not the stay-at-home type. I love the nightlife."





Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

Maybe she's been dropping hints. Maybe she's come right out and said it. She thinks it's time you had a baby. Could be she's worried about getting too old if you wait much longer. But you aren't sure. Are you ready for parenthood now? Do you really want to be a parent at all? How do you work this one out?

Thoughtfully. At the risk of sounding like a nag straight away, let me suggest that making babies is not something to do lightly.

So that's guideline number one for resolving your dilemma. How is your relationship with your partner? A surprising number of people decide to make babies to try to save an ailing relationship or to cover up the growing gaps in it. Apart from being selfish — "I will make a baby to save my relationship" — this idea doesn't work. As I'll explain shortly, having babies puts some strain on your relationship, no matter how good it is. If your relationship already has problems, having a baby will probably only exaggerate them.

Here's a checklist for doing a quick assessment of your relationship. Can you discuss difficult issues? Can you stop arguments from being hurtful and destructive? Can you ask each other when you want something? Are you both content with how you share important decisions? Do you have enough common interests to be able to share good times together, especially as a couple, regularly? Are you both happy with your sexual relationship? If you must honestly answer many of these questions "No", that suggests you have problems, or at least potential problems, in your relationship that you should be attending to before you decide to make babies. (You can do a more detailed assessment of your relationship and you will find constructive suggestions on how to tackle such problems in our manual, *Living & Loving*

CLUCK CLUCK

Are you ready for fatherhood?

Together, published by Viking O'Neil.)

Second guideline for resolving your dilemma: try to anticipate realistically what it will be like, first having a baby and later raising your child/ren. I think it's fair to say that being a parent is mostly rewarding, that the good bits far outweigh the bad bits. But the bad bits are there and you have to expect them. You could try borrowing someone else's baby or child/ren or spending some time with them, but it won't give you an accurate prediction. It's only partly a joke that one of the best contraceptives is other people's children. Because you tend to be more attached to your own, you tend to be more tolerant of them. And a brief period playing Daddy, knowing you can

because you haven't lined up a baby-sitter. Some activities may be curtailed. Even before the baby arrives, you may find your sex life suffering. Some women do lose interest in sex in the final stages of pregnancy, partly out of fatigue, sometimes because they feel self-conscious about their changed shape.

The fatigue commonly suffered by new parents also tends to squash sexual interest for a few months. You can do a lot to reduce this by taking a fair share of looking after the baby.

Some women do report a long-term loss of interest after having a baby. Since the main determinant of your level of sexual interest is your experience of sexual success, it's possible her loss of interest reflects a lack of recent

"Anyone who says they really enjoy the first three months of parenthood is either brain-damaged or lying."

always hand it back if it squawks too much, won't prepare you for the ongoing demands of parenthood.

In my opinion, anyone who says they really enjoy the first three months of parenthood is either brain-damaged or lying. Most little babies are demanding, noisy, disturb your sleep and don't give a great deal back. From about three months on, they do start to develop increasingly human characteristics and even become fun. Our son is now ten and he's one of the best things in my life. But you will notice a sudden change in your lifestyle. You can't spontaneously decide to just go out,

sexual success, maybe because of fatigue or occasionally post-natal depression. An agreed approach to rebuilding shared sexual success is the antidote (see *You & Sex*, published by Viking O'Neil).

Learning about pregnancy and childbirth (do a prenatal class together) and about child-rearing can prepare you for many of the practical problems and drawbacks of being a parent. You will enjoy it more and do it better, but you should recognise there will be some long-term costs from your decision to make a baby.

Third and final guideline: do you like yourself? This might seem a strange question, but it

isn't. The basis of your successful relationship with anyone else is the relationship you have with yourself. It's why I think the recent trend for people to become parents at later ages is good. It gives you time to grow up, to establish yourself, to learn to like yourself. This will be important in two ways. You and your partner should have been sharing a special relationship for a while, to be considering making a baby. You should regularly be sharing good times as a couple, to refresh your love for each other. A new member of the family must mean you will have a bit less time for each other. This does not mean less love for each other, just less time, but an insecure parent can misperceive it as less love and wind up jealous of the child's relationship with the other parent.

As the child grows up, especially as soon as he or she reaches "the terrible twos", the natural growth of independence will set in. Your kid will call your bluff and see what he or she can get away with. If you're not confident in yourself, you may overreact unnecessarily harshly or be too soft and permissive. Neither of these extremes is a good basis for effective parenting. Kids benefit from loving, but accept firm and clear parenting. Liking yourself will help you deliver that.

There is more acceptance nowadays of varied lifestyles. It's less necessary to be coupled to be seen as successful than it once was. Even if you're coupled, there's no law that says you have to be parents, even if the would-be grandparents are breathing down your necks. You're not on this planet to serve their wishes. Given the clear relationship between over-population and our environmental crisis, it can be seen as a very responsible decision to choose not to make babies, if that's your preference. On the other hand, if you meet my guidelines, you could be ready for a rewarding experience. ☐

**As the Earth's ecosystem
is pushed close to the brink
of destruction, Japan has
been cast as the world's
worst ecological villain**

THE RELUCTANT GIANT

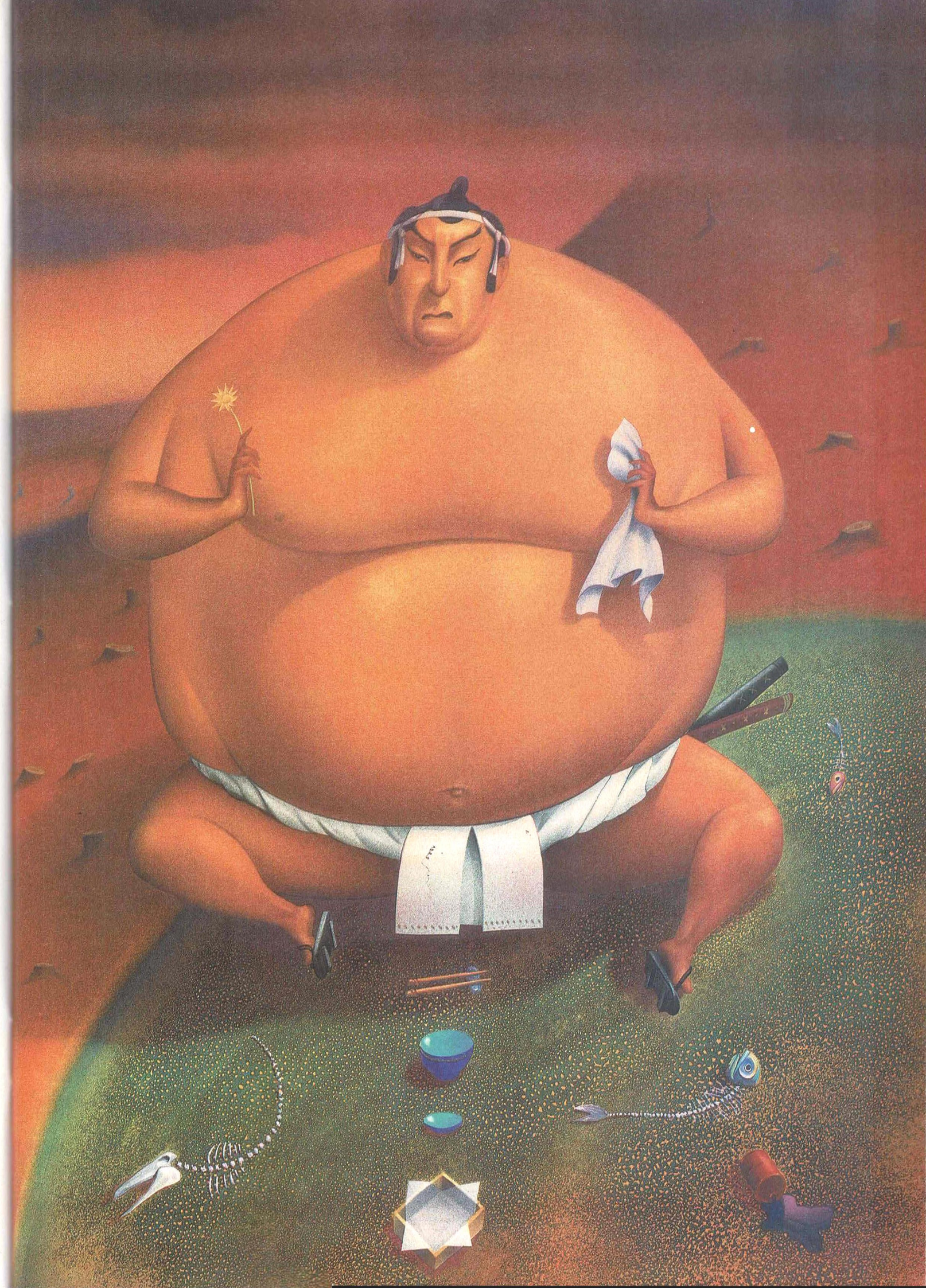
In one of the neat ironies of history, the Eighties, a decade unmarred by major global conflict and crowned by jubilation and a truce on decades of Cold War, happened also to be the decade in which mankind stared in the face of the greatest ever threat to his existence. The apocalypse was seen to be nigh; the Earth's cushion of ozone had been ruptured and the destruction of the ecosystem was at hand.

In the absence of world war, and with longstanding rivalries at bay, the latter years of that last decade had us increasingly drawing our heroes and villains from those involved in the battle to save the planet and all life forms on it. The good guys saved whales, fed the famine-stricken, campaigned to protect wilderness and used the power of their votes to persuade their governments to toe conservation lines. The bad guys plundered the Earth's non-renewable resources, threatened its atmosphere, slaughtered its endangered species, and met criticism with a procrastinating shrug. As the Eighties drew to a close the baddest guys of all had emerged as the Japanese.

The yen's role in propping up indebted economies, ours included, was well reported over those ten years. But while the world was coming to rely more and more on Japan's cash and technological knowhow, Nippon's burgeoning list of ecological transgressions and reluctance to change could not be ignored or excused. Green was decidedly the color of the day and the Japanese weren't wearing it.

The Japanese had proven themselves to be not completely

**ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN
BY CHARLES MADDISON**



blind to environmental catastrophe.

During the Seventies they curbed the local pollution that was killing hundreds, and the nation now boasts some of the strictest anti-pollution laws in the world. Still, the attitude of the average Japanese citizen toward conservation issues is an apathetic one. According to a recent United Nations report, only one Japanese in three is prepared to support environmental groups — the lowest ratio of 14 countries surveyed.

Why the apathy? And, as the Earth's ecosystem is pushed closer and closer to destruction, how should we approach a nation that has no word for "wilderness" — a nation whose industries depend almost entirely on primary resources ripped, however politely, out of countries that lack Japan's manufacturing muscle?

The explanation for Japan's lassitude on conservation lines has been said to lie in the recent history of the nation that has, in a scant 100 years, developed from a closed medieval society into the world's foremost industrial giant.

In the 19th Century, after its barriers with the West had fallen, Japan went on a shopping spree in Europe — for a complete social infrastructure. Recognising that Western industrial and political strength sprang from the institutions that

shaped those more prosperous nations, Japan despatched emissaries to study European culture. "Adopt and adapt" was the catchcry as Japan bought off the shelf, so to speak, a Prussian constitution and public health arrangements, Belgian-style banking, a navy copied from England and an education system based on the French model.

What has this to do with the slaughtering of whales, overfishing, eradication of inestimable tracts of tropical rainforest, or any other ecological villainy of which Japan has been accused? The connection may seem about as clear as Fuji mud until you dwell on the cultural and moral tradition that evolved the Western institutions that the Japanese took as their own. Western thinking and morality didn't come as a package with those Western social structures. Just one of the myriad social forces overlooked on the shopping spree, for instance, was the Caucasian Romantic tradition that idealises nature and still strongly influences our attitude towards the environment.

In their ongoing quest for Western appearances, Japanese businessmen will happily don the best three-piece suits they can import, but in them they will *think* as Japanese and they will perform traditional Japanese rituals such as bowing and deferring to corporate superiors. Personal individualism is not encouraged in Japan's corporate-cum-national structure; mav-

ericks are frowned upon, and this translates to her international relations. Here, countries that fail to comply with Japan's self-interest may find themselves at best ignored, or worse, economically punished.

Add these factors to Japan's paradoxical xenophobia, whereby citizens are encouraged to adopt Western appearances while continuing to regard themselves as inherently superior to all other races, and you have the ingredients for a contemporary culture that sees little or no need to lead the world in anything but industry.

Some recent concessions indicate that the Japanese *can* be persuaded to consider well-grounded arguments about the need to preserve Earth's complex but fragile ecosystem. Which is why it is crucial to redouble efforts to make them realise that the areas in which they are still far from toeing the conservationist line — forests, oceans and endangered species in particular — demand urgent attention. Such efforts do pay off — slowly.

After years of growing international concern about the ivory trade, during which the Japanese indulged in procrastinations, the Japanese Government announced late last year that it would ban all ivory imports. Since Japan was using about 40 percent of the world's ivory at the time, and the business employed about 30,000 people, it was a significant step for a nation that is loath to put people out of work.

"If we continue to permit the trade of ivory — even from those countries that are willing to export and are actually suffering from oversupply — still, the international public opinion would be against us, and we are increasingly aware of this change in international opinion," said a representative of the Foreign Ministry.

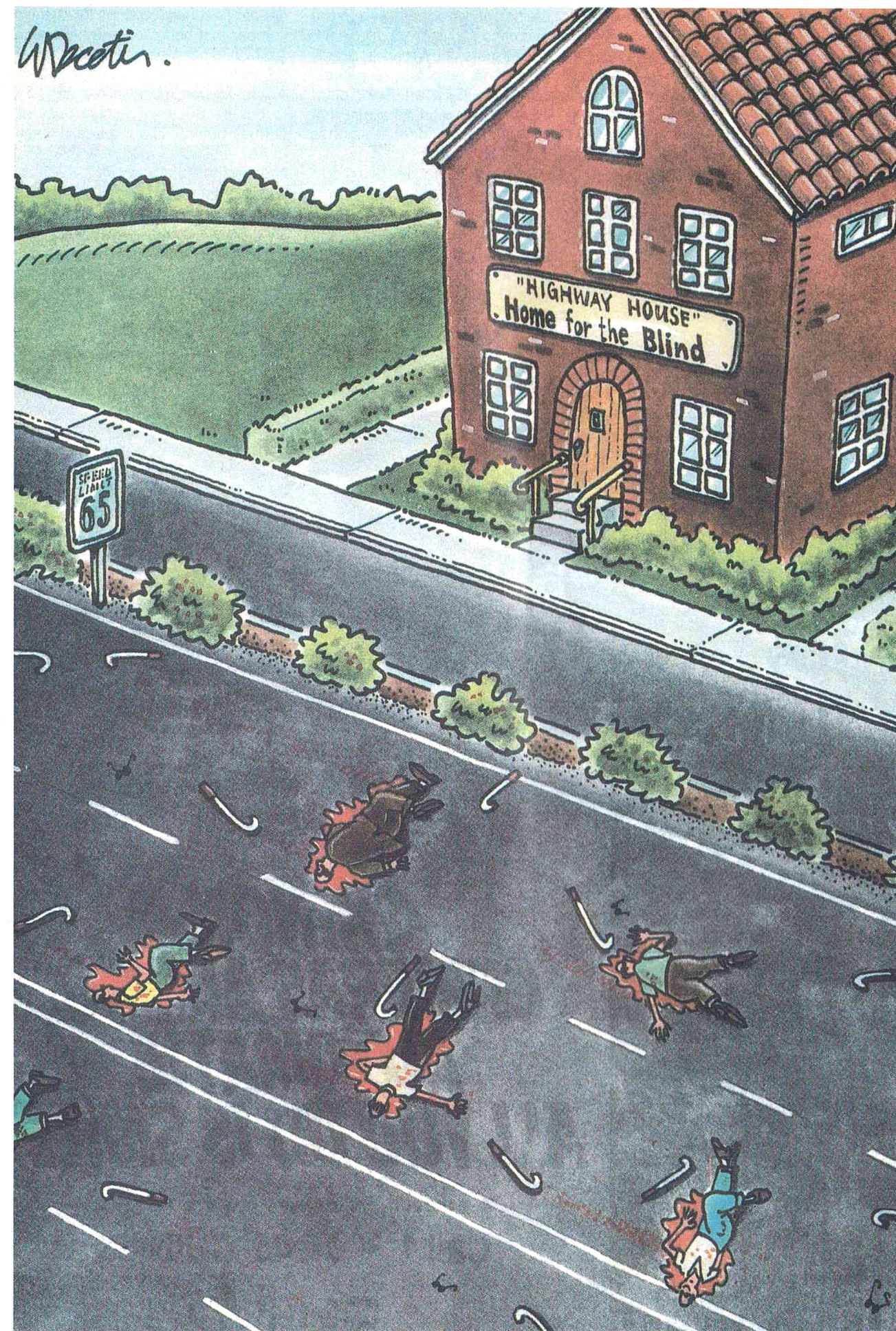
Japan's desire for ivory represented a paradox within the land of technological gadgetry. Chopsticks, pendants, ornamental carvings and traditional musical instruments had long been made from ivory, but its main use was for *hanko* — name seals used right across Japan instead of signatures. About the same size as a lipstick tube, with the owner's name carved in Japanese characters on one end, *hanko* are used to open bank accounts, register births and deaths, and even when receiving parcels.

Given that international opposition to the ivory trade had been swelling for at least a decade, it is extraordinary that when Tokyo finally decided to stop importing ivory the *hanko* carvers had not found a suitable replacement. Other materials, including gold, water buffalo horn and woolly mammoth tusks dug from the Siberian ice, were tried but no alternative to ivory had been settled on.

When the ban was announced, the head of the Tokyo ivory-carving arts and crafts co-operative expressed this bitter sentiment: "It's as though we've lived for years cutting diamonds, and then we're asked



"We tried giving him up for adoption, but he just wouldn't let go."



GIANT

to cut glass." And since Tokyo never does anything overnight, ivory traders had had enough warning to stockpile 200 tonnes — a two-year supply — before imports ended. Such postscripts to Japan's nods to the world conservation movement merely add to their reputation as environmental recidivists.

Japan also purports to be one of 102 nations that agree with the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora. But even after the recent banning of ivory it still trades in ten endangered species. No other signatory nation flouts the convention to such an extent, and Japan claims a "traditional" right to make ornaments and fashion accessories from these scarce forms of life.

Each year at least 30,000 endangered hawksbill turtles are slaughtered to supply Japan with 30 tonnes of shell, used for spectacle frames, jewellery and hair ornaments. The "traditional culture" Tokyo evokes to justify this massacre dates back 800 years. But one clear-eyed journalist has stated that the real motivation for continuing the trade is to preserve the jobs of a few thousand people who are employed in an industry that boasts the world's lowest rate of unemployment.

Outrage over the loss of one species of turtle may be difficult to muster, but we should look to the big picture. In conservationist terms, the intrinsic fact about an ecosystem is that the different species that comprise it are pretty much interdependent. No matter whether you're looking at a forest community, life forms in your local creek or the multitude of factors that keep the Pacific Ocean clean and fertile, the extinction of one species is liable to affect all other species within that ecosystem — if not guarantee their demise as well.

The Japanese are just as vulnerable to the ravages of a world without natural resources as the rest of us. But can such an insular community be persuaded to turn around its thinking, look to other nations' problems and begin to lead the world on environmental issues? That would probably be too much to hope, given that Japan has so far made only token efforts to curb its pillaging of the seas, while its wholesale devastation of Asia's forests continues unabated.

Last year, the 15 nations that comprise the South Pacific Forum (SPF) — most of them tiny island states with no economic clout — combined in a call for an end to driftnet fishing. This commercial fishing technique, devised in the past few years, is rapidly nullifying a huge variety of marine life in the South Pacific Ocean. And the countries that still practice it are Taiwan and — you guessed it — Japan.

Driftnet fishing involves the use of

gossamer-fine nets that can be 50 to 60 kilometres wide and up to 15 metres deep. The nets are designed to snare tuna by the gills, and are almost invisible to all marine life. As well as tuna they reap a deadly harvest of dolphins, porpoises, sea birds, whales, sharks, sea lions, turtles and other fish. In fact, environmentalists allege that as much as half of each driftnet catch is unsuitable for commercial processing.

The technique is so thorough that three summers ago, the first time the driftnetters operated in the South Pacific, between 20,000 and 40,000 tonnes of tuna were taken. Fishery economists calculate that the maximum sustainable haul should be between 10,000 and 15,000 tonnes.

"You can look upon this as the most critical oceanography problem we are undergoing because it is strip mining of the sea," said Jo Faith, an ocean ecology specialist with Greenpeace in Sydney. "Many species will never recover. Those

The Japanese demand proof that driftnetting international waters is harmful — and yet they have banned driftnets in their own waters

countries which refuse to abide by international pressure are having a devastating effect on food chains generally."

The Japanese, however, insist that scientific evidence be produced to prove that driftnet fishing in international waters is harmful — although they have banned the use of driftnets within 1600 kilometres of their own coastline!

Driftnetting has inspired metaphoric extremes from both conservationists and politicians alike. It's a "wall of death", they say, which is causing "marine genocide", "a watery holocaust" and "ecological vandalism" and will lead (however oxymoronic) to "vast marine deserts."

But Japan and Taiwan are on to a good thing in the South Pacific, especially Japan, which has declared its intention to turn around its vast income and establish itself as the region's philanthropist. By offering investment, trade and a proportion of its annual \$11 billion foreign aid program to tiny nations that have few renewable resources apart from fish, Tokyo is able to stand over any SPF States that insist on their territorial rights in the face of the monolithic Japanese fishing industry.

A few months after the SPF called for the ban last year, Japan reduced its driftnet fleet from 60 ships to 20, the same number that had plied southern waters in 1987-88. That was the first summer the Northern Hemisphere nations had moved south. (Taiwan, meanwhile, made no move to cut its Southern Pacific fleet of 130 driftnet boats.) The Japanese fleet had tripled within a year because of bans imposed in many parts of the Northern Pacific after an estimated 12 million pink salmon failed to return to their North American rivers in 1987. The US fishing industry said that between \$US20 million and \$US60 million worth of salmon was being lost each year to Japanese driftnet pirates, who were purportedly hunting squid.

Northern Pacific driftnets have also killed an estimated half a million porpoises over the past 20 years, despite knowledge that in 1983 the region's total porpoise population was believed to be less than 800,000. Each night during the six-month North Pacific season between 50,000 and 65,000 kilometres of driftnets are set — that's enough to circle the planet and stretch across the Pacific again. Incidental snaring of 25,000 useless porpoises each year is viewed as a minor problem by the driftnetters.

More locally, New Zealand's Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has calculated that between 5000 and 9000 kilometres of driftnets were set in the South Pacific every night during the 1988-89 season — posing a serious economic threat to the region's fishing industry.

The irony underlying this massive conservation threat is the fact that driftnets were pioneered by the United Nations in a bid to help impoverished Asian nations convert subsistence fishing into profitable businesses.

Not so long ago, the majority of Japanese people regarded whale flesh as a cheap and plentiful food, in much the same way as Australians view mincemeat. In the Sixties, more than a dozen countries hunted and killed about 60,000 whales a year. Then, as now, the prime market for whale meat was Japan.

A prolonged campaign to save the whales has succeeded in reducing the whale-hunting nations to just Japan, Iceland and Norway. The Japanese Government, of course, has been extremely reluctant to stop whaling, but the campaign has had its effect there, too.

Even though Japanese people were bewildered by an international effort mounted late in 1988 to save three whales trapped under the Arctic ice, Tokyo has bowed to the International Whaling Commission's (IWC) bid to prevent the extinction of the world's largest mammals. In 1982 the IWC voted to end all commercial whaling from 1986, and early in 1987 — after the most recent whale-hunting season was over — Tokyo proudly informed the world that Japan's involvement

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in whaling was at an end.

The canny Japanese, though, had found a loophole in the IWC agreement. In the name of science Japan now kills about 300 whales a year, solely to discover whether there are sufficient whales to continue commercial whaling operations at a later date. In 1987 they said they needed 800 minke whales a year for their "research", but international protests encouraged them to lower the figure to 300. "Research" entails studying the whale's teeth and earwax and estimating its reproductive activity, then cutting the whales up and selling the meat to Japanese restaurants. Any flesh deemed unfit for human consumption is used for pet food.

To be sure, they're confining their activities to minke whales, which aren't as endangered as other species of whales... yet. But the international community has not been conned. "This is nothing but a scam," said World Wildlife Fund senior scientist Roger Payne. "If this were really an example of Japanese science, the Sony Walkman would be pushed in a wheelbarrow."

The minke whale is the smallest of all whales, and as Payne points out: "The whalers pretty much started with the largest [whale] and worked their way down until every whale they ever hunted became endangered. The minkes will go the way of the others." Now Japan regards whale meat as a delicacy, and it fetches top money in restaurants — especially the sexual organs, which are prized for their alleged enhancement of the diner's stamina.

Even *The Australian* newspaper, normally an unabashed supporter of anyone who indulges in free enterprise, said in an editorial last year that Japan's "abysmal record on slaughtering whales in defiance of international conventions... speaks volumes about its callous lack of concern for the natural environment."

Japan currently controls 29 percent of the international timber trade and imports more wood than either the US or the whole European Economic Community. In 1986 (the latest figures), Japan produced 210 million tonnes of newsprint, paper and paper board, and most of the raw material for that output was provided by imported timber.

Until World War II, Japan relied on its domestic supplies of timber, but postwar reconstruction demanded much more raw material than local forests could provide. South-East Asia, the focus of Tokyo's imperialistic ambitions during the war, was asked to supply Japan's needs, particularly for tropical timbers. By the early Seventies, the Philippines' rainforests — then Japan's main source of mahogany and other tropical species used for making plywood — were too depleted to satisfy

demand.

Indonesia and Malaysia became Tokyo's next suppliers, although considerable quantities were still shipped from the Philippines, both legally and illegally. (In 1984 there was a 300,000 cubic metre shortfall between what the Filipinos officially exported to Japan and what was received — adding 50 percent to the recorded trade.)

Papua-New Guinea, the Solomon Islands and Burma now also feed Japan's need for rainforest timber, while Harris-Daishowa, a Japanese firm, is chopping down NSW forests at the rate of 850,000 tonnes a year. (It has been cogently argued that it is the need for agricultural land, rather than the activities of commercial loggers, that is responsible for the bulk of the world's rainforest decimation, and that, as well as providing thousands of jobs, loggers have a commercial interest in ensuring that forests are regenerated. If

“Research” entails studying the minke whales’ teeth and earwax, estimating reproductive activity and then butchering them for sale as meat

we accept this argument, and place to one side conservationists' stance on the need to preserve unencroached wilderness, the question becomes one of how the loggers treat the environments they exploit. The Japanese can't boast a pristine record in this area, either, and in one well-reported instance, they built a road in the Malaysian state of Sarawak which they claimed was to improve the welfare of the locals. The road was, in fact, built to provide better access to Sarawak's tropical rainforests, and the local Penan people were sufficiently enraged by this "welfare" to blockade the road on several occasions.)

The Australian Government has expended a good deal of energy during the past 12 months attempting to persuade Japanese firms to invest in forest-related industries here. Japan currently buys more than \$350 million worth of Australian woodchips a year, but exports them all to Japan for further processing.

Little Japanese money has been invested in local value-added industries that would see the chips converted into pulp or, even better for the Australian economy, paper. But, at the time of writing, the Minis-

ter for Resources, Senator Peter Cook, was confident that Tokyo could be persuaded to invest in value-added industries here, and thereby help to turn around Australia's \$1.2 billion deficit in the trade of forest materials.

The government was keen to entice Japanese investments in forests, although there was no suggestion that existing forest land would be sold to overseas interests. More controversial was the question of whether the government's guidelines on discharges from pulp mills would be too harsh to attract foreign money.

Harris-Daishowa was waiting in the wings, having announced plans to build pulp mills in Grafton, NSW, and in Tasmania. The firm had already stated its intention to take the bleaching process — the dirtiest part of converting timber to pulp — back to Japan, although it did not operate such "clean" mills anywhere else in the world. North Broken Hill had also expressed interest in setting up an Australian pulp mill.

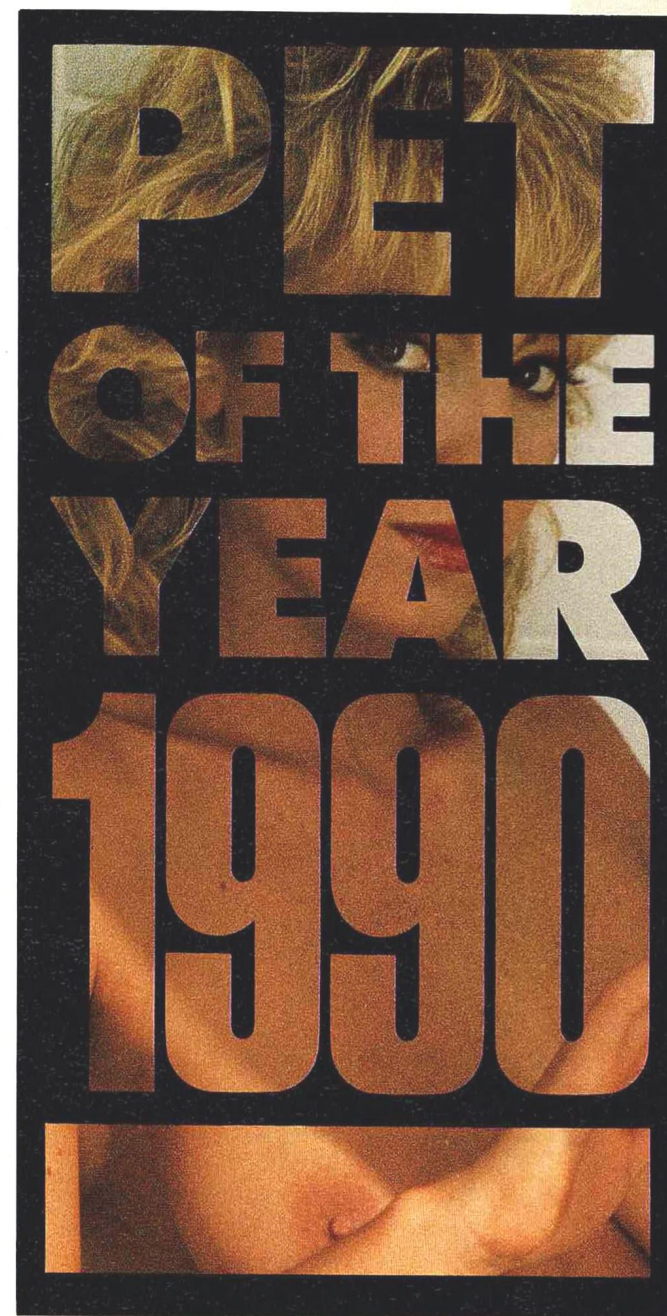
The draft guidelines drew cries of outrage from conservationist groups, with the director of the Australian Conservation Foundation, Phillip Toyne, declaring that the draft was "an extremely short-sighted and biased approach to the question of pulp mills that satisfied the pulp and paper manufacturers' agenda but failed to address the issues that are of significant concern to the broader community."

Just a few weeks previously Toyne had spent 90 minutes on the phone to the Prime Minister, shortly before the government decided to lock up 98 percent of Kakadu National Park. Yet the top brass of BHP, which had long-standing interests in mining Kakadu, could not persuade the PM to return their calls. When it came to the draft pulp mill guidelines, though, Toyne said: "The Commonwealth has failed to seriously consult with or address the concerns of anyone other than the paper and pulp industry."

At the time, one of Senator Cook's representatives told *Penthouse* that Harris-Daishowa and North Broken Hill were "not ecstatic" about the proposed guidelines, but it was felt that the companies would find a way of working within them. (Which isn't too surprising, given that the government had made it clear that the continued renewal of Harris-Daishowa's woodchip licence depended on that company investing in industries that added value to the chips.)

Early in December, the final pulp mill guidelines were released and North Broken Hill announced that it would establish two pulp mills — one in northern Tasmania, the other in East Gippsland, Victoria. Harris-Daishowa told *Penthouse* that the firm would defer any decision on pulp mill investments until its technical staff

Continued on page 108



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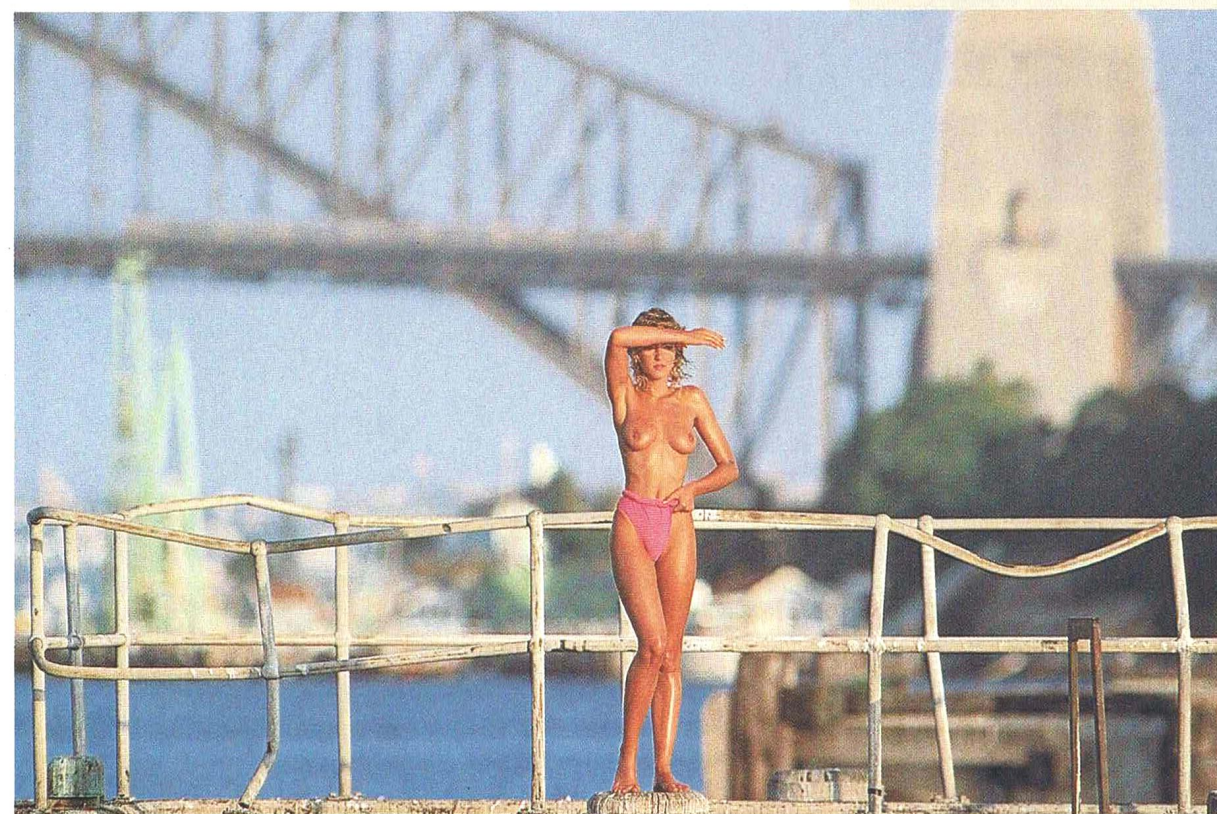
Kristina! Kristina! Kristina! In a copybook example of the one about never having too much of a good thing, *Penthouse* readers have presented us with an overwhelming mandate to crown 23-year-old Kristina Dwyer 1990 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year.

What is it about this girl that sends the Australian male pulse into overdrive? More to the point, perhaps, is there anything about her that doesn't? Look as long as you like; Kristina is faultless... and fabulous.

The dynamite Sydney blonde debuted in *Australian Penthouse* back in mid-'86. The issue sold out on the news-stands. Then, after several years of written requests from readers, we asked Kristina to return for the cover and centrefold of

our October '89 tenth anniversary issue. She graciously complied, and, while the superfit centrefold successfully competed in the gruelling 600-kilometre Simpson Desert Cycling Classic, the sales figures of our anniversary issue wrote a success story of their own. This had to be more than mere coincidence. A count of your votes proved it beyond a doubt — Kristina is the hottest thing on this continent.

So it's not without a great deal of gratitude for all she's done for us that we take this chance to give her something in return. As 1990 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year Kristina wins fabulous prizes valued at more than \$75,000. That booty is detailed over the following pages, along with more stunning photos of the girl you voted number one.



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In the spirit of *perestroika*, our Pet Of The Year receives a magnificent new Niva Cabrio, valued at \$16,500. As revolutionary as Mikhail's reforms, this smart car is essentially an updated Niva, modified and manufactured in Australia to withstand the toughest conditions. To prove its point, the Cabrio won its class in the 1988 Wynn's Rally. It's a light, short wheelbase, constant four-wheel drive, which makes it the ideal car for city, country or outback. The engine is linked to all wheels by a five-speed manual gearbox and dual range, giving the option of ten forward and two reverse gears. It boasts a host of other hi-tech features, and is made to meet the toughest, most durable specifications. Truly a car that won't quit.



From Rod Alexander comes a fantasy prize, and one that should set imaginations on fire — \$5000 worth of luxury lingerie. Rod Alexander is Australia's ultimate creator of seductive evening wear. Quality is the keynote of this after-hours couture company, and it's reflected in the exclusive design, fabric and trim of their garments. The label was born in 1988 to fill the void in the Australian availability of upmarket, high quality evening wear and lingerie with a fantasy array of outfits for any woman, for any occasion. Kristina will choose from a wide range of sensuously styled and exquisitely finished garments, to create the ultimate after-hours wardrobe.

From Frantik and Simpatico comes the perfect prize for the fashionable Kristina — \$10,000 of luxury leatherwear, enhanced with the exclusive Simpatico boutique beer logo. Kristina will join a constellation of stylish stars from Annie Lennox to David Bowie who have had leather wardrobes designed by Frantik. These leading leather designers will team up with the world's leading designer beer, Simpatico, the latest and most mouthwatering Mexican beer on the market, to create a winning wardrobe created exclusively for Kristina.



From Suzuki, the name behind racing bikes, Kristina will receive a superb new model Suzuki RGV250, valued at \$5000. Already the leader of the 250cc performance class, the RGV has been updated with even more futuristic features to create the world's most unbeatable roadbike. Among the exciting innovations on the new model RGV is a computer-controlled ignition unit, designed to monitor exhaust and ignition timing and ensure the carburetors have the ideal air/fuel ratio for every point in time. This Suzuki speedmachine also features rear suspension, coupled with a gas shock system that includes a remote reservoir.



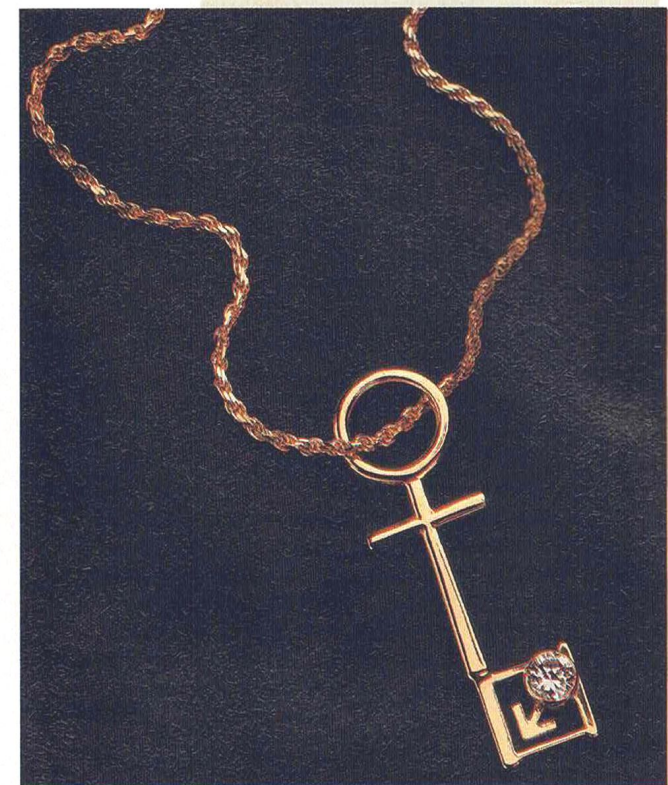
From Concept Audio, Kristina will be wired for sound with a superb state-of-the-art hi-fi system, combining the best in quality audio and superb styling, valued at \$5000. The system comprises an 80 Watt fully remote controlled amplifier with matching compact disc player and AM/FM radio — all from the Audio Dynamics Corporation; a Rega Planar 4 Turntable, long established as a leader in its field; a pair of the just-released Mordaunt-Short Series 3 MS3.30 loudspeakers; matching speaker stands; and a fully imported UK-produced cabinet to house those elite electronics.



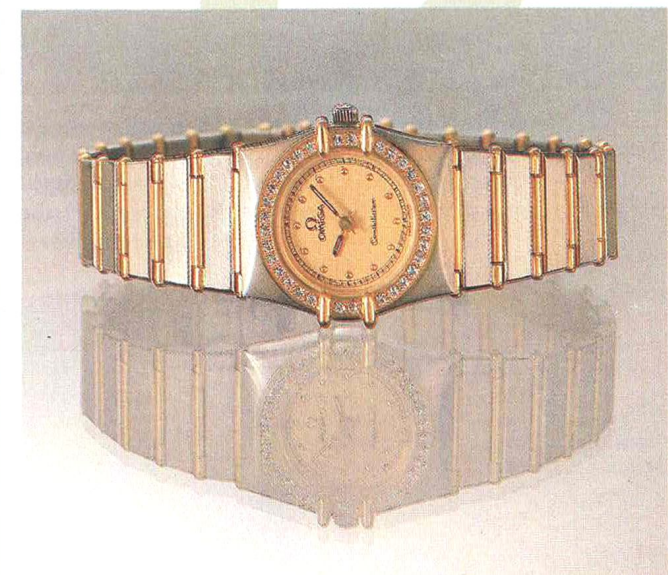
**PET
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From Bernhard Hammerman Furs, Australia's finest furriers, comes a dream prize for our stylish Pet Of The Year — a beautifully styled \$5000 silver fox jacket. Bernhard Hammerman Furs date back over five generations in Europe, and their international experience and craftsmanship is reflected in the quality of their garments. Their *haute couture* range features designer furs, including the exclusive Christian Dior and Revillon collections, and a variety of superbly styled leatherwear for both men and women.



From Wendy Manzo Diamonds At The Hilton, creators of this country's most exclusive and exquisite jewellery, a stunning *Penthouse* key handcrafted especially for our Pet Of The Year. The key and chain, valued at \$6500, have been created in solid 18-carat yellow gold, and the key is set with a perfect, brilliant-cut fine white diamond weighing a half-carat. Wendy Manzo Diamonds will also present each contestant with an exclusive *Penthouse* key and chain in solid nine-carat gold. Each of these keys is valued at \$550.



From Omega, an exquisite top-of-the-line ladies' Omega Constellation. This stunning quartz watch features a case and bracelet crafted in 18-carat gold and stainless steel. Its bezel is fully set with 32 sparkling diamonds, and its face is protected by a sapphire scratch-proof crystal. Waterproof tested to 30 metres, this eye-catching high quality timepiece is valued at \$5000.



From Pro-Dive and Tabata, Kristina will receive a complete scuba-diving outfit as well as a set of lessons, valued at \$2500. She will obtain her PADI open water certificate from one of the professional Pro-Dive instructors, and will dive with the latest, most hi-tech equipment available, including the new Liberator range of masks, fins, snorkels and booties. Tabata are the manufacturers of Tusa diving equipment, the leading makers of underwater apparel.



From Canon, a perfect prize for someone as photogenic as Kristina: a new Canon Sure Shot Zoom S. This easy-to-use camera, valued at \$399, features an advanced Smart Auto Focus System in tandem with an improved program Auto-Exposure feature; a choice of flash shooting modes; a self-timer, so the user can get into the action; automatic film handling; autofocus and a zoom lens.



Mildara Wines comes to the Pet Of The Year party with \$5000 worth of premium wines. Mildara are an Australian-owned wine-making company committed to creating the country's finest quality sparkling wines, using the authentic champenoise method. Kristina will select a year's supply of superb sparkling elixirs including Lasseter, Yellowglenn, Krondorf and Jamiesons Run.



From Philips, our Pet Of The Year will receive a fully portable Philips CD Soundmachine, valued at \$600. This superb mobile sound system offers a choice of playing CDs, cassettes and radio, and offers the excellent sound quality you'd expect on much larger systems. It features a programmable memory, digital quartz radio tuner and three-band graphic equaliser. It can also be connected to a home hi-fi system, or battery-operated so Kristina can have crystal clear sound wherever she goes.



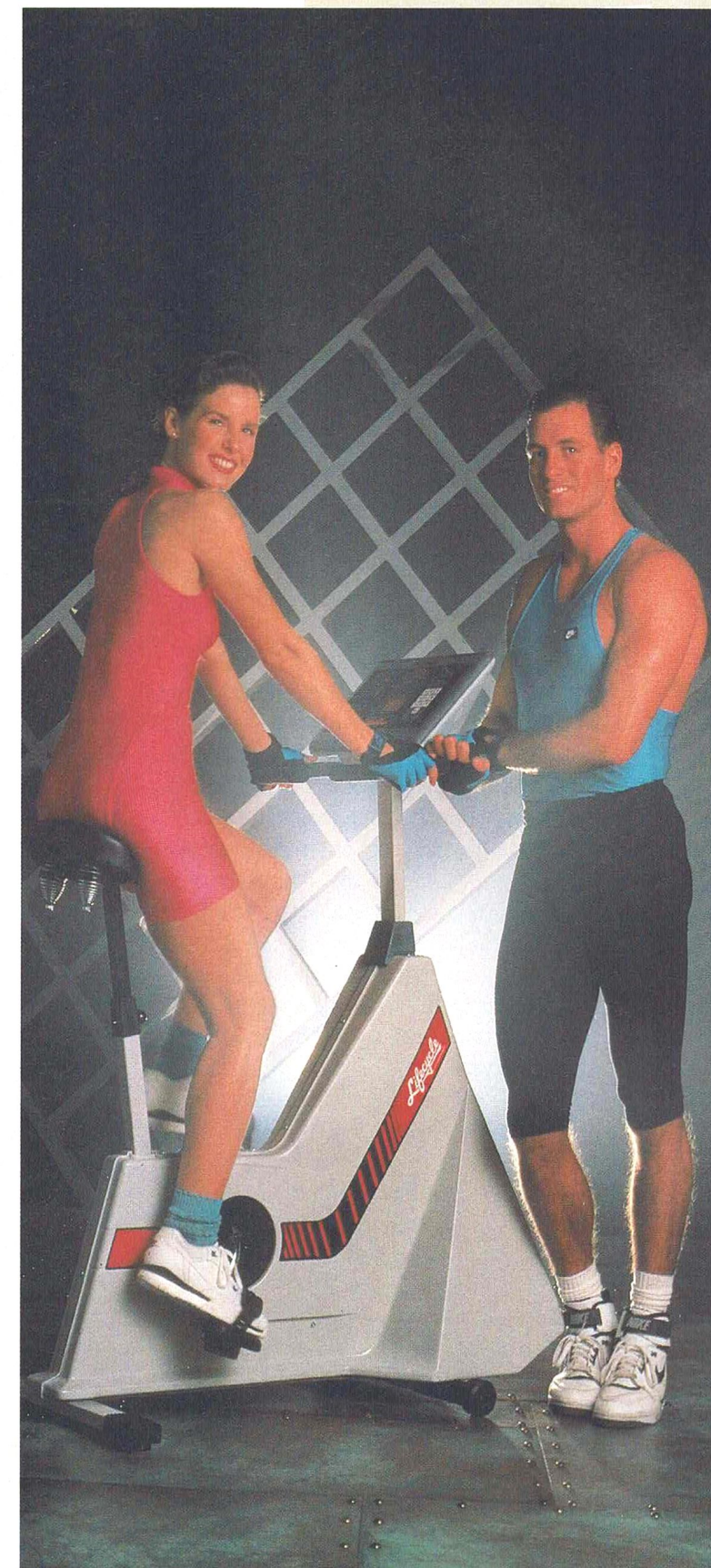
**PET
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From Ray-Ban, the name in designer shades, come two pairs of superb sunglasses — the Shooter Arista/Black Precious Metal and the Outdoorsman Arista/White Precious Metal sunglasses, valued at \$780. These stunning sunglasses are made of carefully crafted precious metals. They feature lightweight changeable lenses, giving optimum wearer comfort courtesy of the top gradient and absorbing light where it is most needed. Their artistic design is further distinguished by a tiny Ray-Ban plaque on the upper right lens, with identifying Bausch & Lomb signatures in tiny cameos on the temples and left arm.



From Mantons, a winning prize for a *femme fatale* — a supply of the exclusive French perfumes, Demi-Jour and Chantilly, valued at \$1000. Demi-Jour, pictured above, is an exquisite fragrance, distilled from flowers and intensified by rare woods and rich essences. It is a modern fragrance with a classic soul, made to suit the woman of today, yet still satisfy her old-fashioned sentiments. Chantilly is a perfume created purely for romance. It is named after the delicate beauty of Chantilly lace, and as the name suggests, exudes femininity, softness and grace — all qualities perfectly suited for our 1990 Pet Of The Year.



From Imported Exercise Products (Sydney) comes a fitting prize to help the fit Kristina maintain her superb shape — a Lifecycle 6500 aerobic trainer. Valued at \$4000, the Lifecycle is the most advanced home bike on the market, offering three computerised workout programs and motivating LED displays of distance travelled and calories burned. User-friendly programming makes workouts simple for busy executives and in-demand *Penthouse* Pets.

RICHARD PONTIFICATING

Leather man Richard Ponting is kicking the crap out of the Australian fashion industry

The Australian fashion industry is what you might call a cowboy industry. It's vastly oversupplied with both retailers and manufacturers, all clawing for their slice of an undersized market. It's chock-a-block with high-risk entrepreneurs who make promises they can't keep on the strength of money they haven't got. It's dominated by hardball players who run as close to the legal and financial sidelines as possible. It's notorious for late payers, non-payers and disappearing acts, and it's got the highest attrition rate of any industry in the country outside of armed robbery. The rag trade is not primarily about making and selling a product. People, especially women, don't buy clothes because they need new ones. Fashion is entertainment; it's the business of entertainment and seduction. The glamor! The excitement! The intrigues! The bullshit! The back-stabbing! The sheer brain-boggling bluster of it all! Its a knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out shitfight. It's a cowboy industry, right? And into this cowboy industry, around about six years ago, stepped the biggest, the meanest, the roughest, the toughest, the downright *ornneriest* cowboy that ever came to town.

Let's meet Mr Richard Ponting. He's having a business lunch at his favorite haunt, just around the corner from Frantik Leather in the rag trade heartland of Sydney, Surry Hills. Ponting is the boss of Frantik, the kick-ass merchant, publicity hound, media manipulator and acute business brain who has transformed a tiny three-store retail chain into the biggest designer and manufacturer of top-quality leather gear in the country. The classic rags to riches success story. In the process he's contributed significantly to the turnover at this particular restaurant, by virtue of his extreme

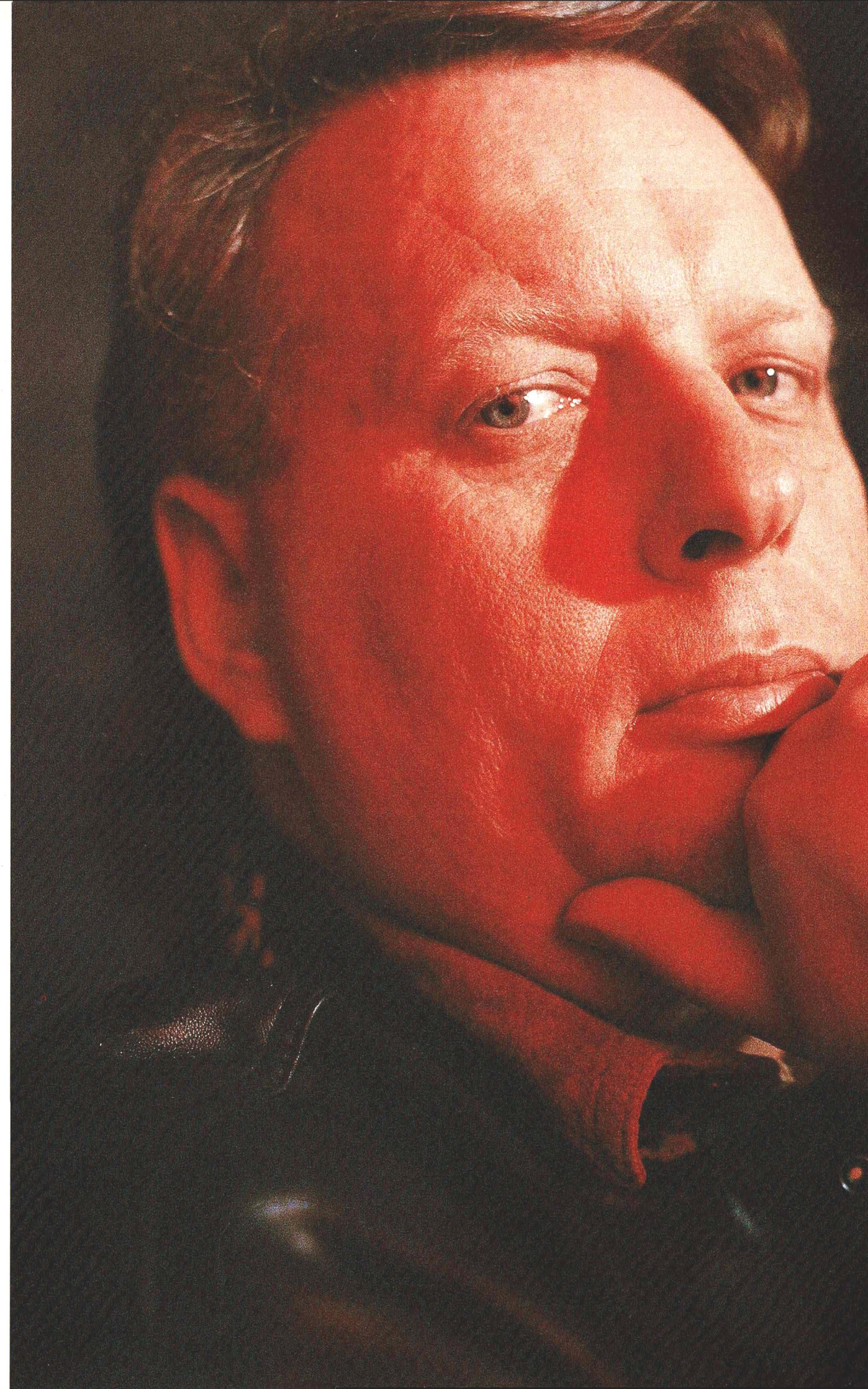
largesse and his own prodigious consumption of food and drink. No doubt this explains the extraordinary obsequiousness of the proprietor, who could easily be induced to crawl a mile over broken glass to hear Mr Ponting fart over the telephone.

But that's not necessary at this stage. All he has to do is give us the best food he's got — fuck the menu — and turn that music off because we're taping an interview, right? Okay. Mr Ponting's guests at this luncheon include myself, his wife and partner Christine, and two nice middle-aged PR ladies from a hotel in Queensland, who are about to embark on a clothing deal involving Frantik jackets with their logos — part of a new wide-ranging corporate marketing push which Ponting reckons will at least quadruple the size of his business within two years. But more of that later, because first we need to get stuck into some very expensive wine and listen to some of Richard Ponting's anecdotes.

Most of these have certain elements in common: one or more women (generally bimbos), fast cars, limousines, famous people, vintage Moet . . . and sometimes a bathtub. Ponting's favorite, for the moment, concerns his latest business trip to Perth. When he tells it, you need to picture a 40-year-old man — well over six feet — with a well-developed stomach and several chins, dressed in black leather gear, with an imperious air, a great big booming baritone voice and a laugh so distinctive you could pick it up from two blocks away in a thunder-

BY GREG HUNTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP LE MASURIER



PONTIFICATING

storm — a sort of deep-throated regurgitation of mirth which transforms, after about ten seconds, into a profoundly wicked, elongated cackle. Sort of like: "Haw haw haw haw haw hah hah hah haw haw haw haw haaaa-aaaagh ha-ha haaaa-aaaagh!" Got it?

Ponting is addressing this story to one of the nice ladies from the hotel: "Anyway, what happened last time — I go over to Perth once in a while and liveen up their boring lives — what happened last time is I'm sitting in a bar talking to this friend of mine — she's the salt of the earth — and there's a girlfriend of hers and we're having a drink and a few of their friends turn up, so I'm sitting around with eight girls and we're having fun. Now, what I do *best* is go out to dinner with eight girls. I'm a *genius* at it, right? All my friends are women. I don't have any guys as friends. When we got married I went on a buck's party with 13 *girls* — and *she* came too [pointing to Christine]. It was *outrageous!* *Haw haw haw haw haw haw hah hah haw haw haw haw haaaaa-aaaagh ha-ha haaaaa-aaaagh!* Anyway, so we went to Pierre's, and we've torn the place up, drunk the place dry — Zambuccas I think it was — and I've bought a painting off the wall and we've done all of that — and we've jumped in a limo and gone back to

Burswood and they've *all* stayed the night. I've woken up in the morning and there's bodies strewn all over the place and I've said: 'I dunno what happened last night but it looks like it was a bit of fun.' Anyway I go to get in the shower and there's no water, so I've rung Eddie and said, 'What's going on?' He said, 'The water main out the front's burst. Don't worry, I've made arrangements for you and whoever's with you to get to the Hyatt.' I said, 'I don't wanna go to the Hyatt. I'm *here*, right? Now, either we all hit the waterfall out the front in the nude and have a shower (which I didn't want to do) or you send me up 15 cases of vintage Moet. (Moet send me a case of booze every month now, religiously, for life, because of this story.) Eddie said, 'What are you gonna do with that?' I said, 'I'm gonna tip it in the spa.' He said, 'It's gonna cost you 15 or 16 grand.' I said, 'I don't give a shit. Just make sure you've got at least a dozen guys to open the booze because you've gotta get it in there *fast*.' So he rings back and says the Moet is on the way — not a problem — and can he send some press up? I said, 'Not a problem — but if you do that the booze is on *you*.' *Haw haw haw etc . . .*"

(The other nice lady from the hotel really has to go. It's been lovely meeting Mr Ponting, and so refreshing to find someone so down-to-earth in this business, but she really has to go and see her two sisters while she's in town. "If we were

in Perth," Ponting booms, "I'd tell you to bring your sisters and stay the night and it'll be *huge* — but we're not. *Haw haw haw etc . . .*")

"Anyway, to cut a long story short, the next day I've put Alan Bond and the interest rates off the front page. Here's me on the front page of the *West Australian* newspaper: 'Richard Ponting went Frantik at Burswood this morning because there was no water . . .' and I'm sitting in the middle of a spa full of Moët with eight naked birds around me. It was *huge*. I've done three talkback shows, one television show, and Perth just thinks it's *fantastic*. The publicity it did for the hotel, Moët and me just wasn't *true*. *Hawhawhaw etc.*"

He's got more. Heaps more. High-speed drunken car chases, conspicuous consumption, outlandish parties, outrageous behavior — and the stories about famous people! — so by the time he's finished with her, Richard Ponting has Mrs PR giggling inanely at his every utterance, transfixed by the sheer force of his personality, the astonishing self-confidence, the boundless enthusiasm, the shameless *braggadocio*, the sheer bluster of it all! And now he's talking about a mammoth turnover for the hotel chain around the world on Frantik-hotel clothing in the space of three years. "You leave it to me. It'll be just *huge*. I mean, I know *everyone* up in Queensland — and I wouldn't piss on most of them with *his* dick . . . *Haw haw haw etc* . . . But I can waltz in there and I can put on my old school tie and put my hand in my pocket and play with it as much as they can — but *they* won't know. And we'll make you and your hotel and us a lot of money . . . Whenever I have to, I can pour bullshit on people like you wouldn't wanna *believe* — but there's a reason behind it. You ever had a tequila slammer? Double tequila, double cointreau slammers all round! You ever had a tequila slammer? You *need* one . . ." And by that time, of course, she did need one.

But let's not confuse bluster with bullshit. Ponting is perfectly capable of delivering the goods, not only with the hotel gear but dozens of other corporate deals he's sewn up in the past few months. Corporate "wardrobes" — fashionable clothing emblazoned with company logos, trading on the principle of exclusivity — have been the biggest growth area in the rag trade over the past few years. As Ponting himself says, "The best way to sell something is to tell people they can't have it." Frantik has pioneered the trend in leather, a product perfectly suited to the corporate wardrobe on account of its image associations (the wank factor, as Ponting would put it), and it seems perfectly feasible that he could turn Frantik's \$5.7 million turnover (up from \$2.2 million in '87) into a predicted \$10 million this financial year and \$30 million in the next.

And there is method, too, in Ponting's

madness. Remember the kid you went to school with who was so outrageous, so apparently larger than life he could not possibly be ignored? The kid who seemed to dominate conversation even when he wasn't there? Richard Ponting is like that. When he gets into full swing — "Okay guys, we're gonna do this and you're gonna make at least 20 to 30, if not 100 percent more than what you're making now, and I'll make *sure* that happens" — and he's dropping names like marbles out of a bag and laughing long and loud and longer and louder at the world, most people, whether they like the man or not, will scramble to jump on his Frantik juggernaut for fear of being crushed in its wake.

But you can't get by in this business on bluster alone, and Mr Ponting is well aware of that fact. All his skins are sourced from overseas "because our bloody farmers don't give a bugger and neither do the tanners", and he gets exclusive deals on the finest quality stuff, in accordance with the Ponting maxim: "Leather should feel like a slippery dick — otherwise it's no good." Christine Ponting does 90 percent of Frantik's design work (her husband's only input, typically, is the condom pockets in the latest range of leather pants) and she's been largely responsible for turning the leather market in this country from a conservative black, brown and grey affair into a riot of colors, designs and intricate embroidery work. Frantik leather, like the man who runs the show, is *conspicuous* leather.

What better way to promote it, then, than to make Frantik synonymous with rock music? Ponting realised very early in the piece that in the case of leather, rock 'n' roll is fashion. *MTV* has turned into one long Frantik fashion parade. All the world's top designers have their own celebrity clients; the Frantik checklist, with the exception of Harrison Ford, is all rock 'n' roll: Annie Lennox, Lionel Ritchie, Whitney Houston, Billy Idol, Stevie Wonder, Tina Turner, John Farnham . . . and lately, Mick Jagger, who last August bought a full-length Frantik leather coat festooned with original Aboriginal artwork for \$75,000. Tying up names like that is the best way to generate your own publicity, and the Ponting scrapbook attests to the fact that Frantik is the undisputed darling of the Australian fashion media. Even the prestigious American high-fashion Bible, *Women's Wear Daily*, has picked up on the Frantik hype. It's worked so well for Ponting that he hates to see anyone slip through the net. "In fact the only person in Australia with a high profile in the entertainment industry — particularly related to the music industry — who *doesn't* wear our product is Daryl Somers. And they all pay for it — wholesale or a bit cheaper. Never anything less than cost."

The result, of course, is that well-heeled kids walk into leather stores and ask not for a leather jacket, but a Frantik jacket. It

doesn't stop there, though. Ponting has jumped on the film star angle as well, securing exclusive licences to make limited-edition Crocodile Dundee jackets, Rambo jackets, Indiana Jones jackets, Michael Douglas in *Wall Street* jackets . . . all to be sold through Video-Ezy outlets. Then there are the massively publicised charity fashion shows, direct mail marketing via Am Ex, Diners Club and Visa Card, promotions with sporting teams — and now the big corporate push, designed to shut down all those retailers who refuse to stock the more innovative Frantik product. As Ponting told *Inside Retailing* recently: "We are probably *the* most aggressive marketers the rag trade has ever seen."

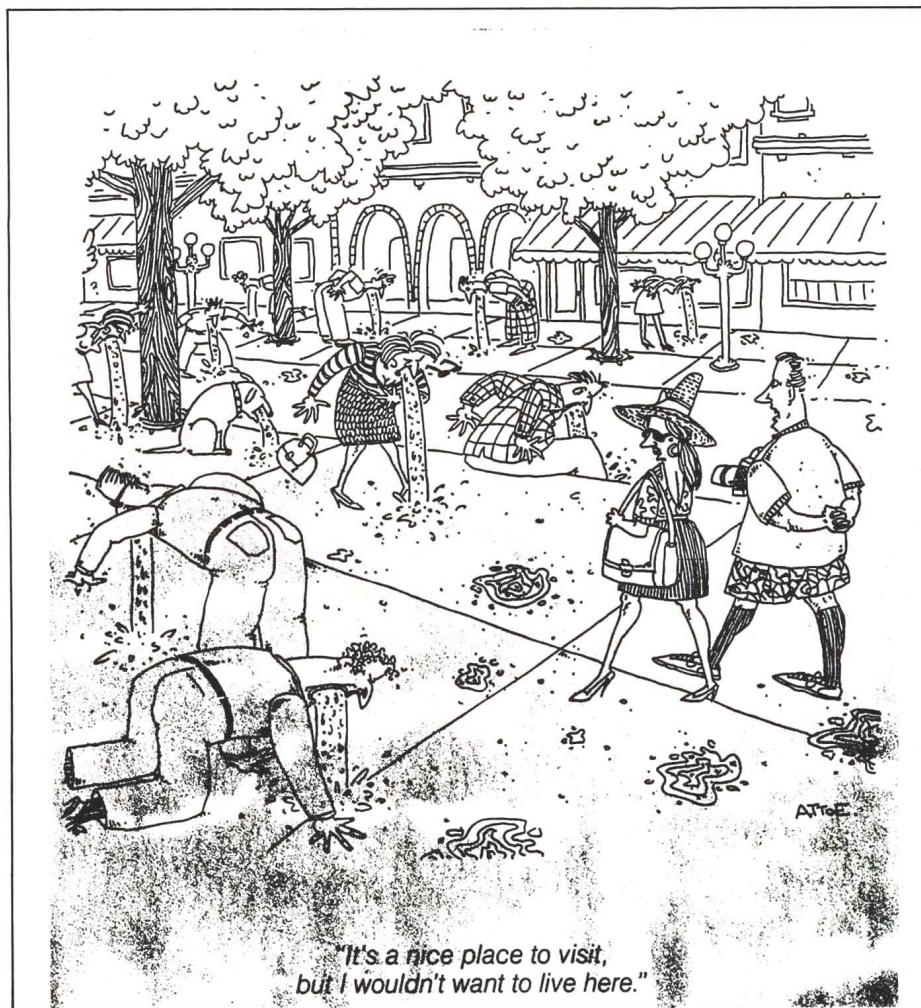
Modesty is scarcely Richard Ponting's strong suit, but he'd be the last person in the world to take the whole fashion circus seriously. "The trick," he says, "is not to believe your own publicity. Do whatever you have to to generate it, but never believe all that crap or else you're dead. It's all fucking bullshit." Of course it is, but like they say in advertising, it's good bullshit.

There's a final joker in the Ponting pack, and it's probably as central to the Frantik success story as anything else. It's this: in an industry dominated by cowboys — people who take pride in running every scam in the book and then some — Richard Ponting knows how to play hardball like you would not wanna fucking

believe. He knows, because he was doing it better than anyone else long before he got involved in the rag trade.

"When you're brought up to believe you have to be the absolute *best* — and if you're not, you're an idiot — it makes it a really tough row to hoe." It was Ponting Sr., a renowned ear, nose and throat surgeon, who imbued his son with an insatiable hunger for success, a drive that resulted in Richard performing brilliantly at Law despite being thrown out of college at four separate universities for outrageous behavior. That was no mean feat in the days when, as Ponting recalls, "You learned three things at uni — how to smoke dope, drink alcohol and fuck women." At Melbourne, the young Ponting was caught in bed with a senior faculty member's niece; at Monash, he was busted for marketing home-made booze produced by a "genius" science student; at Sydney, a Commemoration Day prank involving the theft of a D-9 bulldozer from the Opera House, which was to carry a renowned local soap star in just a G-string through the main gates of the university, got only as far as Hunter Street before the police snuffed out the whole shebang; then, exiled to the University of WA, Ponting took it upon himself as Vice-President of the SRC to blow up all the

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Toyota's ballsy new

Celicas look set to grab

the market and the rally

game by the throat.

STRIKE FORCE

The local copper was profoundly impressed after the ride of his life in the left-hand seat alongside former world rally champion Bjorn Waldegard. He had noted a few tricks they hadn't shown him at the police driver training school. With the startled gendarme hanging on grimly, Waldegard had gone feral at the wheel of a new turbocharged Toyota GT-4, the hot Celica flagship released in Australia only weeks ago.

The member of the WA constabulary had been idly watching a strange ritual unfolding in a forest a few kilometres from sleepy little Dwellingup, south of Perth. There, like magic, Toyota had assembled more than two dozen 1990 Celicas — mainly two-wheel-drive coupés and liftbacks but with a couple of the magnificent four-wheel-drive GT-4s tossed in for the use of the aforementioned Mr Waldegard.

The front-drive Celicas were there for motoring journalists to drive around a bumpy, gyrating gravel course of some several kilometres along the forestry trails, closed to the public for reasons which will become obvious.

To ensure a maximum fun quotient while guaranteeing that no-one went too easy on the machinery, all runs around the course were timed to the second. It was a make-believe special rally stage. On hand too were several of Europe's leading rally stars, there to tutor the local scribblers in the technique of keeping the cars away from the trees while travelling quickly. They were quite incredulous that Toyota would have the courage to mount such an audacious exercise. There were predictions of wholesale de-

BY PETER MCKAY

PHOTOS COURTESY THE
PROJECT GROUP



The visually striking 1990 Celicas sport superior aerodynamic styling and engineering features that could see Toyota grabbing the number one sales spot from Ford this year.

STRIKE FORCE

struction. Toyota, though, obviously figured the stunt could be justified, even if it lost a vehicle or three. It's all part of making an image. Toyota/rallying/tough/success/Oh What A Feeling! Geddit?

And in between the manic journalists tearing around with no little risk to cars and flora and fauna, Waldegard took anyone who was interested for a little drive. Last in the queue after accepting an invitation to become part of the game was the copper, whose curiosity had gotten the better of him. Accordingly, the figure of authority finally endorsed, symbolically anyway, crazy goings-on that in a public place would have surely entitled all the participants to a spell in the cooler.

Bjorn, the strong silent type, let his hands and feet do the talking among the tall timbers near Dwellingup. My turn with Waldegard came and went and then I was back in the summer sun, reflecting on 1 minute 56 seconds of images. Hands blurred as they see-sawed at the wheel, gears snatched in an instant, and feet danced prettier than Fred Astaire on the pedals. Controlled aggression. Domi-

nance of man over machine. Perpetual motion. Ja!

Waldegard is in his forties, an age when most pro drivers are not given to lairising or showboating. The Swede, we knew, was merely doing what has become natural to him. Momentum, we had been told earlier, is the key to driving fast in these situations. Keep the car flowing, was the advice. Waldegard floated the GT-4 into tight bends at speeds that defied common sense. But of course there was never a hint of drama. No-one peed themselves; no-one had time to be afraid.

The new GT-4 is Toyota's world rally championship weapon for 1990. Four-wheel drive is obligatory these days and we could appreciate why as Waldegard dashed through the trees. Four-wheel drive is all about grip and traction, desirable requirements on slippery dirt surfaces. The GT-4, pumped along by an intercooled/turbocharged twin-cam 16-valve 2.0-litre engine with 153 kiloWatts of power on tap, is the hot performer of the Celica range.

A lightweight it is not, tipping the scales at 1400 kilograms, but it will burst from rest to 100 km/h in 6.9 seconds. That's not hanging about. The driveline has a viscous

coupled centre differential — the simplest, most effective traction control device around — and a torque-sensing limited-slip differential. The viscous coupling on the centre diff provides a 50/50 starting point for the torque split. However, it has the ability to vary the split infinitely, depending on traction conditions the vehicle encounters. Should wheelspin occur at one end of the GT-4, torque is immediately transferred to the higher traction end; that is, to the wheels spinning slower. So effective is this system that wheelspin, even in a vehicle of the GT-4's considerable performance levels, is virtually never confronted in regular road conditions.

The body beautiful of the GT-4 differs from the regular front-drive Celica liftback that has been on sale in Australia since late last year. Obvious changes are the bonnet scoop and cooling slots and unique front bumper and valance. The tape measure also reveals an extra 40mm in width due to a course of design steroids resulting in front and rear fender bulges (to fit wider wheels and tyres). Brakes and suspension have been upgraded to handle the extra performance. Wider V-rated rubber on 15-inch alloy wheels rounds out the handling act.

Naturally, the extra muscle and engineering features carry a price. The Celica GT, offered in manual only, comes in just below the Federal Government's luxury car tax ceiling. At around 40 biggies, or half the cost of an Audi 90 quattro, it's a tantalising package.

The GT-4, says Toyota, is destined to sell at the steady rate of around 80 a month. A few of the turbo rockets will certainly turn up in local championship rallying. Toyota has earmarked one GT-4 for young prospect Neal Bates and a second car for some likely motoring journalists to drive in selected rallies.

The broadening of the Celica range to include a four-wheel-drive model for the first time is part of Toyota's determination to grab the number one sales spot in Australia from Ford sometime next year. Toyota has also foreshadowed its push to supplant General Motors as the world's leading vehicle maker by the turn of the century, and so, to this end, it is going full throttle in all markets, filling every niche possible. So the GT-4 will chalk up an extra 600 sales for Toyota in Australia.

In its simpler, less expensive front-wheel-drive form, the Celica has enjoyed wearing the tag of Australia's largest selling two-door sports car. And, despite the contentious styling, the new model has picked up a greater slice of the *torte*. Keen pricing has a lot to do with its appeal. The 1990 Celica SX arrived with a more aerodynamic body shape, a larger-capacity 2.2-litre engine, improved handling, reduced interior noise levels and hip

Continued on page 152

GOLD COAST METER MAIDS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Gold swimwear by Ozzi Cozzi, Gold Coast; Purple and gold dresses by Risk, Crown St, Sydney; Black and gold lingerie from IM, Queen Victoria Building, Sydney; Naval hats and jackets, gold period style dresses, sequinned jackets and white bathrobes from AB Costume Hire, Sydney; Black PVC corset by Let It Rock, Centrepoint, Sydney; Black PVC chaps by Wheels & Doll Baby, Sydney; Limo supplied by Gold Coast Chauffeured Limo (075) 38 6744; Helicopter supplied by Jeff McTaggart Helicopters (075) 96 3623.

GOLD COAST METER MAIDS



beautiful one day, perfect the next

When Gold Coast Mayor Sir Bruce Small introduced his meter maids to the Coast more than 25 years ago, the girls were considered scandalous because their bikinis revealed their navels. That was just the sort of outraged reaction the astute and promotionally minded Sir Bruce wanted. It put Surfers Paradise in the spotlight. The scantily clad, high-heeled meter maids strolled the streets of Surfers placing coins in expired parking meters and leaving their calling card on holiday makers'



best fit for a King



They could
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alderma

Melinda and Roberta are keen football fans, but they won't be barracking for Wally Lewis' team this year. The girls will be pleasing the crowds at Gold Coast games in 1990, where they'll be kicking prizewinning footballs into the stands.

METER MAIDS

windcreens which read: "You have just avoided a council parking fine thanks to the Surfers Paradise Chamber of Commerce Meter Maids." The meter maids' package of goodwill and glamor perfectly represented the image of sun, surf and hedonism which Sir Bruce was trying to create for the Gold Coast.

And it worked. Everywhere the diminutive Sir Bruce travelled in his efforts to promote the Gold Coast, he was accompanied by his meter maids and the girls soon became instantly

recognisable as the ambassadors of good times at Australia's premier tourist resort.

Twenty-six years later the meter maids are a Gold Coast institution. The Chamber of Commerce's latest recruits, 34-year-old Roberta Aitchison and 26-year-old Melinda Stewart, see their job as much more than just saving visitors from parking fines. "We are the promotional arm of the Surfers Paradise Chamber of Commerce," say the girls, who were selected for the job from more than 200 applicants last year. "It is our job to attract tourists to the coast, and thus increase the revenues of local businesses."



Prime Minister Bob Hawke with Melinda and Roberta. "Bob told us we were charming and that it was no wonder people kept coming to the Gold Coast when it's full of pretty girls like us."

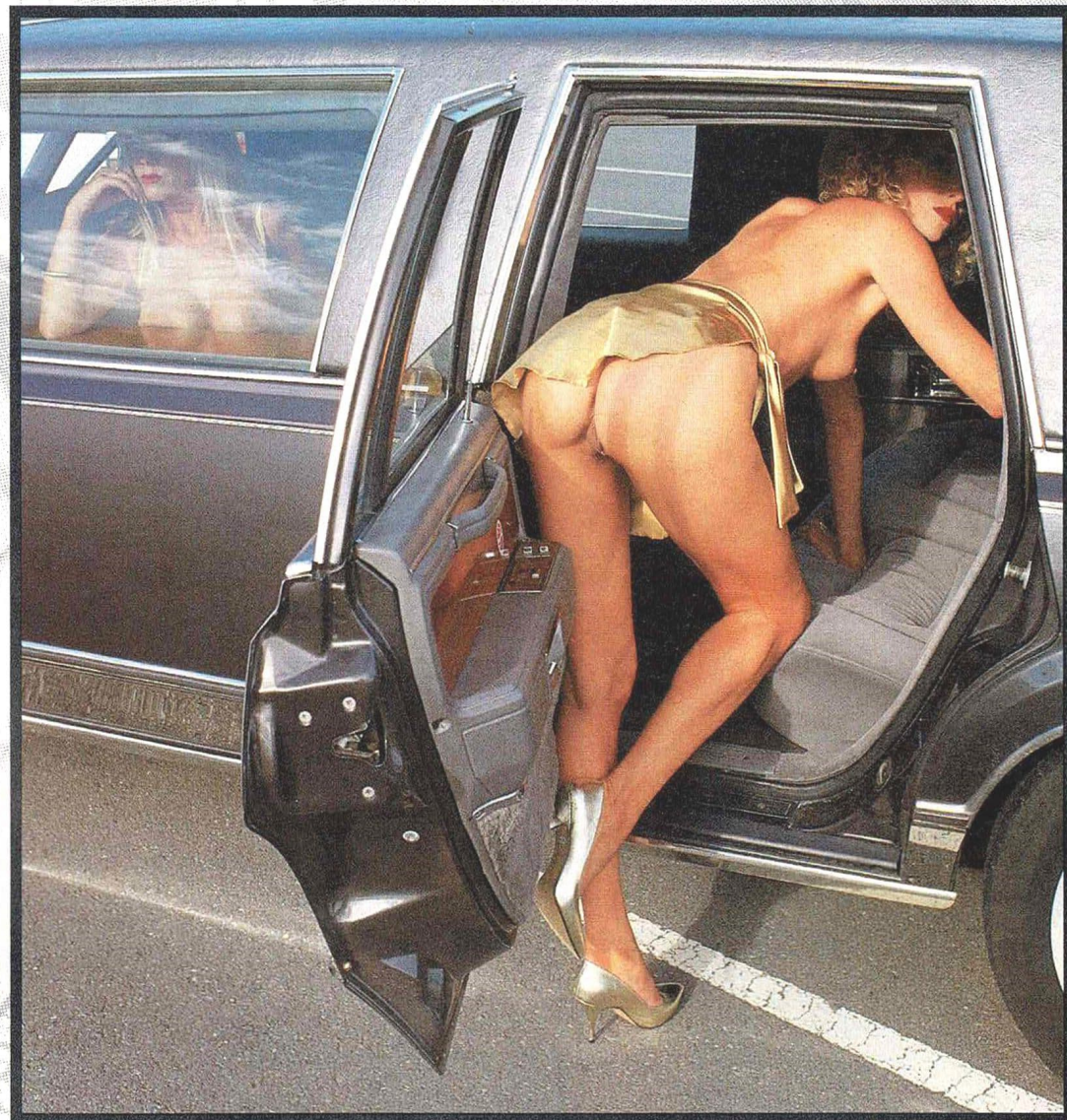
COURTESY GIRLS

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Their territory encompasses the coastal strip from Jupiter's Casino at Broadbeach to Seaworld at The Spit, and they are particularly popular with the hordes of Japanese tourists who flock to have their photographs taken with this pair of leggy blondes.

Roberta has been a Gold Coast resident for more than 10 years. Hailing originally from

Christchurch in New Zealand, she was involved in the fashion and swimwear business before moving into promotions. She escapes the hustle of the tourist strip at her secluded Tweed Heads home where she lives with her boyfriend and a menagerie of pets — dogs, cats and rabbits. "I've always been a happy, outgoing sort of person," says Roberta, "so I



Courtesy is eye
New life for
ered



METER MAIDS

find it's a pleasure to act as an ambassador for the Gold Coast."

Big changes have occurred in Surfers Paradise over the last decade, as this relatively quiet holiday haven has seen the introduction of more and more high rise hotels and apartments, smart shopping malls and the casino.

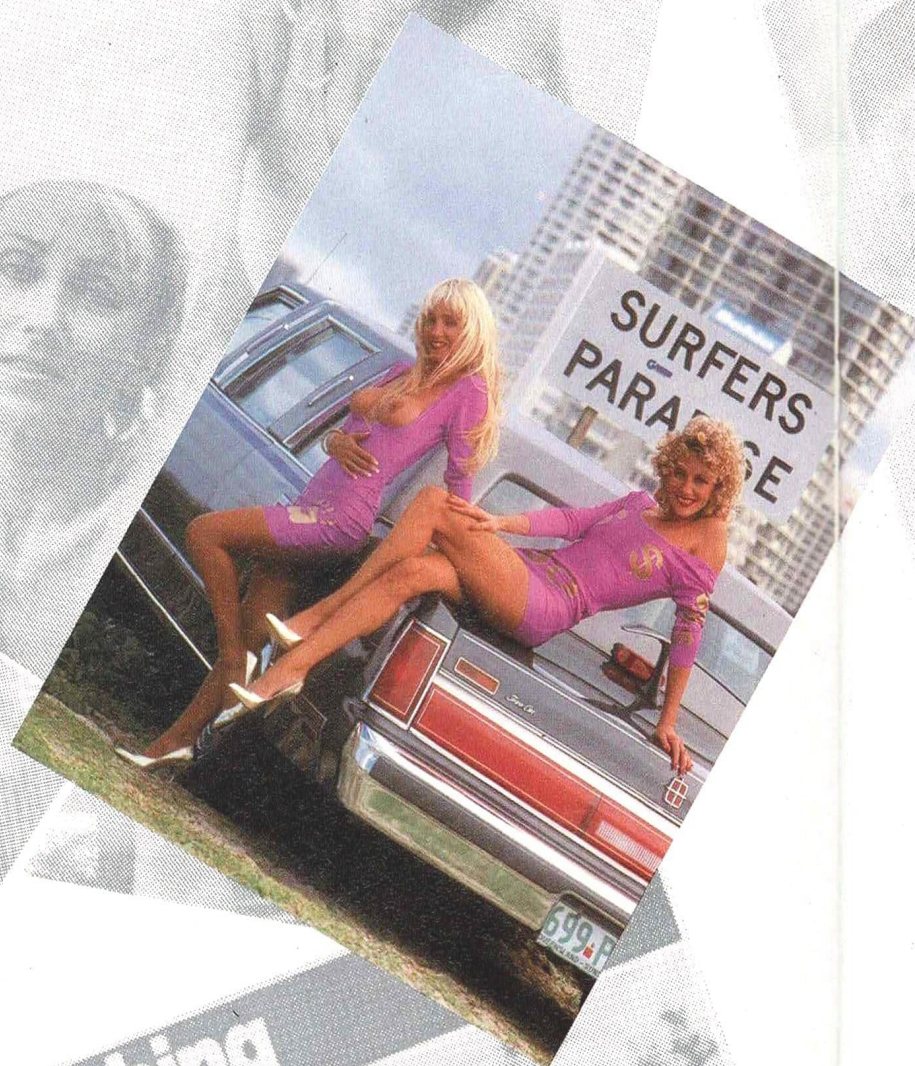
Roberta likes the changes. "Coast culture used to be very surfer-oriented," she says. "Now it's more trendy. Sydney and Melbourne people have moved up here and they've



changed the look of the Coast. Today if you walk into a boutique you're more likely to find furs and leather instead of the batik that would have been on sale 10 years ago."

Brisbane-born Melinda spent her childhood holidays on the Gold Coast. "This is the only place for me," she says. "I moved to Perth for a year a while back, but I became homesick for the Coast. I came back here and I've got no plans to leave."

Roberta and Melinda had few qualms when *Australian Penthouse* offered them modelling contracts. During the week in which they posed for our cameras Wayne Goss' Labor



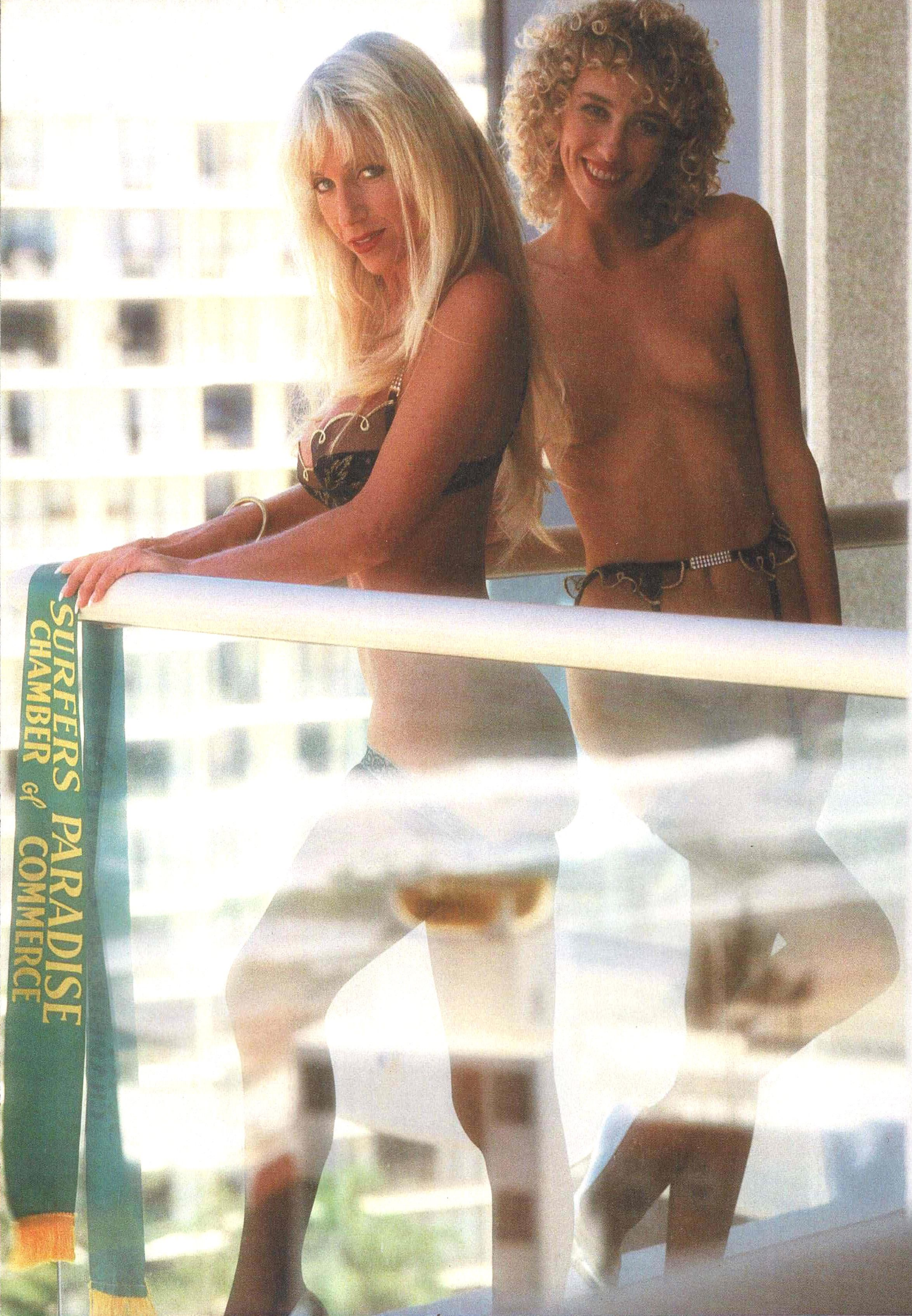
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KICKER



The meter maids are a big hit with the Japanese tourists and plan a goodwill visit to Japan this year. Japan's Brisbane Consul General, Tadashi Masui, is presented with a toy koala by Melinda and Roberta.





SURFERS PARADISE
CHAMBER of COMMERCE



Government swept into power with the new Queensland Premier claiming that the people of his state had given him a mandate for change.

The meter maids modelling for *Penthouse* is representative of those changes, as the clouds of conservatism and corruption are blown away from the Sunshine State.

Roberta and Melinda consider their appearance in *Penthouse* as an extension of their jobs. "We've been employed to promote the Gold Coast. That's what our job is all about, and that's what we're doing." To which *Penthouse* says: "Hear, hear!" We raise our glasses to a couple of the Gold Coast's greatest attractions. ☺

Meter maids Melinda Stewart and Roberta Atkinson show a new style of swimwear that will take you into the 21st century. Roberta Atkinson and Melinda Stewart are the new meter maids for the Sunshine State. They are wearing stretchy new swimwear that will take you into the 21st century. Roberta Atkinson and Melinda Stewart are the new meter maids for the Sunshine State. They are wearing stretchy new swimwear that will take you into the 21st century.

Meter maids to stretchy new

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st Wat
adise Courtesy girls Roberta
Melinda Stewart, 20, will
their bright new aqua-





rude AWAKENING

Now is the dawn of Australia's X-rated video industry, and *Penthouse* was there at the very crack of it.

BY GREG HUNTER

The residents of Mollymook, a Tidy Town nestling in a picturesque stretch of NSW south coast, were wondering what the hell all these Yanks were doing around the place. Smooth-looking dudes they were, well-heeled, and always carting around lots of technical equipment with a detached, professional air. Once in a while, one of the locals would put the question: "Are you blokes making a *movie* here in Mollymook?"

"Yep, Sport, we sure as hell are."

"What kind of movie? What's it about?"

"It's an adult movie. We're making half a dozen of 'em."

"You mean . . . X-rated? *Pornography*? Here in Mollymook?"

"You bet your ass. But don't go tellin' anyone, okay?"

"Holy shit! Wait'll the boys hear about *this*!"

Indeed, the air was thick with speculation and excitement, especially down at the Circle H Ranch motel just outside town, where the 15-man production team along with two Yankee studs and an unlikely assortment of fresh-faced Australian girls were encamped for a frenetic three-week shoot. "You know, it's not like in the States, where we have to sneak around," executive producer Bruce Portmann told me. "Most Aussies are just *fascinated* by what we do." So fascinated, in fact, that on the previous three-week shoot last May, just outside Canberra, four local drunks got wind of the location and came belting down from the pub, storming the property to get a sniff of the action.

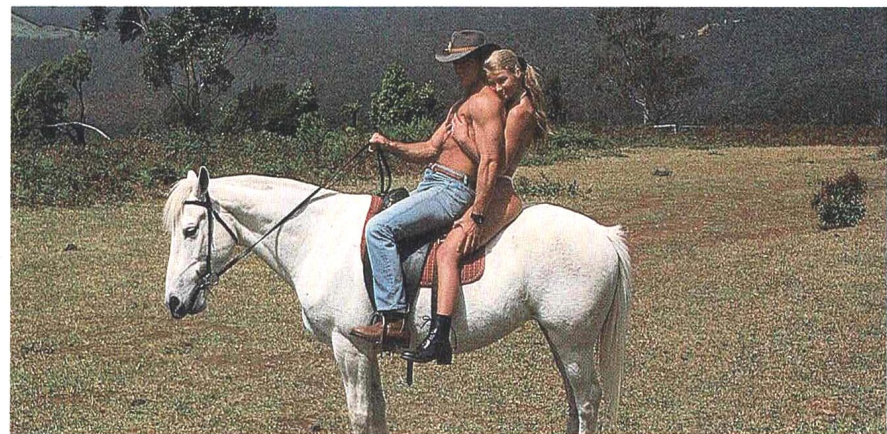
And why not? If you discount one pathetic attempt made two years ago called *Love Down Under*, which scarcely saw the light of day, and a mysterious film titled *Arigato Baby* to be released later this year, the 11 videos produced so far by Down Under Video are the first movies of their kind (apart from the home-grown variety) ever shot in Australia. You could call it a seminal event in the history of Australian film.

It's a very novel, if somewhat disturbing, experience to watch a perfectly normal-looking Aussie gal with a perfectly ordinary Aussie accent getting boned senseless in a shearing shed by a smiling Yank as the camera periodically pans to pick up the 'roos in the back paddock and the artfully arranged Australiana on the set. There's something equally disturbing, even surreal, about the introductory promotional blurb, set against a background of Aboriginal music and a rapid-fire montage of scenes depicting laughing kookaburras, strutting emus, bounding kangaroos and girls in various

AWAKENING

acts of copulation (it seems like you could be watching the secret fantasy of Harry Butler): "G'day you Yanks. Listen up will you, mates. Here in the outback it gets kind of cold — but a hot sheila's only a phone call away with the *Phone Sex Girls Australia*. They take to phone sex like a dog takes after a wallaby . . . Farm work in the States was never like it is in *True Blue*. Why don't you go walkabout and pick it up?"

Not much doubt about where they're aiming the product — but are they taking this flavor-of-the-month business too literally? And do we face the prospect of hordes of American cowboys alighting on our shores and heading out to unleash themselves on the girls of Dubbo, Light-



ning Ridge and Oodnadatta? Still, someone has to do something for tourism and our balance of payments, and if we're going to have a local pornographic film industry — with all the absurdities, comedies and tragedies that entails — can we now look to the possibility of a fuck-led recovery?

You might wonder what took us so long. Actually, there have been several attempts over the years, apart from the aforementioned *Love Down Under*, and all were abandoned without ever making it into celluloid: total disasters. But hang on — what's so difficult about getting a couple of people to fuck while you roll the camera?

Come on down to the set of *Dial-A-Sailor*, flick number three in the Mollymook six-pack, and it becomes apparent that there's more to this business than meets the naked eye. The scene: a living room in a rundown Victorian homestead just off Highway One. Randy Spears, an athletic 30-year-old country boy from midWestern USA with two years in the business behind him, is giving a virtuoso performance with a young blonde Aussie actress who doesn't have a stage name yet. She's "fresh meat." Crowded into the same room, a producer, assistant producer,

cameraman, sound man, gaffer, grip, technician (a laconic middle-aged Australian who happens to be the fiancé of the young lady on the end of Randy's spear), and finally, arriving mid-scene, the *Penthouse* reporter.

You will find what I am about to describe extremely confusing. So did I. Do not adjust your set; all will become clear shortly.

As I stumble on to the set, the actress is languishing supine on a sofa, eyes focussed disinterestedly at a point on the ceiling. Spears is vigorously tugging his impressive schlong as director John T. Bone announces: "Stand by everyone. Waiting for wood."

Randy's concentrating really hard now, eyes shut, pumping furiously. He's up! He's down! He's up again!

Bone: "Okay, we got a full wooden John-

Spears and the actress go into a full simulated orgasm, with Randy's limp dick still slapping against her leg, but cleverly concealed by the camera angle.

Bone: "Cut. All we need now's the money shot. Let's go for some wood, Randy."

And so here's Randy with his hand on it again, and once again we're standing by and waiting for wood. A couple more minutes and he's up again, ramming her doggie-style, then: "Okay guys, 30 seconds . . ."

Bone: "Action. Hooley-dooley light. Let's get the pop."

And finally, right on cue, Spears unleashes a torrent of semen all over the debutante. That's the money shot. The lady stands up, wipes the slop from her leather skirt with a proffered tissue, then embraces and kisses the exhausted actor. The technician, Barry, lurches over and joins in the cuddle. After all, he is her fiancé. It's a wrap.

That little vignette was merely the last 30 minutes of a one-and-a-half-hour process which involved real and simulated sex in three different positions. The whole thing will be edited into seven-minute X-rated (hard) and R-rated (soft) versions; in the X-rated version the penetration scenes will be spliced in with the simulated R-rated stuff to create the illusion of full intercourse throughout. Got the picture?

During those 90 minutes Randy Spears has had to get an erection on command; fuck in front of nine people; cope with the problem of a menstruating actress; stop for 20 minutes during the inevitable technical difficulty, then get it up again immediately; contort himself into uncomfortable positions for the benefit of the camera; perform for an hour and a half; and come on command. He's also had to have a good body, a handsome face, and the ability to act.

As Bone puts it: "To be a male in this industry is so demanding, so far beyond what most men imagine, that it's a very rare bird who can handle it." In the quaint lexicon of the American crew, veterans of hundreds of porn films, Randy Spears is a real "woodsman."

Contrast this performance with that of the previous evening, which saw the debut of Australia's first prospective male porn star. We'll call him Bruce, since he does not have a stage name and never will. Bruce's seemingly uncomplicated task was to screw Alice Springs, one of the original Aussie girls who was by then a veteran of 20 or so sex scenes.

The setting is a paddock outside the homestead, with the usual motley crew in attendance. Alice is working on Bruce's dick for a good half-hour with no effect whatsoever. As it becomes apparent to all that Bruce ain't no woodsman, he suddenly freaks out and starts blaming the weather, the crew, and finally the embattled actress: "You're just a pro-

fessional. You couldn't care less about me."

Luckily, scripts in this business are extremely flexible. They've already shot the scene where Randy Spears walks off screen, dejected because Alice Springs has rejected him in favor of Bruce. "So here's what we're gonna do," Bone instructs the hapless Bruce. "We'll get you to stand up, gather up your clothes, and say: 'I'm sorry. I just can't do this.' Then we'll get Alice to start masturbating, then Randy'll come back and do it with her." Completely misunderstanding the situation, Bruce stands up, looks directly into the camera as if in a confessional, and screams: "I CAN'T DO IT." He then picks up his gear and bolts, walks ten kilometres back to the motel, grabs the rest of his stuff and is last seen hitchhiking back to Sydney, minus paypacket. *Bravo!*

Which brings us to the next Great White Hope, the man on whose shoulders rests the heavy responsibility of redeeming the image of the Australian male. No doubt inspired by Alice Springs, he's calling himself Mel Bourne. (Will we ever see a Katherine Gorge?) He's 24 and training to be a pilot, but right now has his sights set on Top Gun status in the fledgling Aussie X-rated industry. Trouble is, the only girl he's been able to hump on film so far is his girlfriend — an 18-year-old called Jasmine who is cuter than Kylie Minogue, looks like she should be riding a bicycle on the cover of *Dolly*, and is scared to tell any of her friends what she's doing "because they'll all disown me."

Mel's romantic attachment to Jasmine, although touching, has been a source of much gnashing of teeth. When he failed to get wood on his first attempt with another debutante named Joanne, she stormed off the set in a huff, to be replaced by Jasmine — a move necessitating rapid and (presumably) unfathomable script changes; the second attempt, a three-way scene set in the great outdoors, resulted in a similar debacle — although Mel reckons "everyone said I shouldn't have been thrown into that first up, because it's a very hard thing to do"; but that was followed by yet another failure, and with Mel scheduled to go in to bat again tomorrow evening, the pressure is well and truly on: he's going to have to produce a full wooden Johnson on cue or face an ignominiously short career as a naked thespian.

"I've got it all worked out now," he says, feigning cool as Jasmine strokes his troubled brow on the motel bed. "I'll do the hard stuff first, get that over and done with, then do the soft core. All I've gotta do is get it up and keep it up. It's only a matter of concentrating on the job instead of what's around you." Stay tuned, sports fans.

According to John T. Bone, the failure rate for men in California — the heartland of the industry — is about 99.9 percent.

Opposite Page: View from the Circle H Ranch — yep, this is Down Under all right. Below: Randy Spears and Joanne in the climactic cellar scene.



AWAKENING

"In the past five years only two new names have come into the business — Randy Spears and Robert Bullock. And that's with 15 ads running every week in all the LA newspapers. Applications are in the hundreds every week, because hundreds of men want to do it, and hundreds try, but they all fail. If you look at the guys who are in the game, Tommy Byron's been around eight years, John Leslie 12 years, Jamie Gillis 14 years . . . There are something like 20 male porn actors working regularly and professionally in the world." Many are called, but few are chosen.

So even if we had the expertise to shoot sex in Australia — directors and crew with vast experience who knew exactly what they were looking for — we'd still have trouble founding an all-Australian industry. Limp dicks aren't the only problem: "You've also got people who don't like each other and don't want to fuck. Now, I've got to portray sex in a much better form than what you're having — because if it isn't, why would you watch it? That's why amateurs can't make porn — they end up with two people doing something they don't want to do in front of a camera. You can't do this unless you're sensitive to the people you're working with and sensitive to the viewing audience."

Filming sex is like filming a football game — it happens in a limited time frame and if you're not there with the shots, you've blown it. "You can't say to a guy with a hard-on: 'Wait on — I'll just move the lights and change this set.'"

Bearing in mind that there's no such thing as a film director who downplays his own role (even directors of low-budget smut are unanimously convinced that given any sort of financial backing they'd blow Fellini out of the water), and allowing that John T. Bone has a fairly original idea of what constitutes "sensitivity", the facts as stated remain. So when the Canberra-based Mature Media Group (MMG), Australia's largest distributors of imported X-rated videos, decided to form Down Under Video with the aim of making 24 Australian fuck flicks per year, they were biting off more than they could easily swallow.

The man in charge of the project was Bruce Portmann, a dynamic American MMG executive with connections in the US industry. He was prepared to import whatever expertise was needed, as long as the actors were Australian. And so began the arduous recruiting process.

People who want to be seen fucking on film aren't listed in the phone book. To make the task doubly difficult, Portmann wasn't interested in hookers or junkies; he wanted nice clean all-Australian boys and girls with no track marks or bad habits. But

how do you find people with precisely the right combination of exhibitionism, egocentricity, ambition, greed, naivety and naked stupidity? Simple: you advertise.

The first ads appeared in the *Canberra Times* and various Sydney papers in March 1989, calling for "figure models" at \$200 to \$1000 a day. There were hundreds of responses, mostly from women; after sifting out the under-18s and those who did not know they'd have to take their clothes off, Portmann interviewed 100 ladies, about 20 of whom were prepared to go all the way into X-rated celluloid. Then came a series of still photography auditions, with Randy Spears' trusty doodle on hand, and four girls made the final cut for the first Down Under six-pack: Alice Springs, Kelly Blue, Deirdre Holland and Sheila Kelly. John T. Bone's wife Misty Regan, star of around 100 US porn films, was rung in as actress, coach, den mother and confidante. So the bimbos ("flesh puppets", "carbon units" or "props that talk" in pornalese) were off and running; but where were their male counterparts?

"We had guys call up," says Portmann. "We had guys who boasted they were footballers and very fit and they did strippergrams and so on, and we did plenty of interviews — but whenever we got down to the point where an appointment was made for a shoot, it'd be a last-minute call saying they'd changed their minds. They all wimped out somehow. We even went to the live sex shows at Kings Cross and talked to the guys in those, and none wanted to do it. The Australian male has been a great disappointment to us."

With the need to import Yankee schlongs to do the dirty work, the original plans went out the window and American scriptwriter Raven Touchstone was given the laborious task of dreaming up a succession of believable scenarios involving American-Australian couplings in remote "outback" locations. Believe them if you will — but after all, this is MMG, not MGM, and with budgets currently set at \$30,000 per video on a three-day shooting schedule, during which time half a dozen "commercial" (sex) scenes have to be filmed, you can't expect much more than a wafer-thin plot linking one root with another.

What you can expect, though, is an extraordinary freshness on the part of the Australian girls. Most of the eight used so far hadn't even *seen* an X-rated film before, and it shows. Director Bone takes the credit for using this to advantage: "I came here to find naivety, honesty — real people, not plastic people. In the States most of the girls who make fuck movies are junkies, street people — basically the dregs of the Earth. But here we've got secretaries, barmaids, waitresses — nice girls who really want to do it for a goof. I try not to suffer from the lack of experience, but use it to show sex in another way, rather than the usual practised American performance. I'm trying to show naive little

girls who are actually trying to make love while they fuck for the camera. To me that's much more exciting."

Apparently the Americans agree. When the ground-breaking erotica series was launched at the Video Software Dealers Association show in Las Vegas last August, with Alice Springs and Kelly Blue making personal appearances, the response was bigger than *Ben Hur*. According to Portmann, "Technically it's illegal to import this stuff into the States, so normally it's the same old boring shit. But our product was absolutely the talk of the entire show." MMG is already cleaning up on the first six releases — *Phone Sex Girls Australia*, *True Blue*, *Aussie Vice*, *The Australian Connection*, *Bushwackers* and *Dick Tracer* — so come hell and high water, limp dicks, battered egos, legal wrangling, Parliamentary debate, moral outrage and mass hysteria, the show *will* go on. You can bet your ass on it.

Although males are unquestionably the real stars in this game, they're nothing more than surrogate penises. It's girls on the video covers; girls who the customer pays to look at; girls who, when they're experienced and successful, earn the most money. And while it's true that any girl armed with an efficient lubricant *can* be a porn actress, there are obviously certain attributes required that would rule out the vast majority of the population.

Venture down to the "Boneyard" — in this case, a dingy little cellar in the same old Victorian homestead — and you'll see exactly what I mean. Here's Joanne, a 19-year-old part-Aboriginal from Sydney who's about to do only her third "commercial" scene, the first having been the fiasco with Mel Bourne. (Joanne is another who doesn't yet have a stage name, but she later told me: "It's got to be Jo something." When I suggested Jo Blow, she didn't get the joke.)

Once again Randy Spears is the man, and once again we're all crowded in like a pack of enthusiastic chess fans, barely able to breathe the dank air. The one attempt at special effects is the use of a bee tranquiliser to simulate dust — but they've overdone it, of course, and everyone is coughing and spluttering about as Bone announces: "We've got to do something erotic with all this fruit down here . . . I know! The watermelon! We'll get her to crouch over the watermelon while he's fucking her doggie-style."

So, after the standard round of simulations and a seemingly interminable fellatio scene that would have tested the oral stamina of Linda Lovelace, here's Randy on wood and jamming it to young Joanne as she crouches on the melon, her head rhythmically scraping against the sandstone wall in time with Randy's thrusts, her knees debarking on the wooden benchtop, her lungs breathing the

foully congested air, with John T. Bone periodically reaching over to wipe the frothing lubricant from her vagina . . . Joanne: "This is *really* uncomfortable." Bone: "Shhh! We're filming." Joanne: "Look, Randy, will you *please* not stick it in so far? *Please*? I've only got a short passageway and when you put it all the way in it *really* hurts . . ."

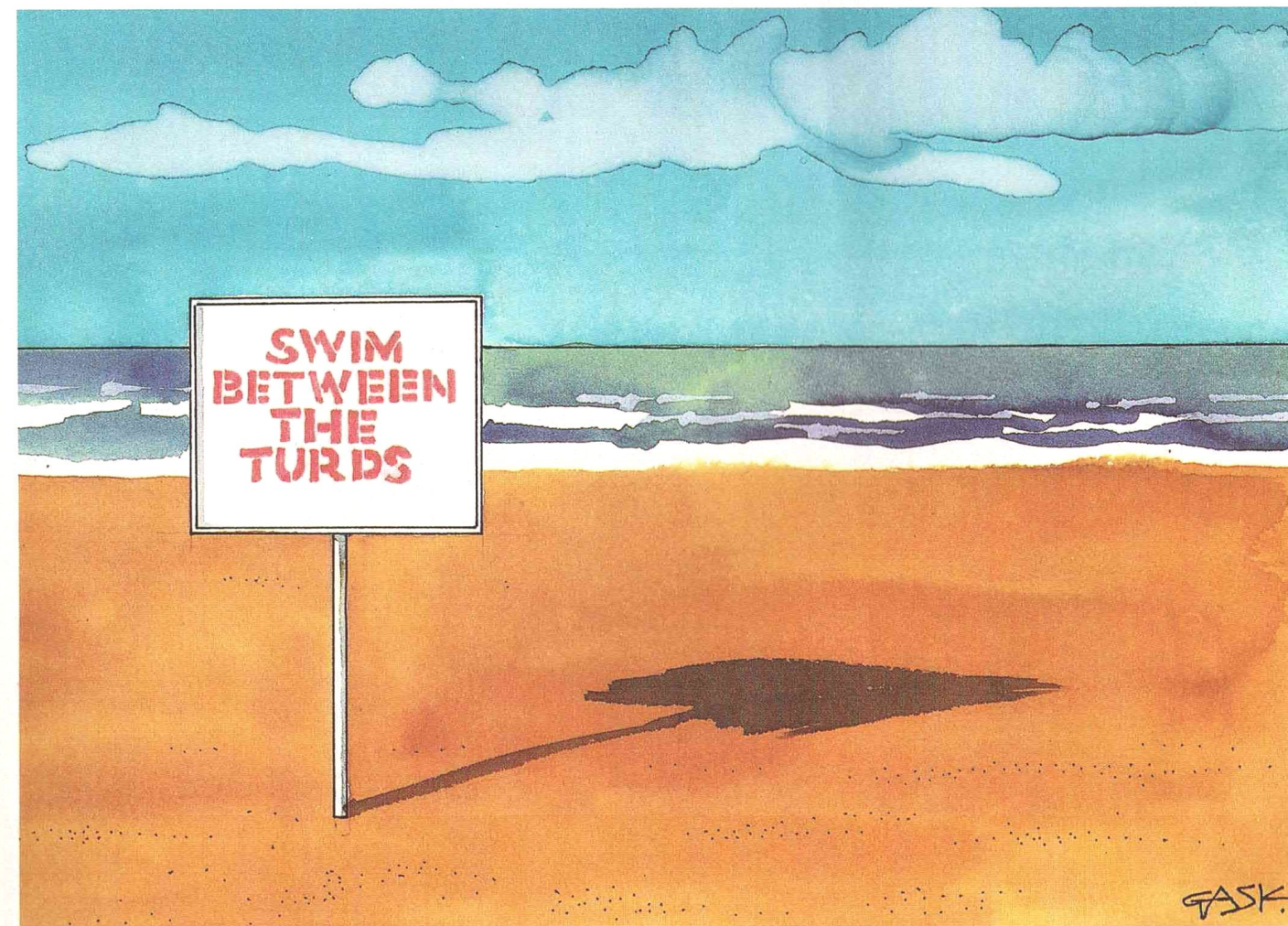
And on it goes, perhaps for 15 minutes, until Bone has another inspiration: "We'll get Randy to bore a hole in the melon and fuck that as well as her."

Cameraman: "He's been at sea for six months and he's gonna fuck a *watermelon*?"

Bone: "If this catches on I can cut my budget in half."

In this case, the technical difficulty is that Spears has bored the hole too small; in the ensuing delay he loses the wood and Joanne has to climb down and give him a hand, then jump back up for the home stretch in what has developed into a two-hour marathon. With only the money shot to come, Bone gets her to lie flat on her back on the wooden bench and squeeze her tits together as Randy spears it between them, again interminably — for once he's astray with his idiosyncratic calls of "One minute, guys" and "15 seconds, fellas." At last he spews forth the precious fluid — liquid gold in the smut

Continued on page 118





the extrovert

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Twenty-three-year old Diane has a personality with the power of a 100-knot typhoon, and a body to match. "Nobody could accuse me of being shy — I'm a total extrovert. I love to mingle," Diane enthuses. She's Phyllis Diller on amphetamines.



Diane works as a PR consultant, a vocation that suits her fast-forward personality. "I'm always running from one function to the next. It's always different and exciting. I love it."







The only thing lacking in Diane's fast-lane life is a man. "I meet a lot of men but none of them have set my pulse racing lately. I'd like to meet someone who sends the sparks flying." Those with weak hearts need not apply.

The savage grace of kick-boxing embodies all the power, skill and violence of contact sport

DEADLY DANCING

Bankers rub shoulders with *tuk-tuk* drivers; bird-like old women clash elbows with policemen. The air, wet with humidity and redolent with the stinging fumes of South East Asia, is also thick with tobacco smoke, the aroma of Singha beer and the shrieks of hundreds of wildly gesticulating Thais. This is their leisure time, and in Bangkok it is a combination of history, religion, vice and athletics.

WORDS BY PATRICK MILES

PHOTOS BY MURRAY WHITE



DEADLY DANCING

In Thailand no-one can hide, which is not the catchline for a new movie but the reality of the pervasive pastime known as *Muay Thai*, or kick-boxing as it's called in the West. It is by far the most popular sport in Thailand and it is growing in popularity abroad, but it's only in its birthplace that the sport represents so much in a wild and colorful society. Its history is the stuff of fable, its religious connotations are paramount, it can determine the livelihood of whole families and villages, it is the perfect outlet for a race which itches to gamble, and it embodies all the power, stamina, violence and skill of contact sports.

To delve into the order of *Muay Thai* in Bangkok is to scale the heights of the business world and plumb the depths of poverty; to see fortunes won and squandered and witness a brutal struggle for survival.

The early history of *Muay Thai* is derived from Burmese accounts of warfare with Thailand during the 15th and 16th Centuries. The earliest reference, in 1411, describes a ferocious style of

King", Phra Chao Sua, in the early 18th Century, which ushered in the modern era of the sport.

Many martial arts experts consider *Muay Thai* to be the ultimate form of hand-to-hand fighting. Its exponents have proven superior to those of judo, karate and kung-fu many times in challenge bouts. Any part of the body except the head may be used to strike an opponent, but punching is considered the least effective form of attack, knee and elbow strikes being far more decisive. In the early days, the combatants' fists were wrapped in thick horsehide for maximum impact with minimum knuckle damage. They also used cotton soaked in glue and ground glass, and later, hemp. Tree bark and seashells were used to protect the groin from lethal kicks. The high incidence of death and injury led the government to ban *Muay Thai* in the Twenties, but a decade later the sport was revived under modern regulations based on Queensberry rules. Bouts were limited to five three-minute rounds with a two-minute break between each round. Conventional boxing gloves were worn and bare feet were strapped. These days there are 12 weight divisions,

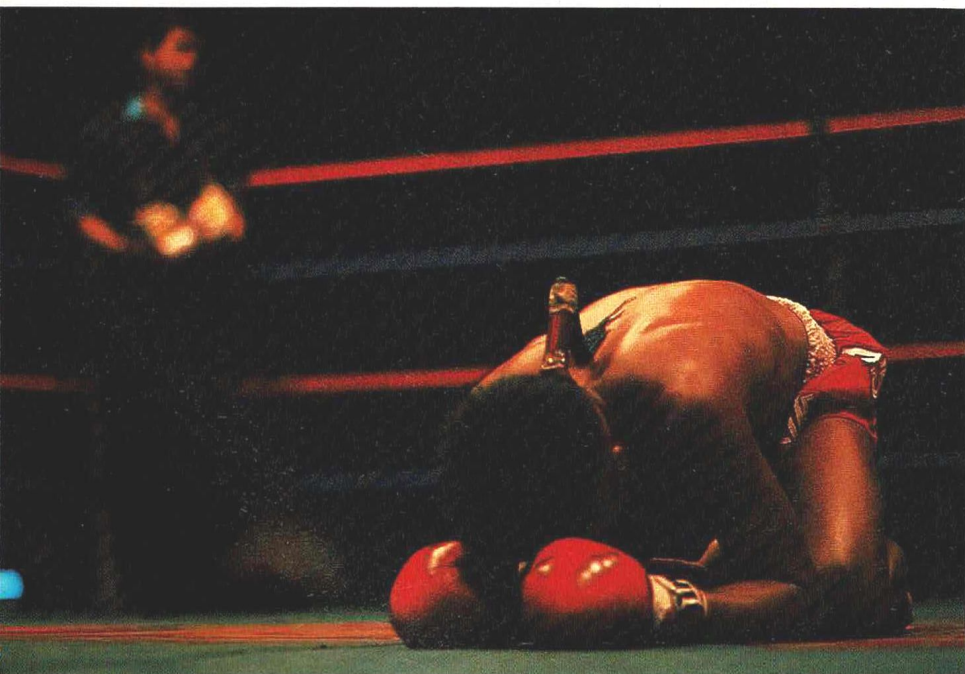
baht (\$A9) to 800 baht (\$A40) at ringside.

The crowd goes berserk as the opposing entourages walk on. The fighters' headgear is exotic and intricate, with spikes protruding from a colorful headband. They remove them just before the fighting starts. The seconds whisper urgently to their boxers in their corners. The boxers bow with their foreheads to the canvas and take a vow of loyalty. They get presents from their sponsors, like sumo wrestlers. The frenetic music begins, belted out by a five-piece band of cymbals, drums and strange wind instruments. The boxers stalk the ring, briefly visiting each corner, bowing slightly, touching their foreheads in the Buddhist way, then walk to the centre, where they dance, like peacocks. It's all so mysterious and holy. The dance identifies them with a particular camp. It is a bird-like performance, called *ram muay*, taking place around all four sides of the ring. It is performed to exorcise bad spirits, but it functions as a limbering up as well.

The music stops... then begins again, even more urgently, when the fight begins. It doesn't take very long before the audience gets completely involved. They will scream at anything faintly resembling a kick or a blow, regardless of whether or not it lands. The boxers do a lot of prancing up and down with one leg forward, like a horse in a circus. The clinches can go on forever as they try to knee one another in the body. They sometimes try to trip each other, like in wrestling. Hardly any punches are thrown — it's nearly all kicking and kneeing, in close. The man in red wins by a knockout resulting from a huge kick to the back of his opponent's neck... but not before a flurry of right hands to weaken the victim. The man in red had called upon the tiger's heart in his soul to win. He gets a medallion and more presents.

Muay Thai is a sport of subtle ritual and stoic acceptance of punishment. Its underlying passions and contradictions can be traced to the influence of religion. The four noble truths of Buddhism are: the truth of suffering — "existence is suffering"; the truth of the cause of suffering — "suffering is caused by desire"; the truth of the cessation of suffering — "eliminate the cause of suffering (desire) and suffering will cease to arise"; the truth of the path — "the eightfold path is the way to eliminate desire/extinguish suffering."

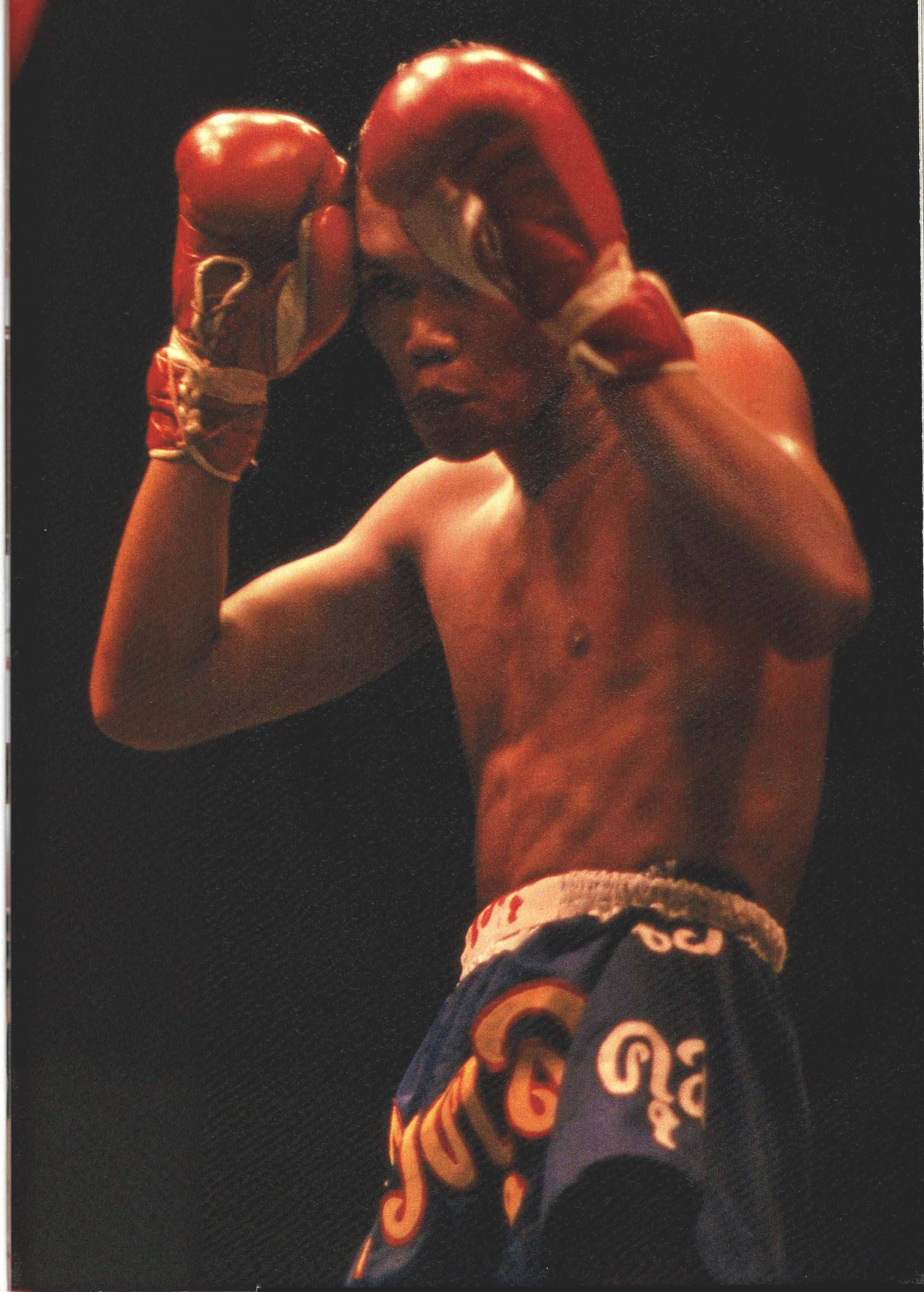
In spite of the philosophical underpinnings, the trainers get very angry when their charges lose, as does the opulent *Muay Thai* impresario of Thailand, Sombhop Srisomwongse, manager, promoter, entrepreneur, and definitely a man with deity on his side. His



unarmed combat that "decided the fate of Thai kings." Nai Khanom Tom became Thailand's first famous boxer when, as a prisoner of war, he gained his freedom by defeating a dozen Burmese warriors before the Burmese court. It was King Naresuan The Great, himself a top-notch boxer in the late 16th Century, who made *Muay Thai* a compulsory activity in military training. Prize money and training camps were prompted by "The Tiger

from flyweight to heavyweight, with welterweight considered to contain the best fighters.

The big stadiums are owned and run by the army and the police, a legacy from the days when *Muay Thai* was such an important part of military training. The two main stadiums in Bangkok are the Lumpini and the Rajdamnoen — sweat-soaked arenas buzzing with a frenzy of gambling. Seat prices range from 180





Left: The opulent *Muay Thai* impresario of Thailand, Sombhop Srisomwongse — manager, promoter and entrepreneur.

DEADLY DANCING

large, spectacularly tasteless office is festooned with images of Buddha and other religious artefacts. Silent henchmen hover.

"The Thais don't care so much about whether a boxer is a champion; his personality and popularity are more important," Sombhop, himself a former amateur boxer, observes. A popular fighter can earn 200,000 baht (\$A10,000) for one fight but a champion might only make 20,000 baht (\$A1000). Rookies might make 3000 baht (\$A150) a bout, but only if they are victorious. There are more than 200,000 professional boxers, many of them from small towns, who later come to Bangkok. And there are ten big stadiums in Thailand so there's always a bout on somewhere.

"There are many boxing camps — more than 1000 in Bangkok, and more than 200 gyms," according to Sombhop. "Most *Muay Thai* boxers fight up-country first; a new boxer earns 30, 50 or 80 baht

(\$A1.50 to \$A4) a bout. Then he gets popular in a certain town and can earn 1000 to 5000 baht (\$A50 to \$A250) a fight. He is then invited to train in a gym — he may even be 'bought' from another gym or from his family. He can earn up to 50,000 baht (\$A2500) a year until he gives up fighting, but he may have to spend seven or eight years up-country. A popular boxer up-country may fight two times a night, travelling 50 to 100 kilometres to another town."

Muay Thai boxers can start as young as six, but they're usually nine or ten, according to Sombhop. "They actually start training at six years old, train for three or four years, then start fighting," he says. "There is big betting on *Muay Thai*, even on the youngsters. 'Hey, your boy fight my boy?' they say. They fight and if a boy loses, his father is very upset and cries. The average age of these boys is about 12. Some of the top pros in Bangkok are only 16, and the oldest is not more than 25 — after that, the boxer must retire. His body can't stand up to it."

There are about 50 different styles of

Muay Thai. Ten or 12 of them are based on the use of the elbow, which is the most dangerous weapon. The rules have not changed much during the past 200 years and some of the styles are 1000 years old, dating back to when the Thais habitually fought against Burma. "There are many injuries in *Muay Thai* — mostly legs broken, often from kicks blocked by the elbow," Sombhop says. "The elbow should only be used on the face."

Some exponents of *Muay Thai* graduate to fighting under Queensberry rules, of which Sombhop is a strong supporter. "We look for fast hands and good movement, when we train them for Queensberry," he says. "At first, they fight both styles at the same time, then we select the best for Queensberry and there is no more *Muay Thai* fighting for them. They can still train in *Muay Thai* because it is good for the reflexes."

Sombhop, who knows all, has a stern warning for young fighters looking to make their fortunes in Bangkok. "A boxer usually becomes poor after retirement," he says. "He becomes a playboy and

starts drinking and gambling." Such a sorry tale is told of a former *Muay Thai* great, Sansak Muengsurin, and it exemplifies the broad influence of the sport in a society that is known for its carefree and friendly nature. A song by the band *Khon Dankwien* recounts the true story of Sansak. In contrast to his glory days, today he is a devastated figure, almost forgotten, with no money and no-one to care for him. East or West, some things are still the same.

Muay Thai has also been exploited on celluloid, as fascination over the sport grows in the United States and Europe. The film *Kick Boxer* has recently been released in the West, introducing a new martial art to many. But a reviewer comments: "Don't go see it for psychological complexity, social comment, great acting, plot or humor; go, if you must, just for kicks." It stars an egotistical kick boxer from the US who goes to Thailand to "kick arse" but gets himself paralysed instead, which leads his brother, a ballet dancer, to follow and exact his revenge. It's sort of *Karate Kid* meets *The Extermi-*

nator.

The Chitalada training camp, which is Sombhop's own gymnasium in Bangkok, looks like a rough-and-tumble backyard affair. There's one ring, a courtyard for exercising, and some ramshackle wooden dressing rooms. The place has been in operation for about 15 years, the last eight years of which it has worked the Queensberry way as well.

Pongphan Sorphayathai, a former junior featherweight from north-east Thailand, circa 1982, is now a full-time trainer at the gym. He says most gyms are evenly concentrated on both *Muay Thai* and "international" — that is, Queensberry rules. Every "international" boxer in Thailand starts with *Muay Thai*. "Sombhop really prefers international because that is where he has had most success," Pongphan says. "He has had two WBC world champions, but not one *Muay Thai* champion. Samart Payakarun (Jeff Fenech's unfortunate victim when the Australian won his second world title) is from this gym. We have two international trainers, one *Muay Thai* trainer

and 15 boxers. *Muay Thai* is more popular in Thailand than international. A world champion in international is very popular, but a Thai champion in international has very little recognition."

Pongphan says the Thai boxers are all from the country and their families are very poor. "They live at the gym, in fact," he says. "Boxers from outside Bangkok are better; they are stronger from farm work. Boys learn their kicks by attacking the sawn-off trunk of a banana tree, as they are instructed that pain is just a state of mind."

"*Muay Thai* boxers train six times a week, seven times if they have a fight," Pongphan says. "They train for one-and-a-half to two hours a day and they eat only good Thai food. There are different training styles. An international boxer will spar every day, but a *Muay Thai* boxer will spar only twice a week. The *Muay Thai* training involves a lot of different exercises, clinching and holding." And kicking everything in sight.

The Thai boxers have virtually no body fat, which gives them a big advantage



DEADLY DANCING

over European kick boxers. Only one *farang* or foreigner, Dale Kualheim, has ever really made it, and only a few have tried to fight at the top level. Those Westerners who have tried to make their mark in *Muay Thai* in Thailand have taken the sport home with them, usually after they've glued themselves back together. There is a World *Muay Thai* Association, founded at a meeting in Amsterdam in 1984.

One *farang* to have attempted the total change in lifestyle required to become a true exponent of the sport is Mark Bradley, aged 24, from Timaru on the South Island of New Zealand. He has been living in Bangkok for almost a year and training at Sombhop's gym for about six months. "I'm finding it extremely hard, having had to start at step one, but I'm willing to give it a go," Mark reckons. "Four months from now I might have the method down okay, but even then, I might not be ready to go in the ring. The camp's

reputation is at stake. It is a question of pride, for the camp and the trainer. There is a great deal of pride in this sport; for example, a boxer bows three times to his trainer before a fight and again if he wins."

Mark played Rugby League and Union as a boy. He lived in Australian mining towns for five years, then came to Thailand in 1987 and 1988 on holidays and saw some *Muay Thai* fights. "I was inspired by that and wanted to learn more. I wanted to learn about the culture and the people as well. I taught for a while in a Vietnamese refugee camp in Singapore but I gave it up after a month and came back to Thailand. I met Dale Kualheim, the famous American fighter, and spoke to him about *Muay Thai*. We had a few sparring sessions, I was keen, so he put me on to his camp.

"The three important things for me here are hope, determination and interest. I get on extremely well with the people here — they are friendly, polite and jovial. I started from scratch but for the Thais, *Muay Thai* is second nature,

like us playing football. I have to come to grips with the basics. If I can improve, I will have to be polished up a lot, then I have to add speed, stamina and determination. I have to work mainly on my stomach, doing a lot of sit-ups and using weights to improve the stomach muscles and the muscles around the kidneys."

Although various attempts have been made to export *Muay Thai* it has not gained a lot of practitioners in other countries, mainly due to the fact that the Thais are unbeatable. Earlier this year, though, the first official *Muay Thai* contest between boxers from Thailand and Burma took place in Mae Scot, near the border between the two countries. The Thai team took the honors in these "friendship matches" which were organised to develop "good neighborly relations."

Kicking, hacking and chopping away at defenceless opponents might seem an unlikely form of diplomacy. Still, it's even more unlikely that the Thais will keep so effective an art to themselves for another thousand years. ☐



PONTIFICATING

Continued from page 57

newly-installed sentry boxes. By this time Ponting Snr's influence on the Old Boy Network was wearing a shade thin, but young Richard was allowed one more stint back at Melbourne to finish his Law degree. He nearly came unstuck even then, after giving two female medical students "sausage sandwiches" containing fresh human penises stolen from anatomy class (one of the ladies passed out after her first bite and may not yet have fully recovered); but the old school tie came through again, and finally Richard Ponting LLB was unleashed upon the austere environs of jurisprudence.

It was never a cosy relationship between Mr Ponting and the legal hierarchy. "It was a property, tax and money business, right? And I knew my way around. I used to cost my time out at \$500 an hour, when the going rate was \$50, because what I would achieve in ten minutes, these other dickhead solicitors would achieve in six months. If you include my property transactions as well, I was netting 600 to 700 grand a year in the late Seventies, which was more than the top guys at the top law firms were getting. It was a success story which most legal firms are modelled on now; they're all

merging, all doing deals, structuring all these things and putting it all together and charging exorbitant fees, which was what I was doing 15 fucking years ago — and they all got the shits!" Perhaps it was not merely Ponting's business and legal acumen that aroused the ire of the Law Society; among his clients were the Nugan Hand Bank and some notorious Victorian trade unions. Anyway, there were two appearances before the Statutory Committee of the Law Society — but it was not this inconvenience which caused Ponting to bail out of the law after eight years of lucrative practice. It was his divorce from his first wife: "That was the logical thing to do after the lifestyle I'd led. I mean, you'd have a Christmas party and five couples would get divorced as a result of it — that was outrageous! *Haw haw haw etc.* . . . But when you're married to a woman and you think it's the best thing that ever happened to you, and she walks out of home, leaves the Benz and the million-dollar houses behind, and you *still* think you like her — it's ridiculous. I couldn't give a shit about the law after that."

Rejecting the option of working for Nugan Hand — "I didn't need that shitfight" — Ponting found himself cut adrift, emotionally and professionally, and wandering in the wilderness until he linked up with Christine, who was then selling leatherwear through a few Frantik stores in Sydney. And, according to Ponting, she

was creating for manufacturers concepts which were supposed to be exclusive to Frantik, but was being ripped off. And so Richard Ponting, who by virtue of his previous experience at law was admirably equipped to kick the shit out the fashion leather trade, began to exercise his cowboy boots. Frantik Leather pulled the plug on its previous business associations and turned designer, manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer in 1985. After a few spectacular early setbacks the company now has 80 to 90 percent of the top-end ladies' leather market and about 30 to 40 percent of the men's middle to top end, employing 160 outside contractors, most of them home workers, and another 40 full-time personnel at Frantik headquarters in Surry Hills. Frantik is also a major exporter to the USA, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, New Zealand and Japan, and Ponting is now casting around for a cheaper Third World manufacturing base which would theoretically allow Frantik to get a toehold in the big league among international designer labels. According to Ponting, "Once I've done that, it'll be like it is in Australia. We have no competition here in the middle to top end, and the same will happen in the rest of the world. At the moment I'm looking at Argentina, Thailand and Malta." We're talking about sweatshops, of course, but with the way the international rag trade is structured, there isn't much choice about that. We may even eventually see Frantik sunglasses, watches and perfume manufactured under licence, "but that's well into the future."

By this stage of the saga I found myself in the back of a Mercedes limousine drinking vintage Moët with Richard Ponting, en route to yet another expensive restaurant which may or may not have been in North Sydney. I'd been warned not to try and match Ponting's alcohol consumption — especially given the exotic and potent concoctions he gets into — but I thought I'd give it a spin in the interests of science. I think it was the last Slippery Nipple (don't ask me what's in them) that got me, and as I was barfing up a couple of kilos of prime buffalo meat at the back of the restaurant, it occurred to me that there are some people who really are larger than life. And that if we're going to have an international fashion mogul, what more appropriate ambassador for this country and these times than Mr Richard Ponting? Just imagine him, at the next major showing in Paris or Milan, telling the glitterati his favorite joke — the one where he ends up simulating ejaculation by rubbing vigorously on the back of his neck before spitting a mouthful of milk all over the table . . . Beautiful! Australian *chic*! So wonderfully refreshing!

Look out Pierre Cardin, Yves St Laurent, Ralph Lauren — Richard Ponting is about to show the world what *haute couture* Australian-style is all about. 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Twenty-three-year old Mary Maacks sends temperatures soaring wherever she goes. Her body, certainly, is the hottest thing since Ash Wednesday. Yet this demure young dynamo seems almost unaware of her magnetic attraction. "I've never thought of myself as good-looking. I guess I've always got plenty of attention, but my looks aren't something I dwell on."

the gambler



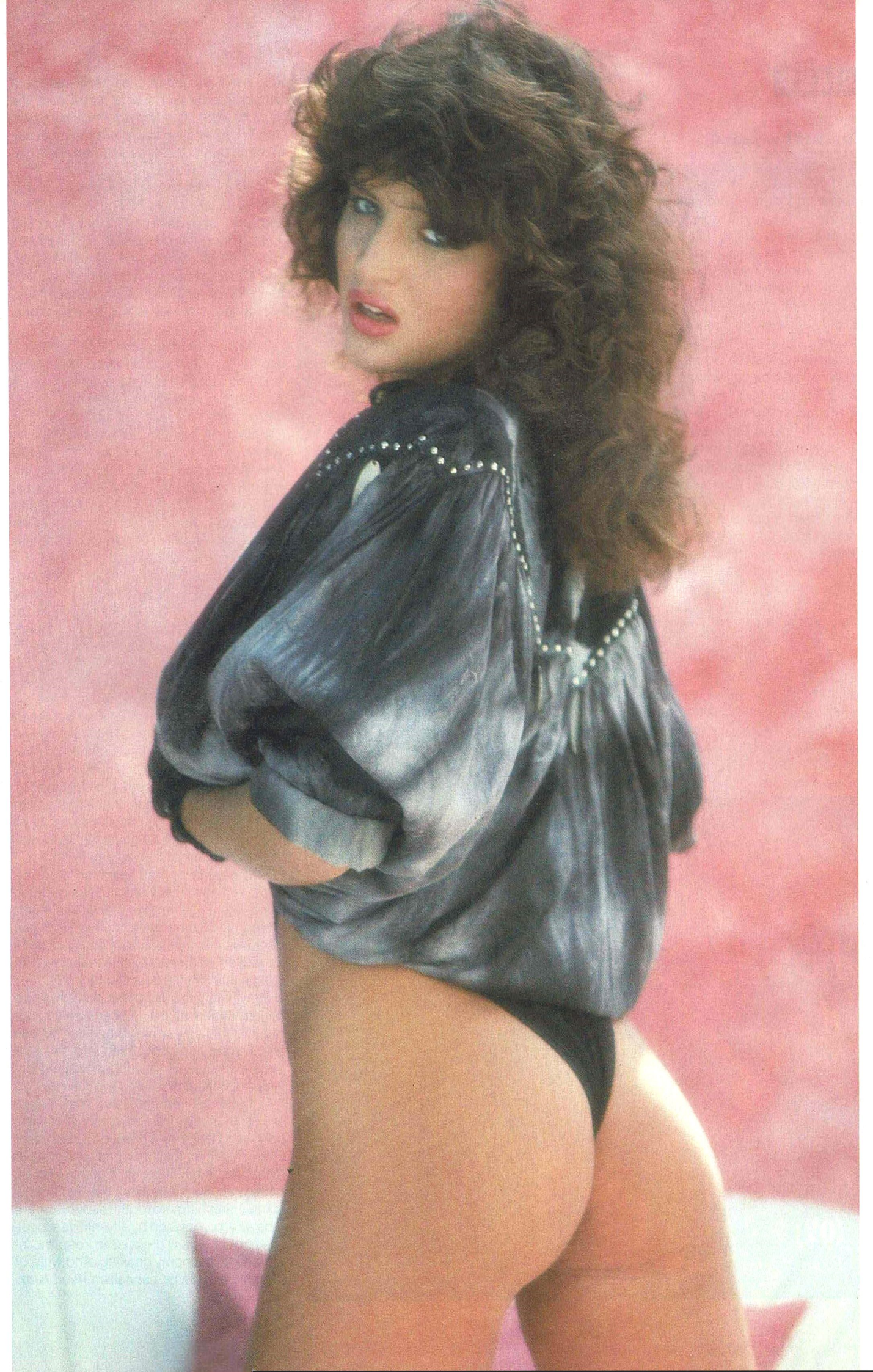


Mary is no dizzy brunette — she's doing honors in economics at university. And this young Einstein intends to get a job in the money market. "The money market is kind of like gambling. You're up one day and down the next. It should be a challenge."



In her private life, too, Mary likes a few thrills and spills. "I like an element of danger, the feeling when you're bargaining with fate. I've tried parachuting, and I love abseiling and windsurfing — all action sports. I also like guys who will take risks."





GIANT

Continued from page 40

had analysed the guidelines. But greenies were outraged by the lack of "maximum" protection for the environment allowed by the guidelines, and it looked as if the government had managed to buy the green vote on hire purchase only.

The implementation and promised regular reviews of the guidelines will be crucial. For, with Tokyo's persistently cavalier attitude to other countries' environmental concerns, only the Hawke Government has the power to guarantee that Japanese money will not be spent polluting Australia's waterways with the toxic by-products of bleached pulp.

So, with Harris-Daishowa prevaricating, the dilemma became more complex. Would the Hawke Government not only let Japan chop down Australia's forests, but gleefully accept billions of dollars in investments from Japan and other nations that ended up polluting Australia? The answer to those questions, and whether Japan can become a leader of the global environmental movement, will become clear in the early Nineties.

As to the Greenhouse Effect, Japan's commitment to curbing global warming had, by the end of the Eighties, emerged as a commendable one — but not without the usual procrastination and self-interest. Being the industrial giant that it is, the country produces ten percent of the world's output of fluorocarbons (CFCs), the gases that have punched a hole in the ozone layer over the Southern Hemi-

sphere, threatening to fry us all alive. Tokyo dawdled for two years before becoming the last signatory to the 1987 Montreal Protocol which sought to halve the world's CFC production by 2000.

And yet, in March last year the Japanese Government ordered its CFC producing businesses — spanning 28 industries — to cut production of the vandal gas by five percent. At the same time, electronics firms were warned that they must quickly find industrial alternatives to CFCs. Two months later Tokyo happily signed the Helsinki Protocol, which is even stricter than the Montreal agreement.

This worthy turnaround may well be cynically explained when you consider Japan's precarious relationship with the sea. Having invested a lot of money and effort in reclaiming its foreshores to remedy a drastic shortage of habitable land, Japan is extremely vulnerable to any rise in sea levels as a result of the Greenhouse Effect.

(An interesting example of Japan's tenuous relationship with the ocean was dramatised a couple of years ago, with the discovery that its southernmost territory, Okino-tori, had been reduced to just two rocks at high tide. Worried that the island might disappear entirely, the Government ordered the Construction Department to brace the little rocks with resin and concrete. Ludicrous? Not really, since the island entitles Japan to fishing rights over 400,000 square kilometres that would otherwise be lost, and that the surrounding seabed is rich in manganese and other precious minerals.)

The Japanese Government's Environmental Agency last year calculated that

the seas of Japan's eastern seaboard would rise by just over a metre over the next 40 years, flooding a third of metropolitan Tokyo. A dyke to protect the most vulnerable part of the coastline was costed at around \$38 billion.

Demonstrating Japan's new commitment to eliminating CFCs by the end of the century, Japanese manufacturers last year announced a range of measures designed to achieve that goal. In August, the Nissan Motor Company declared that by 1993 its car air conditioners and manufacturing processes would be completely free of CFCs.

Nissan was already developing a substance to replace CFCs in air conditioners, and had stopped using one form of CFCs to make bumper bars. Toshiba, meanwhile, was evaluating a computer chip cleaning system that replaces CFCs with water, which it expects will cut by 50 percent the amount of CFCs used in producing liquid crystal transistor substrates. Given the homogeneity of Japan's corporate culture, you can be certain that other companies have been making similar inroads into the problem.

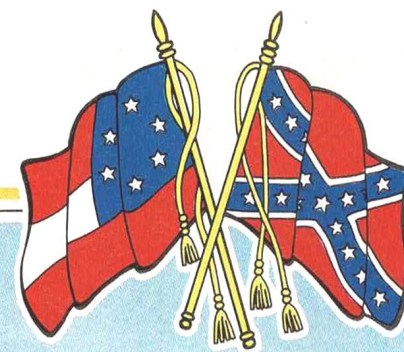
Sure, it can be asked whether the Japanese would have made these moves without the motive of self-interest, or unless pressured by the rest of the world. But another question also arises: does it matter?

Who cares that Mitsubishi, however cynically, calculated that tough new US laws meant the Americans would need between \$10 billion and \$20 billion worth of anti-pollution devices for their power stations, then joined many other Japanese firms in lobbying for the business? Shouldn't we be grateful that a nation with Japan's technological nous can move so quickly, and effectively, to clean up the environment once it has decided to do so?

The answer to that question must be "yes, and no." Yes, we should be grateful, because if Japanese industries keep adapting as they have for the past few decades, we can look to them to provide us with environmentally safe technology to see us through the 21st Century.

However, if the Japanese don't improve their attitudes we may well end up without much of an environment in which to use the funky new goods. Who's to say that Japan won't lead us into unforeseen environmental nightmares in the future?

It must be remembered that Tokyo environmentalism is motivated by the imperialist doctrine of enlightened self-interest, rather than any profound love of the environment. After all, it doesn't take a brilliant economist to work out that unless our diminishing natural resources are renewed, or replaced by alternatives, capitalism will be hard pressed to keep the international economy growing. And without the annual growth, capitalism itself is extinct. ☐

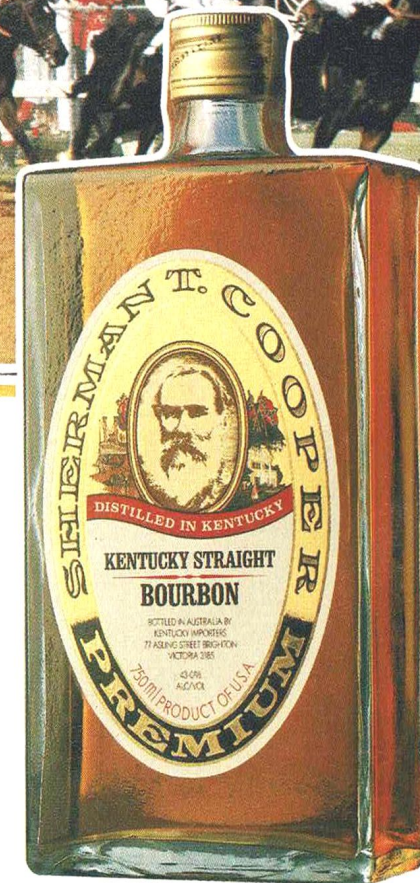


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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

ROCK 'N' ROLLING

Natalie and Peta met at a heavy metal rock concert. They enjoy the same bands and began to see each other regularly, quickly becoming bosom friends. One night after a late gig they discovered they shared more than a taste for music.







They were alone in Peta's apartment, when Peta turned on the stereo and began peeling off her clothes, revealing the sexy white lingerie beneath. Peta began dancing provocatively, in time to the music and Natalie quickly followed suit. Soon they were dancing close, grinding their hips against each other.



They moved to the rhythm of the record, their bodies, hands, and tongues exploring each other hungrily. Finally, the music reached a crescendo and so did they. They climaxed in time to the beating drums. This was a duet they would play again.



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AWAKENING

Continued from page 83

business — and the hapless Joanne cops it right in the nostril, her head snapping back in an ugly grimace at the shock of it: "I told you not to come in my face. I hate that! You did that on purpose, you bastard!"

And all the while, throughout this slapstick episode, Barry the technician has complained that the loudest sound he can hear through the earphones is the hum of a blowfly that's been buzzing around the place; at once stage, right in the middle of the whole performance, he stands up, lifts off his cap and starts lurching around the cellar, stumbling over cables and cords and people, yelling: "I'll get that fucking fly! I'll get that fucking fly!"

Joanne received \$350 for her part in that scene. For the three weeks' work she put in at Mollymook, she came away with just \$1000.

Is this a comedy with tragic elements? A tragedy with comic elements? A bunch of nutty but fun people having a good time and making a buck in the process? Ask Joanne about it and you'll get one perspective: she is definitely not coming back for more. But when I went back to the motel to see how the cast and crew relax after a hard day's filming, a different (although no less weird) view unfolded.

There's no-one smoking a joint, tucking into a line of coke, or even drinking a beer. What they're all doing is playing a ping pong tournament. It could be a gathering of sportspeople, or even a Christian fellowship. (In fact, for one day these pornographic pioneers shared the Circle H Ranch with a busload of Baptist fundamentalists. God's little joke, it seemed.) Pulling in with an innocent bottle of Jim Beam, I feel like a serious degenerate. These people really are clean.

When we head back to Randy's room for a three-way interview with himself, Alice Springs and Kelly Blue, it becomes clear that these two women — the originals with Down Under Video and now regarded as the female "stars" — are not merely "liberated"; they are both clinical cases of exhibitionism.

It's a strange interview: Randy's lying back on the bed, I'm sitting on the edge thrusting the tape recorder in the direction of his head, while Alice and Kelly, having removed most of their clothing to make themselves comfortable, are lying all over the guy, playing with his hair, stroking his arms and legs, apparently unable to leave him alone, until it seems inevitable that as soon as I'm out of the way they're going to fuck his brains out.

But no. It's just their way of communicating the idea that they see themselves as a family — a happy family, all commit-

ted to the goal of putting together a product they can be damn well proud of. Maybe it's an effective adaptation: a defence mechanism against inevitable criticism. Alice almost admits as much when she says: "You have to have this attitude or else you'll go round the bend."

But don't get the idea they don't enjoy what they're doing. On the contrary.

Kelly: "I just love performing for people. I just love it when I'm in front of the camera. I like being noticed. Dancing just wasn't enough for me. Everyone's put here to do something. This business is fun; I'm making money and getting to travel."

Alice: "You try and find two Aussie guys to have your fantasy with at the same time and they won't do it; they've got hang-ups. I'm a very open, friendly person. I love to have sex. I couldn't wait to get back from the States and make more films. I like being on camera and on set. You meet lots of people, you have a good time, and you get fed."

In a population the size of Australia's you can't head off to the big smoke, become a porn star and expect to hide the fact from family and friends forever. (Little Jasmine next door, who's already done several sex scenes, still can't work out what to say to her parents: "I don't know whether I should tell them or not. They're pretty liberated — but sometimes they're the worst.")

Alice: "My parents are behind me all the way. I sat down with my Mum a week ago and we watched my first film and she loved it."

Kelly: "After my first movies I went through a whole emotional upset, but I thought: 'This is what I've done and people have to accept it.' All my friends just accept me now."

Compared with the American and especially the European product, Down Under Video is a rather chaste affair. The old actors' dictum — "Never work with animals or children" — is strictly adhered to.

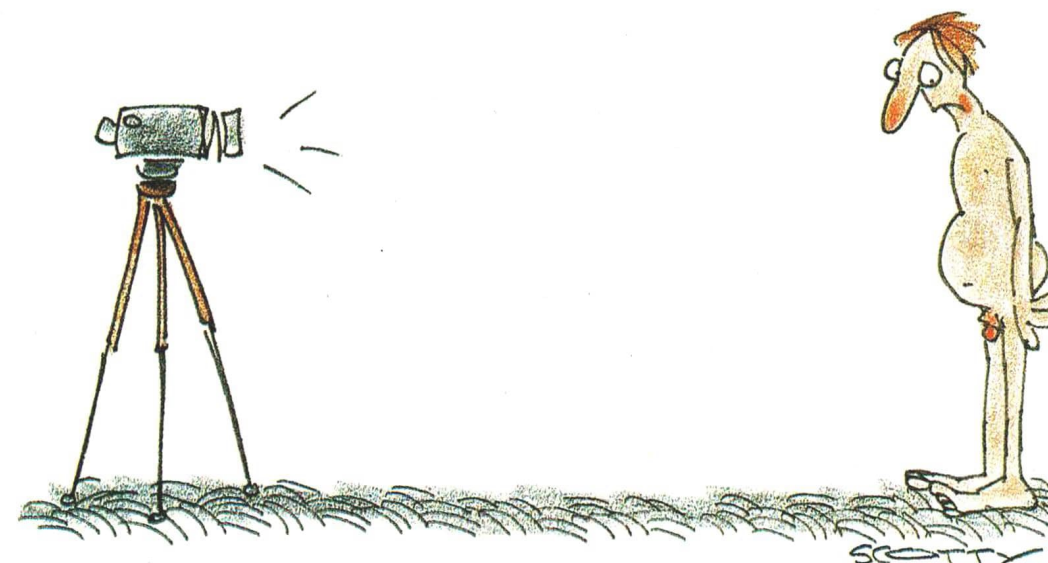
There's also no anal sex, no bondage and discipline, no messing around with excrement, in fact no nastiness of any sort. The heaviest it gets is a threesome or a "pelt to pelt" (girl-girl scene, never referred to as a "lesbian scene"), which is

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AWAKENING

why MMG wants to establish the term "non-violent erotica" instead of porn. (Kelly's requirements are especially stringent: "I won't do up the bum or fuck fat people or Abos.")

However, it is still fucking on film; but when the inevitable comparison with prostitution is drawn, these women are simply aghast.

Kelly: "If you're a pro you've got to fuck anybody and get them off, but in movies the actor and actress are there for the same purpose. I would never do prostitution."

Alice: "I've already got fans. I can walk into clubs and get asked for my autograph. You can't get anywhere from prostitution. You don't end up signing autographs and going to Las Vegas ... I mean, who admires a prostitute?"

As for Randy, he's a pretty cool, pretty smart sort of dude: "I'm exercising my talent, and that's the important thing."

This industry is so new that its legality remains uncertain, but according to Bruce Portmann, "If you're discreet there's no problem."

The Vice Squad poked their noses into the porn team's hotel in Canberra during the first shoot, but they were only looking for children or some

equally heinous transgression. Filming in some states might still prove a shade tricky, but on the wider front the battle to save Australians from appearing in X-rated movies has already been lost. It was lost in the Federal Caucus; it was lost in the Senate; and although a rearguard action (pardon the pun) is still being fought by Catholic bishops and the predictable Senator Brian Harradine, who said Canberra would become the sleaze capital of the entire Pacific region if these exports were allowed to continue, Down Under Video now has only one more hurdle: getting the ACT Government to levy a 20 percent tax on their turnover, which would give them *de facto* legitimacy. It's possible that never in the history of taxation has a group of businessmen been so keen to hand money to a government. At last count the vote in the ACT Parliament was 9-8 against. They're almost over the line.

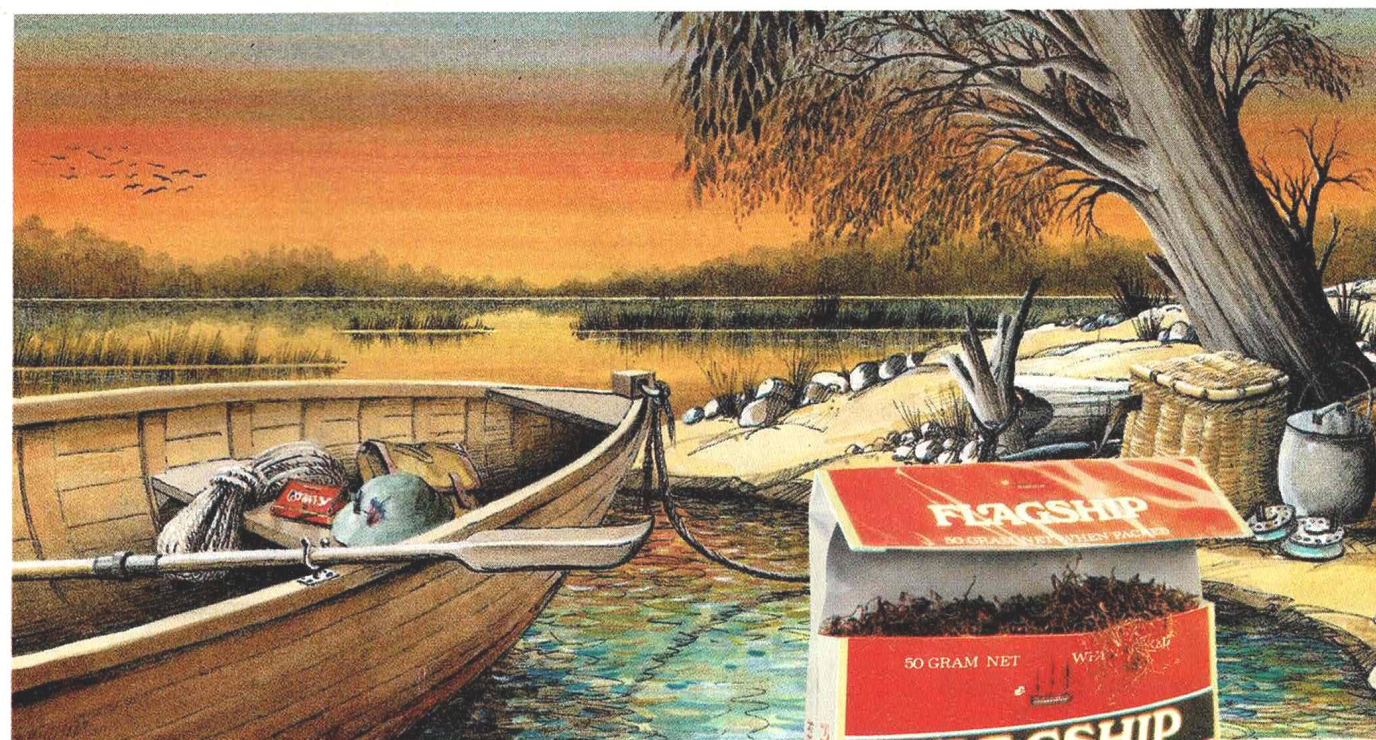
Meanwhile John Lark, Managing Director of Capital Media (which owns MMG), has been frantically tying up world distribution rights for the local product, is planning to list on the stock exchange in the third quarter of this year, and has even had the gall to apply for an export market development grant from the Federal Government to help expand the world market for Australian smut. The way the economy is going at present, he might just get it. (He's a cheeky sort of chap, this John Lark. The

Down Under erotica is distributed in the US by Parliament Video Corp and the promotional tape includes a scene outside the Department of Prime Minister and Cabinet in Canberra.)

So it's full steam ahead, the immediate goal being, according to Portmann, "to create a standard for the world to follow in the X-rated medium. We want to make the best erotic films in the business." He admits that the current product is not yet in the top 20 percent of what's available worldwide; scripts, acting and general artistry need improvement, and the hard and soft filming technique for the separate markets creates a formulaic feel: first the ecstatic faces, then the bodies slapping away, then the close-up of the old in-out. But Down Under Video is on a learning curve and getting there.

Portmann's long-term goal is to make a film of the quality of *9½ Weeks*, but with the sex portrayed in graphic detail. "There is no reason why you can't make a major motion picture in X and R-rated versions, with the R version standing on its own and doing well. It's going to come to the point where someone's going to take the chance, and if we're glued together well enough, we'll be the ones to do it." It's the familiar Holy Grail of the pornography business, the fervent dream of all those honest toilers who've been battling for years with

Continued on page 128



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CHART-BUSTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SUZE RANDALL

Beautiful Brandy, 24, is not the kind of girl to be put on ice. She's a force to be reckoned with. "I'm no shrinking violet," she says. "I believe in making things happen, charting your own destiny. I guess you could say I'm a mover and shaker."



Brandy works for a record company, as a marketing assistant. "Rock 'n' roll is my life. I can't imagine working in any other industry. I'm planning to launch my own single in the near future." Chart success is assured with a hit figure such as Brandy's.





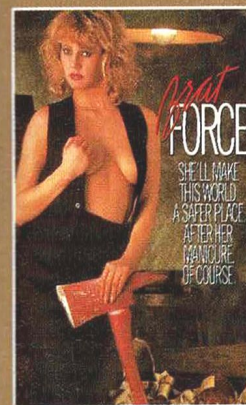




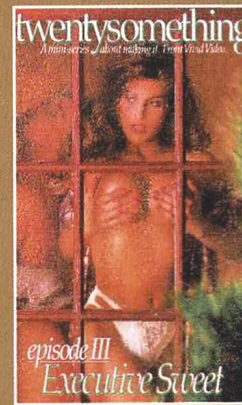
Brandy might rock 'n' roll, but she doesn't drink, smoke or take drugs. "I'm pretty much into a healthy lifestyle. Too many late bleary nights and you can end up looking like Alice Cooper without makeup. I try to take care of myself." The results are certainly stunning.

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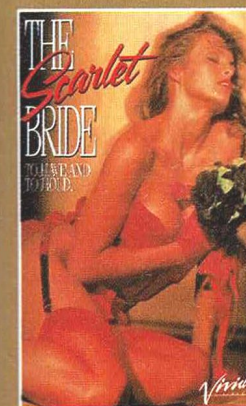
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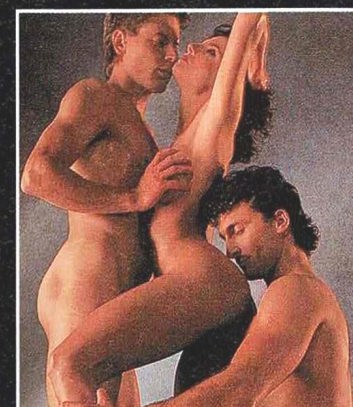
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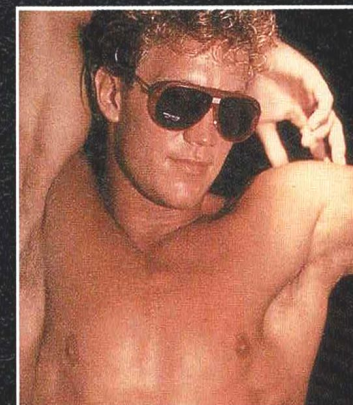
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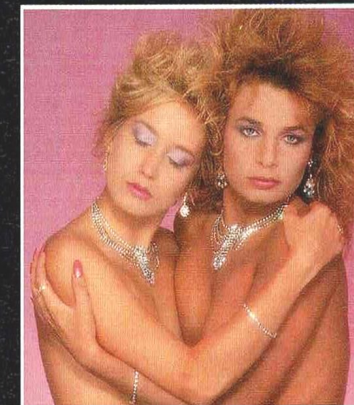
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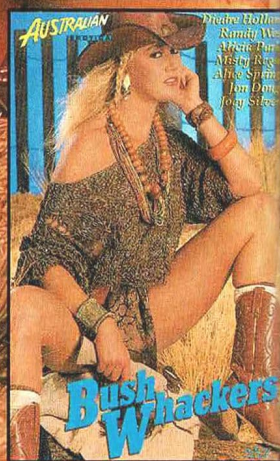
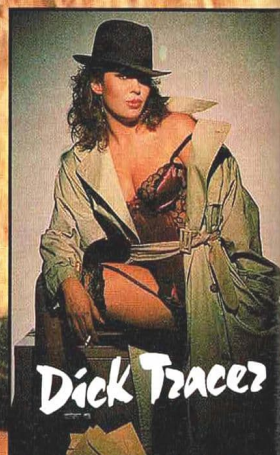
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AWAKENING

Continued from page 120

mediocre scripts and microscopic budgets. Logic suggests, though, that it'll never happen. Does Kim Basinger — or for that matter, any serious actress with genuine talent — want to be filmed with a cock in her mouth?

Even as you read this, Down Under Video will be on location for the third time, with an American director but an all-Australian crew, bringing the vision of a fully independent local operation one step closer to reality. Which brings us back to our Great White Hope: Mel Bourne.

Mel has done everything right in preparation for his date with destiny in Mollymook. He's had an early night; he's followed the advice not to hang around the set all day watching the woodsmen perform, which would only add to his anxiety; he's looking relaxed and confident. And he's playing on a good wicket: the Boneyard in this case is a nice comfy bed in an upstairs bedroom, and the flesh puppet is a very attractive and vivacious full-blooded Aboriginal girl named Nioka who seems to find the whole business very amusing. "Just remember," Tom Byron tells him in a last-minute psyche-up, "when it comes to sex, you are the man;

you just get everyone to do exactly what you want."

But they're taking no chances. The assistant director, Aja, herself a well-performed American porn star, has been placed in charge of this scene — and unbeknownst to Mel, she's got Tom Byron discreetly waiting in the wings as a "stuntcock" in case our man fails to get wood.

All superfluous people, including the *Penthouse* reporter, are barred from the bedroom; we have to follow the action on the video monitor or "puzzle palace" — so named because with arms, legs and genitals flying around, it's sometimes hard to work out what's going on.

Action. Here's Nioka giving Mel a practised blowjob with the camera in close-up as the tension mounts. Five minutes pass ... ten minutes ... and Mel hasn't even got a twinge. Not even a nibble. If anything, his dick is smaller than it was to begin with. "I want some time out," he eventually says. He's got it: the whole crew files dutifully out of the room, leaving Mel alone with the flesh puppet, who continues to work feverishly on his lifeless organ.

A further ten minutes pass, apparently without luck, because Mel is then heard to cry: "Let's do the soft stuff now, get that over and done with." So the crew files back in and films a series of simulated sequences, first in the missionary position,

then in a doggie, and finally a "cowgirl" (woman on top). Mel's doing a fine job on the acting side, but the moment of truth is fast approaching. With the simulations complete, he calls for "time out" yet again; so after more than an hour and a half of wishful thinking, hopes are fading among the team huddled outside on the balcony, and a philosophical attitude sets in.

"This guy should go home," Aja finally announces. "He can only fuck his girlfriend. He's never gonna be a woodsman." Then, loudly: "Okay Mel, your time's up, Buddy. I'm sending in a stuntcock."

The sheer ignominy of it! Mel Bourne slumps disconsolately out of the bedroom, too shattered to speak; he goes straight into an adjoining room, opens a window and stares at a bright full moon, thinking only of what might have been. A brilliant career nipped in the bud on account of a faulty pecker.

Finally Mel gathers the strength to pull on his jeans and walk out, pausing only momentarily to check the puzzle palace and see that Tom Byron has produced a full wooden Johnson, right on cue. "Damn," says Mel. "He gets it up every time. I'm fucked if I know how he does that." He might have reflected, as he walked off into the night, that thanks to Hollywood magic none of his mates would ever know it wasn't really his cock starring in *Dial-A-Sailor*. ☐

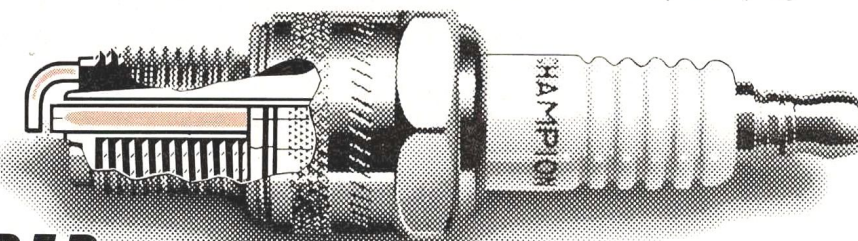
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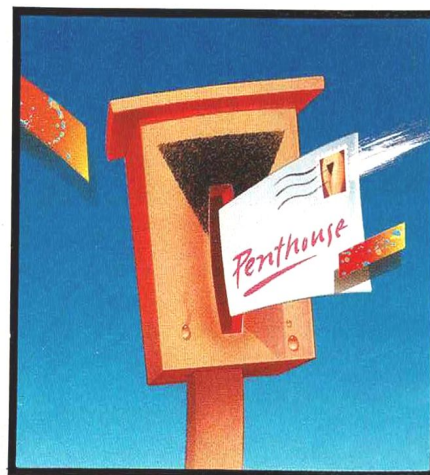
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FORUM

Continued from page 17

Occasionally we have discussed acting out our fantasies and, a month ago, it finally happened.

Sandra's girlfriend, Cheryl, had come around to visit us in our new home. It was a hot day and we were sitting around the pool drinking wine and talking. The conversation and the jokes had become a bit raunchy and I had an erection that was quite obvious, although I was trying to cover it with my sunhat.

Cheryl went for a swim and removed the top of her bikini. She liked to be natural, she said, and neither of us minded. She had beautiful firm pear-shaped breasts with slightly upturned nipples that were quite long and thick. Sandra was watching me as I looked at Cheryl, but she just smiled at me.

When Cheryl walked past me to get her towel, she looked down at my cock and said: "What a big boy you have there. Sandra I hope you look after it."

That was the beginning. Both girls laughed and I went red. Sandra came over to me, sat on the recliner beside me and squeezed my prick tightly, then let her hand rest along its length, feeling it slowly throb away. "No wonder, with you parading your tits like that," she countered to Cheryl.

Then Sandra took off her own bikini top and let her more ample, round and full bosom fall into her cupped hands. "At least mine can be cuddled," she said, as she pulled my face between those gorgeous breasts. I could not resist taking one breast in each hand and squeezing it, rubbing the side of my face against their softness, licking her nipples, and admiring the large, dark brown aureola surrounding them.

Sandra reached down beneath my swimmers and pulled my throbbing member free for all the world to see. "My God," exclaimed Cheryl, who had been watching our activity. "Wouldn't I like to wrap my pussy around that!"

Sandra pumped my cock once or twice and ran her fingers along the length of my shaft, cupping the head, and said, "Keep your cunt to yourself, Cherry. You've both

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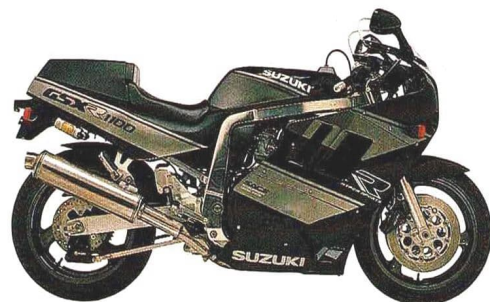


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just made me so horny, I can't help myself." And she continued to play with me whilst Cheryl watched.

I leant my head back, watching Sandra play with my cock, touching her gently swaying breast and looking at Cheryl, who had reached beneath her bikini to fondle her own clit with one hand, whilst rubbing her breasts with the other, and licking her lips in a quite provocative way.

"Why don't we put one of our fantasies into action and make this a threesome," I suggested to Sandra. "You just want to fuck two women," she replied. But the smile on her face showed that the sun and wine had had their effect. She looked at Cheryl. "Tom wants a loving threesome — are you interested?"

Cheryl looked at Sandra, then at me, and then at my cock. "I never thought you'd ask," she said.

We all went inside and into the bedroom, Sandra leading me by the cock, and Cheryl walking so close to me that her breasts kept brushing against my arm. We all took off the remainders of our swimmers and lay on the bed, our bodies lightly touching each other. No-one knew who should start, so I picked up the courage first. Gently, I brushed my fingers over Cheryl's arm, then lightly across the outline of her breast and down to her navel, letting it linger. She touched my hand and moved it slowly toward her pussy and between her spreading legs until I felt the wetness of her pubic hairs and the hardness of her red protruding clitoris.

Sandra had always fantasised about touching another woman, but she had always been reluctant when I asked her about her experiences. As she rubbed Cheryl's nipples and Cheryl groaned, I knew that this was not the first time for either of them, and that thought made me even harder. I looked at Sandra, and she was smiling as my fingers played with Cheryl's cunt, so I knew it was all right with her. Cheryl too was smiling. She reached down to my cock and played with my balls, rolling them between her fingers. She then wrapped those delightful digits around the length of my cock, gently applying and releasing the pressure in her palms. I was ram-hard and aching to blow my load.

Cheryl started to knead Sandra's breasts as my darling wife groaned. The way she aroused the nipples and ran the soft flesh along her hands was a beautiful sight. Cheryl's mouth went to those breasts and sucked them gently, rubbing her soft face into them as Sandra massaged her head and neck. Their hands were now all over each other, caressing and kissing each other's bodies as only women can. I was merely an observer, although one with an unsatisfied erection. The women kissed each other passionately on the mouth, the breasts, waist, buttocks and thighs as they moved around the bed, becoming hungry to

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fulfil their own growing sexual appetites. By the time I moved to give them room, they were in a sixty-nine position, their mouths eagerly searching for the other's honeypot.

As I watched them, Cheryl on top of Sandra, eating each other's pussy, I admired the beauty of these sexual Amazons. Sandra, my wife of several years, was full-breasted, tanned and 170cm with rounded features, but certainly not fat despite her ample bosom and matching buttocks. Her short dark hair fell back as her mouth reached up to plunge her tongue deeper into Cheryl.

Cheryl, however, was very slender, with long, thin legs that stretched up to her vagina and tight, rounded buttocks. Her petite breasts with the pronounced nipples were in contrast to Sandra's, which hung below her as she sucked my wife's cunt and tongue-fucked her protruding clit.

The girls sat up in unison, their mouths wet with each other's juice. They beckoned me to sit between them, which I did. Sandra cupped my balls and Cheryl wrapped her fingers around my shaft. Sandra kissed me fully on the lips and turned my head to Cheryl. Cheryl then kissed me and plunged her tongue deep into my throat. I tasted the salty-sweet taste in their mouths and groaned in delight as both girls started to work on my cock.

It was Cheryl who first went down on me, her hair brushing my prick as her mouth covered the head, and then slid up and down on the shaft, hungrily sucking as she had done on my wife a few minutes earlier. "I want him inside me," said Cheryl. "You can have him anytime." Sandra didn't get the chance to reply as Cheryl pushed me on to my back, straddled me and, aiming my stiffness at her pussy, plunged herself on to my ram-rod. She rode my member like a cowgirl for several moments, then suddenly her whole body shuddered in a fit of sexual ecstasy as the muscle of her cunt lips tightened around me, and her juice flowed down her legs and mine. She shook uncontrollably for 30 seconds, stopped, and sat astride me, motionless. "That was the best fuck I've had in decades," she said.

Sandra knelt behind Cheryl and caressed her body, easing her off me and on to the bed, she then moved next to me, and looked me in the eye. "Give it to me hard, big boy," she said. "I want to be fucked senseless." She lowered her pussy over my cock and slowly and gently rode me. Cheryl and I both fondled her heavy breasts as she rose and fell on me. Suddenly, Sandra dropped down hard and I felt the explosion in her pussy and my cock as we both came.

We collapsed in a heap together, arms and legs intertwined. We fell asleep locked in our erotic embrace.

It was a glorious day and I dream about the next time that we invite Cheryl over.

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Twenty-two-year old Janie Smith is the outlaw. A regular urban cowgirl, she doesn't pull any punches but shoots straight from the hip. "I'm a really full-on person. That frightens some people, but it's the way I am." Move over cowpokes, Calamity Jane's riding your way.

CALAMITY JANE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER





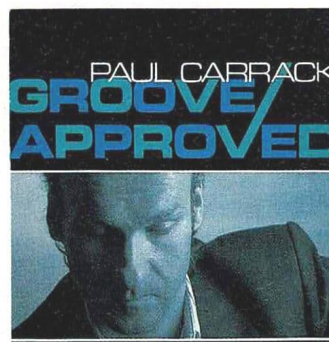
Janie moved from the country to the big smoke a few years ago, but it didn't take her long to find her roots. "I still pine for the open air sometimes," she says. "I'm a cowgirl at heart. I've always been a bit of a rebel and I love horse-riding. Maybe I should have been born in the days of the Wild West."



SOUNDS

SUMMER GIRLS

Anti-clockwise from below: Perennial teenager Kate Bush gives us her *Sensual World*; Indulgent posturing from disco queen Grace Jones; Def, dumb (and dull) stuff from Deborah Harry; Paul Carrack delivers the goods on *Groove Approved*.



The good (Kate Bush), the bad (Grace Jones) and the wacky (Laurie Anderson) all blossomed on vinyl this summer. Perennial teenager Kate Bush invites us wide-eyed into her *Sensual World* (EMI), while the queen of nightclub sleaze, Grace Jones, puts on a brave face brandishing her *Bulletproof Heart* (Capitol). The esoteric imp Anderson invokes her own *Strange Angels* (WEA).

With a stylised quirk in her voice, Laurie Anderson deals with life in a more circuitous manner than most pop lyricists. Her densely layered tunes have been coming more and more in the guise of cruisy singalongs, medium paced funk with calypso frills or images whispered in a mist of reverb ("Coolsville"). It's advisable not to stray too far from your lyric sheet. Humor manages to infiltrate even her more serious moments and like some new age Joan of Arc she responds to the "strange angels — singing just for me old stories — they're haunting me."

Kate Bush canonises female sensibilities and the innocence of youth: "See how the child reaches out instinctively to see how the fire feels." Still, once burnt, twice fried; solace is found in the arms of her computer ("Deeper Understanding"). Some of the simple pumping power of "Big Sky" from *Hounds Of Love* resurfaces as she is "Reaching Out" in "Love and Anger" but much of this disc is

lullaby fever — gentle intimate tunes with often full orchestral framing.

Powerful fantasy image Grace Jones has no time for such niceties. She takes a stand on the mechanised boogie of "Bulletproof Heart": "I'm closing my legs, no use for you to even stand there and beg." She claims to be a victim of love pining for a "marriage of the heart... no written page should tear us apart." Ultimately, it's melodrama, like a high tech drag show, full of indulgent posturing and dinky disco rhythms.

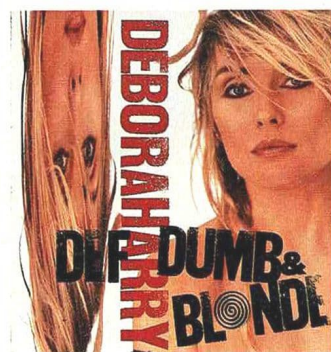
Having done herself proud on three albums of ballads from days of yore, Linda Ronstadt has returned to the present to *Cry Like A Rainstorm, Howl Like The Wind* (WEA). The Skywalker Symphony Orchestra and Oakland Interfaith Gospel Choir provide suitably ornate backing with bittersweet garnish from Aaron Neville's vocals. Songs are by the likes of Jimmy Webb, who shows he is still strolling in "MacArthur Park."

While Ronstadt is crooning in her lush MOR way, Phil Collins is having his own passionate plea to the heavens to stop him having too much of a good time. With *But Seriously* (WEA) Collins is trying to redress perceptions of himself as an "all round entertainer" (his next film project as one of the three bears to Kim Basinger's Goldilocks may not help). So we get a slow brooding collection of classic Collins ballads, but he's stopped whining about his ex-wife and now picks on issues like racial problems.

Another ordinary looking little chap with a great voice is white soul maestro Paul Carrack who would be happy to be simply *Groove Approved* (Chrysalis). His churning Hammond and passionate vocals (that have in the past fronted Ace and UK Squeeze) are reminiscent of Steve Winwood. Some tracks have classic

Motown changes and feels but this is no mere pastiche of others' former glories. Writing alone and with Nick Lowe, Mike McDonald and others, Carrack has crafted an album that deserves the big tick on the inner sleeve.

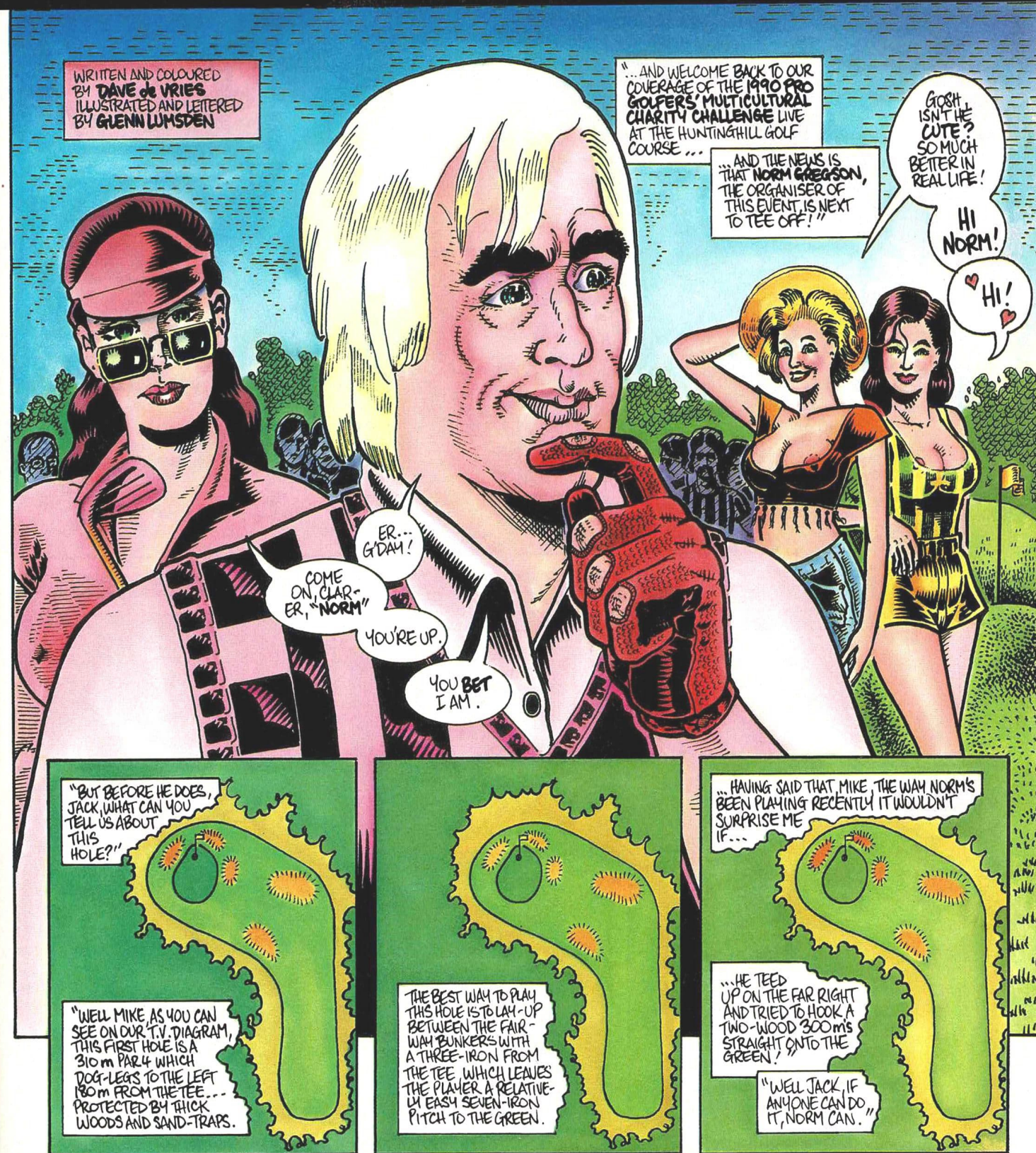
Local singer/songwriter Tania Bowra may have been sick of trying to move *Heaven And Earth* (ABC) on her own so she enlisted the support of some omnipresent session players including guitarist Rex Goh (Air Supply, Jenny Morris) and Bernie Lynch (Eurogliders) as producers. Her songs sound as if they were incubated in her guitar and, when pushed into the world via this album, often stray not far from that acoustic womb. Her breathy basso tones sometimes sink into the sonic mud of soaring backing vocals and instrumentalists in full flight, so lines like "If you don't stop fooling like I'm not your girl, hey watch out..." get lost in her boots. Her spirit, however, is alive and well — "Take me down to your coldest land, I've got summer in my hand."

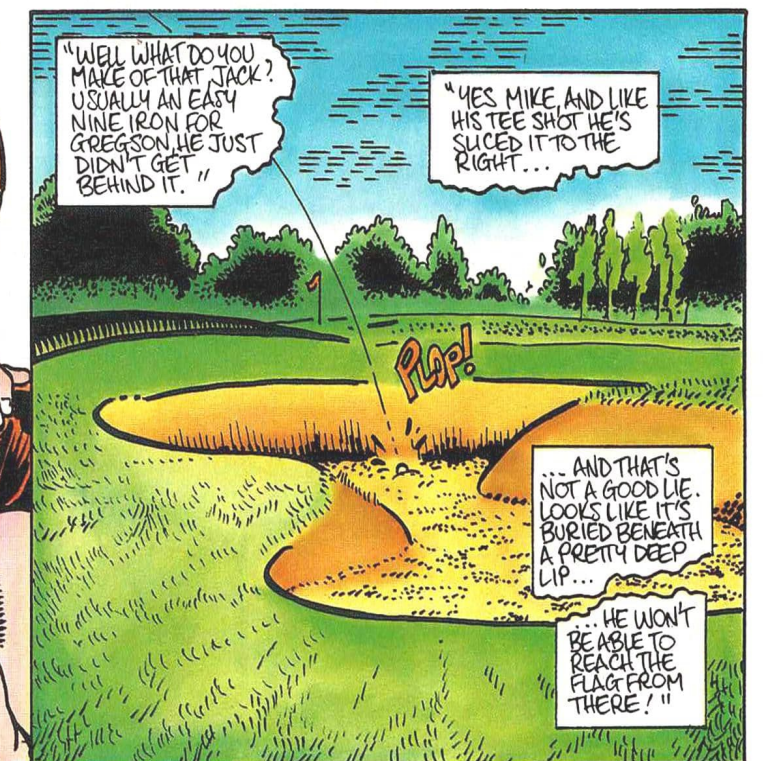
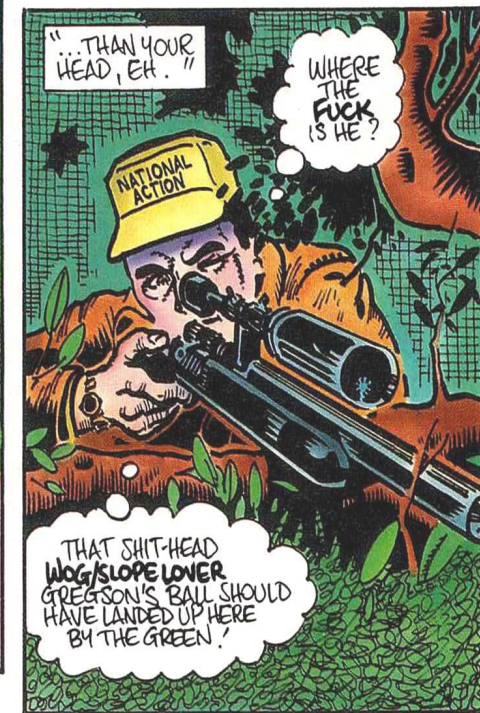
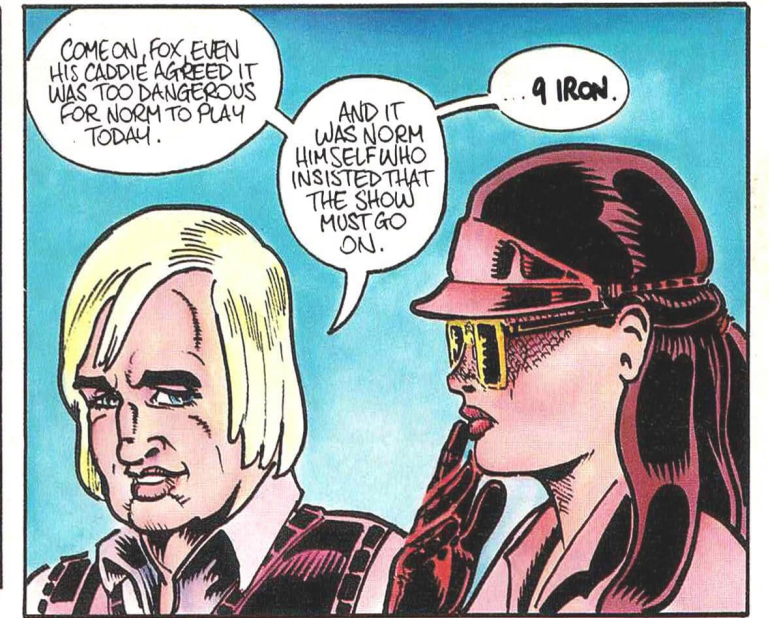
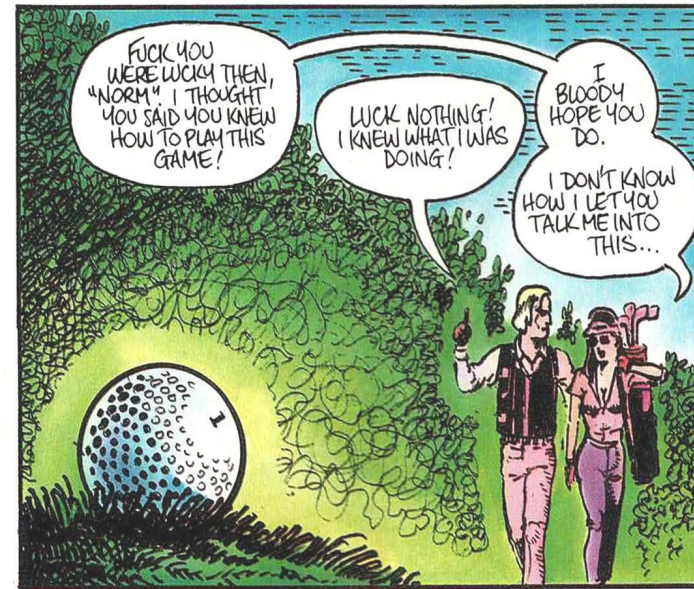
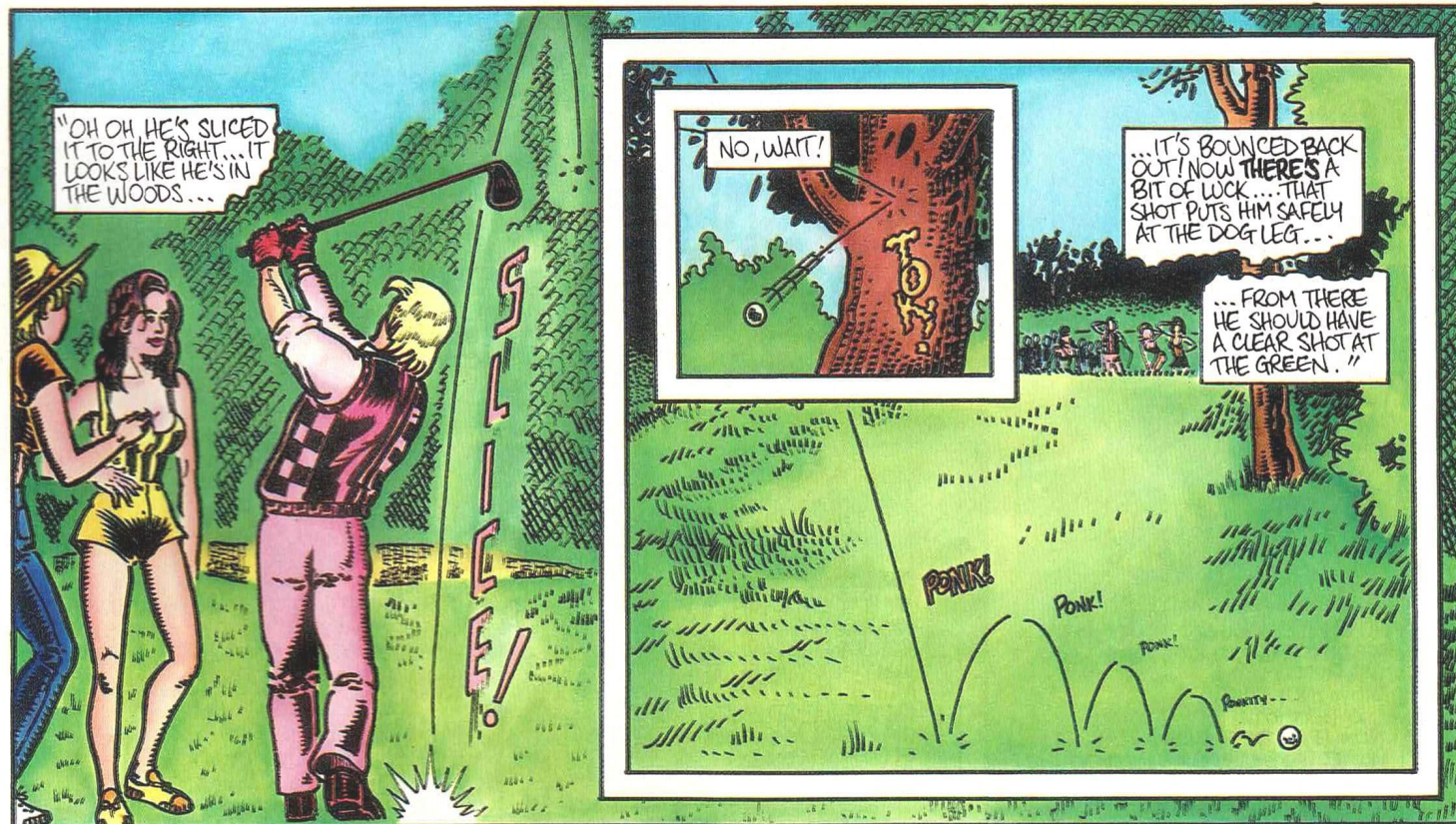
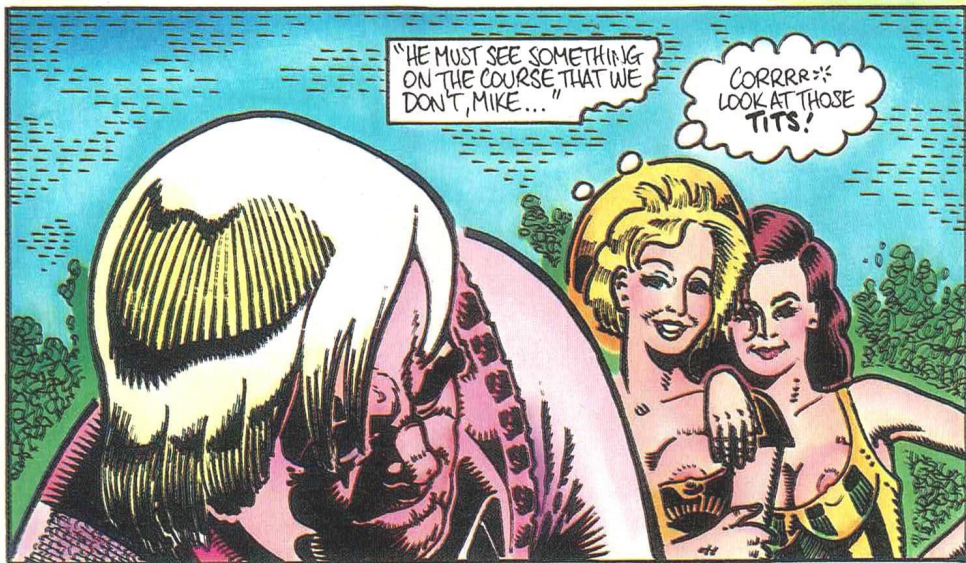
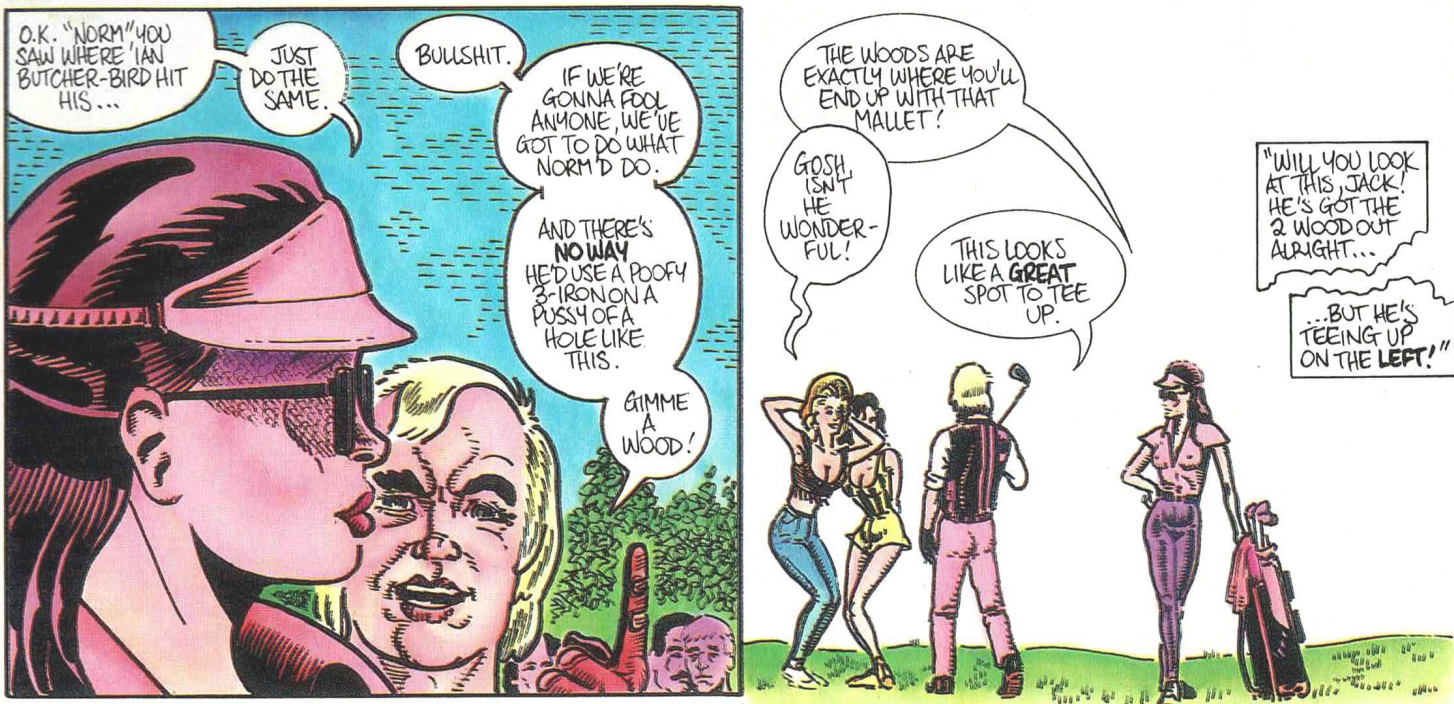


Blonde goddess of the old New Wave Deborah Harry (Blondie) is now content to be *Def Dumb And Blonde* (Chrysalis). Despite the title, the album is mostly pure power (especially on the tracks written with the Thompson Twins). "Get Your Way" does have suitable bounce though, as Ms Harry tries to emulate her earlier rap rapport. Her constant comrade Chris Stein is on guitar, and foreman of a superseded but highly successful pop production line Mike Chapman is at the controls. "Sayonara sugar... you can hit the road, sweet and low that's the way I like it"... probably the best thing going for this disc is that it is non-fattening (but frustratingly dull). — Jeremy Cook

BODYGUARD

PART 8: Great White Bait







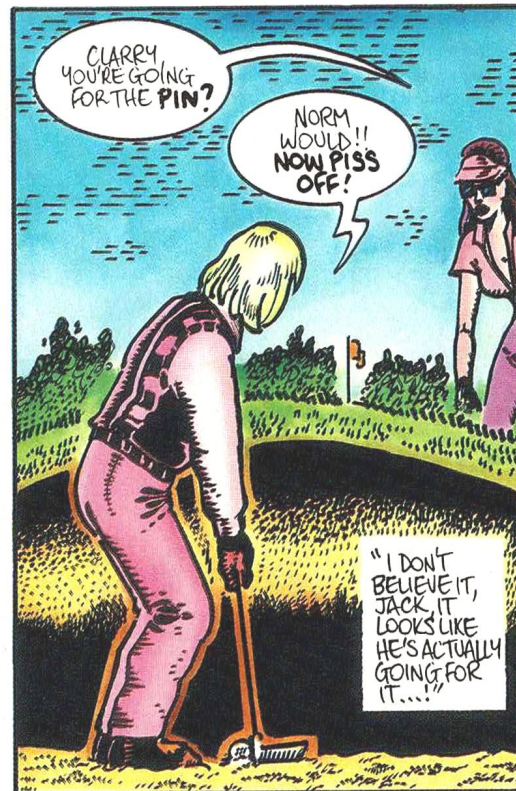
"BEST HE'LL BE ABLE TO DO IS STAB IT OUT SIDEWAYS WITH A SEVEN AND HOPE HE CAN PICK THE STROKE BACK WITH HIS PUTTER."

SAND WEDGE, FOX. NO MUSTARD

OH HA HA.



THERE HE IS, AT LAST...



CLARRY YOU'RE GOING FOR THE PIN?

NORM WOULD!! NOW PISS OFF!

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT, JACK. IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S ACTUALLY GOING FOR IT..."



FUCK IT!

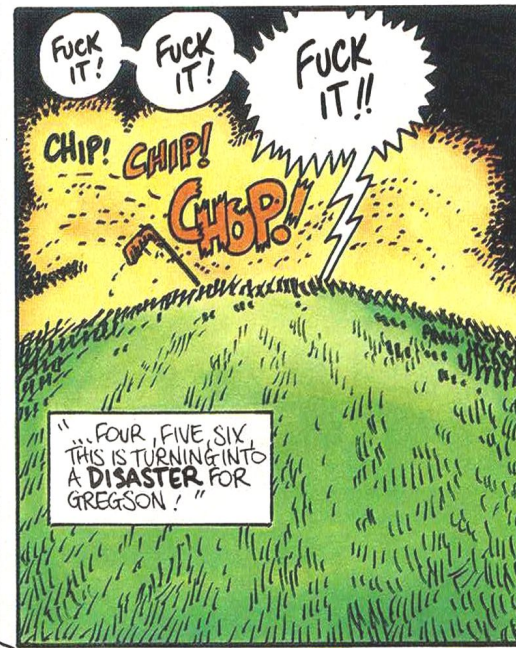
CHIP!

"...AND NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE BALL IS STILL IN THE BUNKER. NOW SURELY HE'LL CHIP IT OUT SIDEWAYS..."

"...BUT NO, HE'S GOING FOR IT AGAIN!"



DAMN IT, GET OUT OF THERE, WILL YOU? I CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT.



FUCK IT!

FUCK IT!

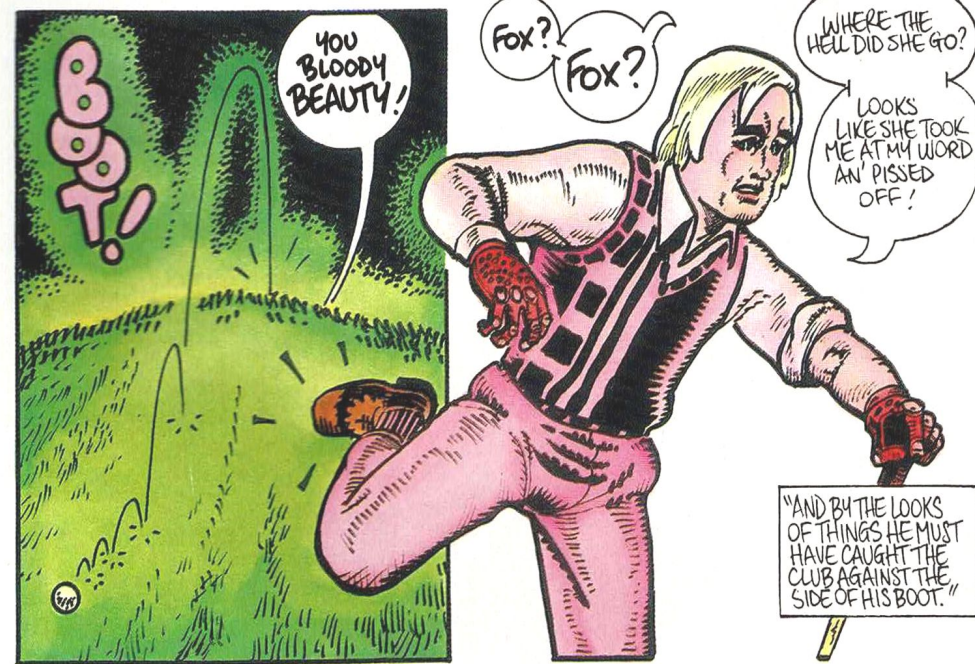
FUCK IT!!

CHIP!

CHIP!

CHIP!

"...FOUR, FIVE, SIX THIS IS TURNING INTO A DISASTER FOR GREGSON!"



YOU BLOODY BEAUTY!

Fox?

Fox?

WHERE THE HELL DID SHE GO?

LOOKS LIKE SHE TOOK ME AT MY WORD AN' PISSSED OFF!

"AND BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS HE MUST HAVE CAUGHT THE CLUB AGAINST THE SIDE OF HIS BOOT."



BANG!

BANG!

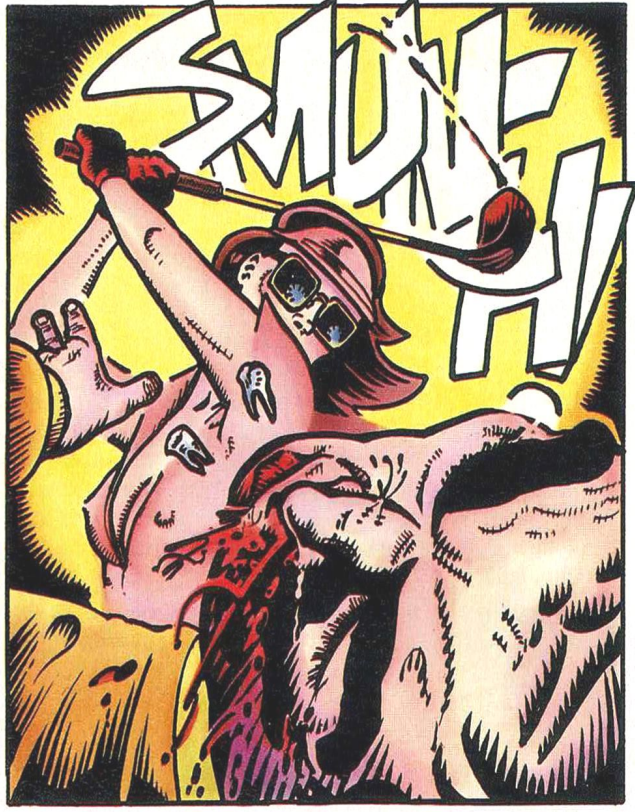
BANG!



"JACK! MY GOD, NORM GREGSON'S DOWN, HE'S BEEN SHOT! THIS IS TERRIBLE, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!"



LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T GET A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT..."



NATURALLY HE WAS WEARING A BULLET-PROOF VEST BUT STILL, HE WAS BLOODY 'LUCKY..."

THAT BASTARD COULD HAVE GONE FOR A HEAD SHOT!

VISITOR REQUEST NO SM

WARD 2

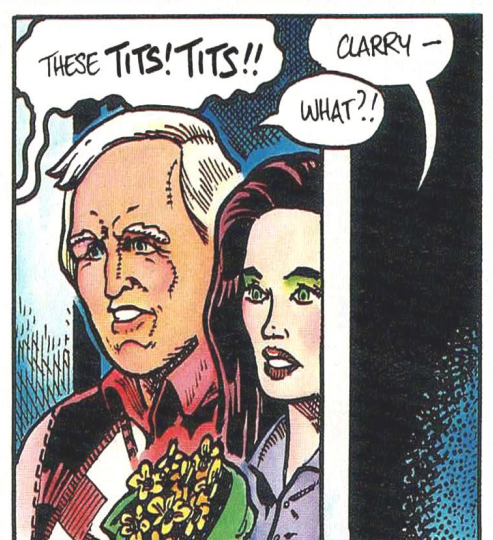
VERY LUCKY, FOX...

AFTER SLIPPING MY CADDIE AND ME A MICKEY FINN LAST NIGHT, HE'S LUCKY I DIDN'T KILL HIM MYSELF.

WARD 5 X-RAYS

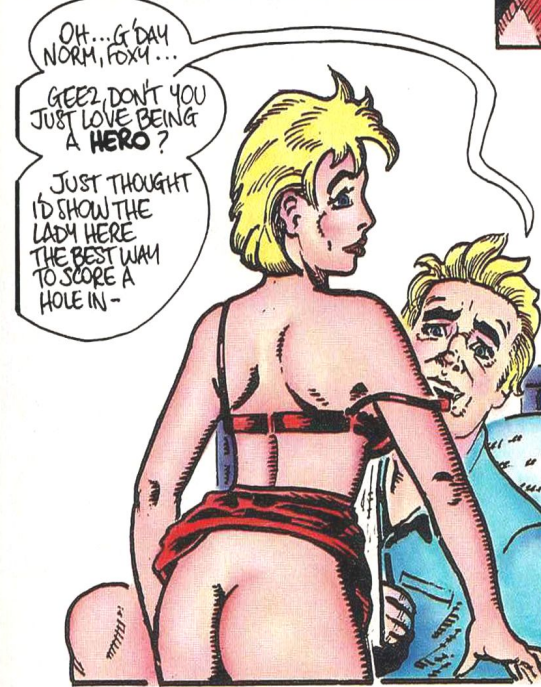


"SORRY NORM, BUT CLARRY AND I TAKE DEATH THREATS AGAINST OUR CLIENTS SERIOUSLY. PARTICULARLY FROM NEO-NAZI TYPES."



THESE TITS! TITS!!

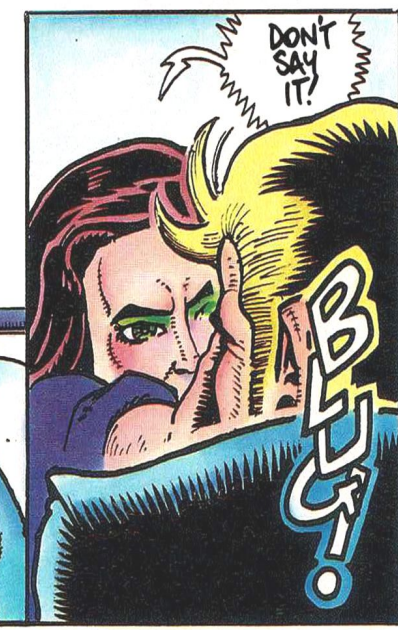
CLARRY - WHAT?!



OH...G'DAY NORM, FOX..."

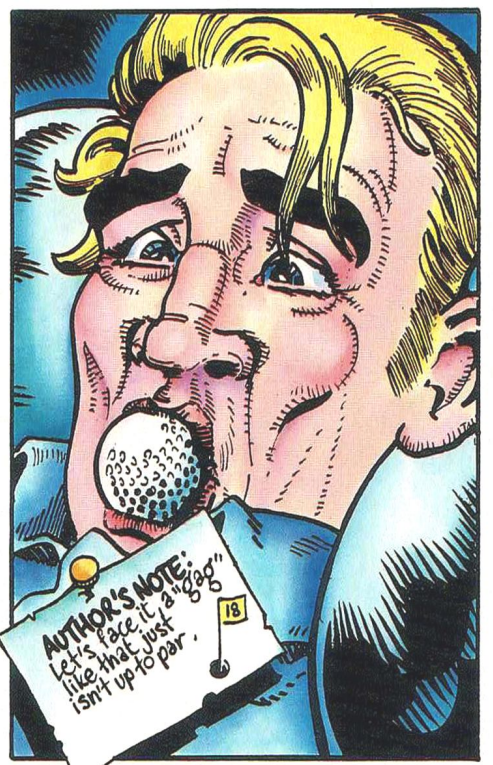
GEEZ, DON'T YOU JUST LOVE BEING A HERO?

JUST THOUGHT I'D SHOW THE LADY HERE THE BEST WAY TO SCORE A HOLE IN -



DON'T SAY IT!

BANG!

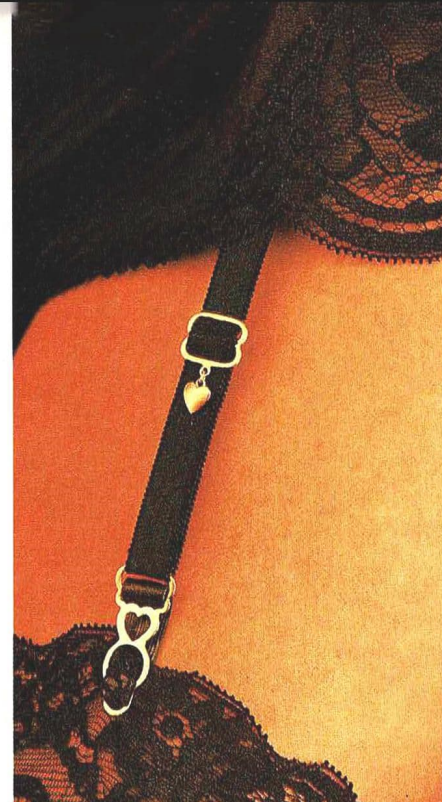


AUTHOR'S NOTE: Let's face it, a "Bang" like that just isn't up to par.

LOOSE ENDS

STYLISH SEAWEAR

These new US Diver Calypso wetsuits are the latest in stylish seawear. They come in specialised styles for ladies and men and are made of 5mm neoprene with plush lining. The ladies' suit, pictured above, comes in a pink, blue and grey color combination and the men's model in navy and royal red. They're well cut, with multi-panelled jackets, giving a lot more contour, and are also equipped with heavy duty knee pads. These quality wetsuits come with a 12-month warranty for material and workmanship, and retail for \$395. They are available from Aqua Sport Scuba Centre, contactable on (02) 708 2826.



IN SUSPENSE

These suspender clips are the latest in lingerie accessories, designed to add style and excitement to any lingerie selection. The clips are available in sterling silver, nine-carat solid gold, 18-carat gold or solid platinum, and with diamonds or colored gems. They are easily interchangeable between garments and come with four different colored tabs. Available from selected lingerie stores and bridal boutiques. Prices start at \$20. Enquiries (02) 660 3172.



CHOPPER HIRE

The best way to soak up the scenery of the Gold Coast is to take to the skies. Jeff McTaggart Helicopters operate flights all around the Sunshine State, running several services for thrill-seeking sightseers. Their Gold Coast Scenic Flights take you on a rivetting round-up of all the attractions of the area from Seaworld to South Stradbroke Island. More daring aerial adventurers will enjoy their Hinterland Experience, which takes you on less travelled flight-paths, from Advancetown Lake to Purlingbrook Falls. They also run a charter service for up to four passengers to anywhere you request, whether it's a tourist-free island for a champagne breakfast, or simply a joy flight. They also specialise in aerial photography and filming. Jeff McTaggart Helicopters are located at Carrara, and are contactable on (075) 963623.



Carerra has launched a new range of seafaring sunglasses called Boeing, wraparound nautical glasses that they claim are the ultimate for aquatic sports. Laminated polarisation construction suppresses indirect reflection from horizontal shiny surfaces like water. The glasses also afford 100 percent UV protection from both the front and sides, even protecting the corners of the eye — that is, the wrinkle zone. The lenses are fitted in fashionable frames manufactured in either black chrome or gold plated with four layers of 18-carat gold. The glasses also feature a fully adjustable shock absorber action, which is a miniature version of that utilised in the undercarriage of a Boeing 747, built into the temple of the arm to ensure a secure fit and comfort. Silicon nose pads are adjustable for height and tension via a miniature mechanical drive system, to ensure comfort. The glasses come with a credit card style identification and authenticity plate, matched to an individual security number on each pair. This exclusive eyewear is available from specialised sunglass shops, OPSM, ski shops and leading optometrists. Priced from \$265 to \$325.

SEA VISION



PERSONAL BEST

The new VHR-D5810 from Sanyo is ideal for insomniac video viewers. It incorporates unique stereo Infra-Red remote sound for personal use through headphones. The unit employs digital technology to search, hold or advance individual frames with sharper, clearer pictures. Simultaneous viewing of a favorite TV program and a videotape is also possible using the digital picture in picture function which allows you to move small inset pictures to any desired corner or reverse the main and inset pictures. The digital function also gives you the option of immediate scanning of as many as four local TV channels at once, to make selection of programs easier. Other exciting on-screen special effects include a digital memory still and recall, which allows a live TV frame or recorded picture to be stored and later inserted anywhere on the video tape, and this hi-tech recorder also has a dubbing function. For closer viewing of sports action replays, this VCR can be programmed to automatically rewind and replay up to five times a selected recorded segment. The VHR-D5810 retails for approximately \$1399 and is available from all authorised Sanyo dealers.



LOOSE ENDS



The CCD TR55 Video 8 Handycam Traveller from Sony is a camcorder so compact it can fit in your pocket. It features a redesigned tape mechanism which is 40 percent smaller than the original Video 8 format tape mechanism. Despite its midget size the Handycam boasts all the features of conventional size

POCKET VIDEO

camcorders. It has a 6 x power zoom with macro, a variable speed digital shutter of up to .004 of a second, eight color superimposer with scroll and reverse titling. In addition it features three-hour recording and lowlight capabilities and direct playback through any TV. It retails for around \$2500 and is available from all authorised Sony dealers.



HANGING AROUND

A hammock is an ideal way to siesta and while away a breezy afternoon. This model, the Colorido, is imported from Brazil, and is handwoven with a jacquard weave. Each hammock is unique in design, and is made of 100 percent quality cotton, with hand crocheted fringes. They are sturdy and can sustain even a Russ Hinze super size, with a weight maximum of 210 kilos (33 stone). Each hammock comes with a pair of hooks to hang them anywhere. The distributors, Brazil House, recommend using them indoors, to preserve them from wear and tear. They are durable and machine-washable or dry-cleanable. The Colorido retails for \$290, though less expensive designs are available from \$130. From Brazil House, contactable on (02) 547 1966.

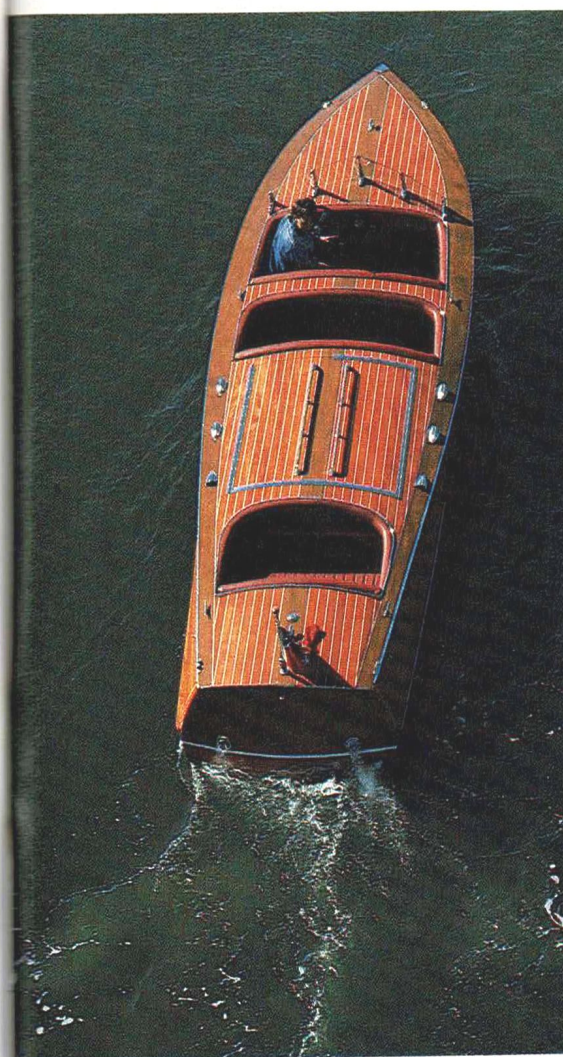
FEET FIRST

These stylish shoes are part of the JagMen range. The fashionable footwear line is totally new to the company, but is sure to follow in the footsteps of their fashion success. The shoes come in a variety of natural shades and are made of quality leather. They are available from Jag Concept stores and selected boutiques, and retail for between \$170 and \$240. Enquiries (02) 420 8444.

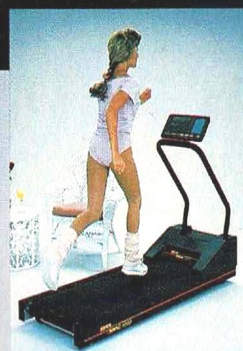


GENTLEMEN'S PLEASURE

When she was unveiled last year, boating writers across the land toppled head over heels for this elegant hand-built replica of the 1933 John L. Hacker mahogany 26-foot triple cockpit runabout. And she certainly gets the *Penthouse* vote for the most stylish and sexy small craft currently carving a wake across Australia's waterways. The legendary art deco originals were a required ingredient in the lifestyles of the rich and famous of Thirties USA. As well as entertaining the Gatsby set on their golden ponds, these speedsters did a nice job of ferrying illegal hooch across the Great Lakes from Canada to Prohibition-era Chicago. Now, exclusively, Sydney boatbuilder Allan Phillips uses imported mahogany to recreate these *grandes dames*. He spends about 1500 hours duplicating the classic elegance, while employing today's advanced techniques and materials to ensure a stronger, longer-lived craft. The resulting gentleman's runabout provides a superb ride (on leather upholstery, of course) at 40-45 knots and features state of the art steering, safety equipment and accessories including AM/FM cassette, fridge and cocktail cabinet. You, too, can play Jay Gatsby for the mere bagatelle of \$70,000. Phone Phillips Motor Boats on (02) 560 5185 for more information.



FITNESS STAR



They call it the Star-Trac, and it's light years ahead in the fitness game. This highly advanced home treadmill lets the user choose from eight pre-programmed work-outs, or manually control the running speed and elevation. The computer console displays running pace, distance travelled, calories burned and elapsed time. Run or walk anytime, in any weather. The Star-Trac sells for \$8250 from Imported Exercise Products, (02) 906 2211.

STRIKE FORCE

Continued from page 60

pocket appeal.

The price of the newie is actually considerably cheaper than the superseded model. How this was done is slightly confusing, but somehow relates to a juggling of the options list, and changes in the engine specification. For while it's bigger, it is also cheaper to produce. So the Celica coupé was launched at \$27,690; the liftback, which no longer has a sunroof as standard equipment, came in just under 30 grand.

The twin-cam multi-valve engine delivers 99kW of power — versus 103kW of the old 2.0-litre Celica SX — but, significantly, 194 Nm of torque, which provides a noticeable improvement in city driving due to the better mid-range response. But the engine doesn't rev out like the old one and is rather dead by the time the needle reaches 5600 rpm.

That the 1990 Celica range is visually striking is beyond doubt. Arguments have raged over the sculptured sheet metal since Australians first saw the car at the Australian International Motor Show in Sydney two months before its launch. There it successfully evaded widespread endorsement from the punters and critics alike. The consensus was that, whilst it stood out in a crowd, the new Celica was not as handsome as the car it was about to replace. The old Celica was a much-loved motor car.

Acquaintance with the '90 model does alter perceptions and the hostility towards its styling has dissipated. The styling controversy lingers only with a suspicion of a strange proportional mismatch in the general area of the rear pillar, more so on the coupé than the liftback.

Unquestionably, one benefit the styling brings is an eerie quiet to the cabin at highway speeds. The aerodynamicists have done heroic work banishing the whistles and flutters that sometimes bug even the best of cars. Smart engineering has taken care of under-bonnet noise and driveline vibration. Consequently, at 150 km/h, the only thing audible is a rumble from the tyres. 

SEX INFO

SEXUAL POSITIONS

0055 14620

Dr. Steve

DEBBIE DOES DENMARK

What did she do?

0055 14623

INFORMATTEL P/L



Sydney's Tracy Wynters

A QUICK PEEK AT MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Hard Men — Football is one game where nice guys always finish last. Every winning team in the professional codes has its enforcers — the heavyweights who have earned fearsome reputations by the consistent use of brute force on the field. May *Australian Penthouse* profiles six of Australian football's hard men.

Toxic Waste — Everyone pays for the toxic waste problem — the people who make it and the people who have to live with it. As the list of toxic disasters lengthens, industrialised nations are being forced to adopt stricter and costlier methods of disposal. Next month's issue looks at a problem that won't go away.

The American Nightmare — Is the United States urban decay, symbolised by the crack epidemic and an escalating crime wave, a prelude to the American equivalent of the collapse of the Roman Empire? May *Australian Penthouse* investigates the moral hypocrisy which has destroyed the American Dream.

Baby Doll — In May you'll meet Pet Of The Month Tracy Wynters in one of the most stunning centrespreads in this magazine's ten-year history. Check our 22-year-old Sydney Pet next month and we guarantee you'll agree.



THE GOLDEN BEER IN THE BLACK BOTTLE.
IMPORTED FROM MEXICO BY AUSPAC MARKETING.

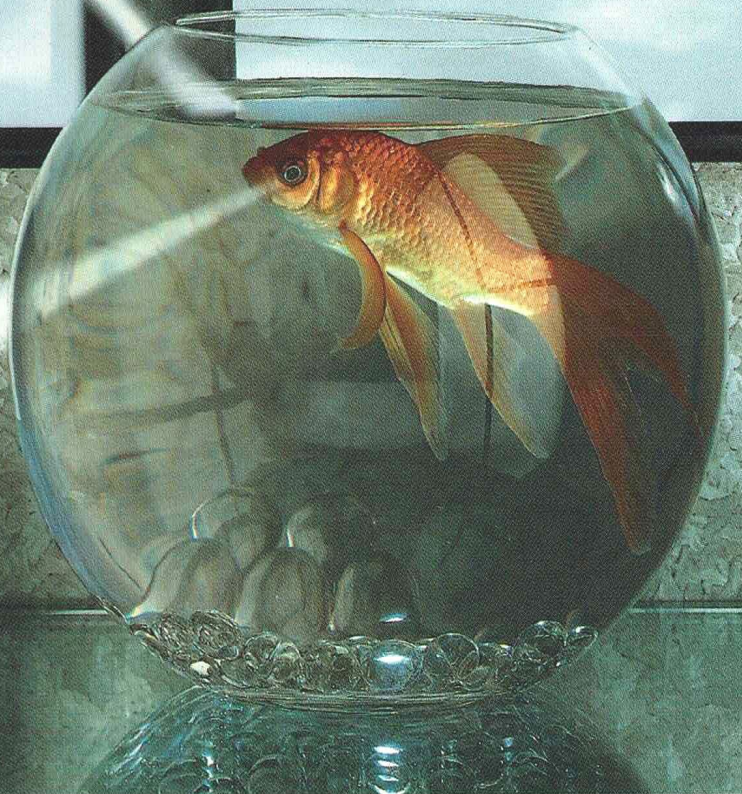
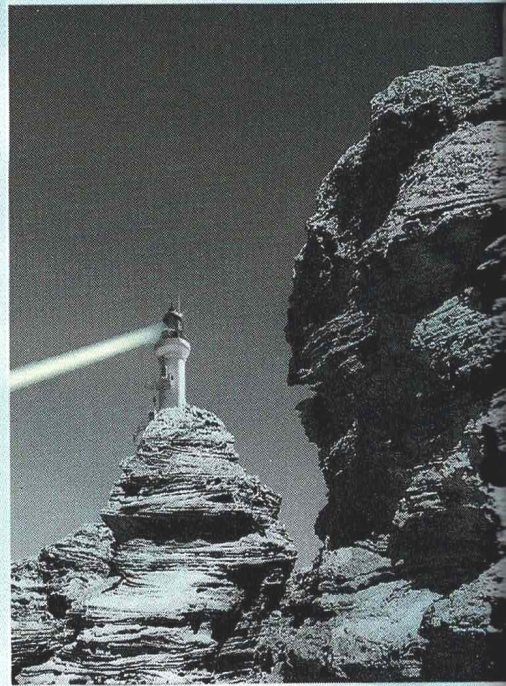
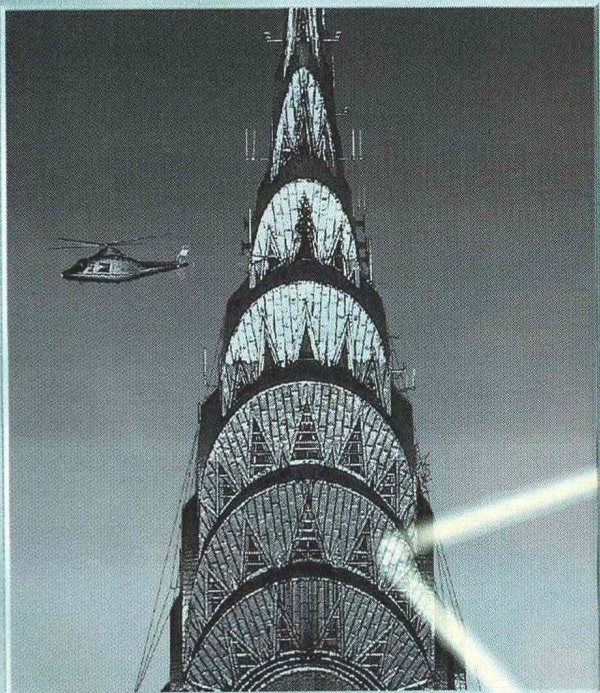
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'lighten up'

SUPERLIGHTS